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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Decline of the French girl as a photographer's model in native France was revealed by Sydney's Robyn Skelly, an "ugly duckling" who became a Paris model (pages 8 and 9).

ROBYN said that at one time all the modelling in Paris was done by French girls.

She said: "Then the American models began coming in—I suppose that was about six years or more ago.

"The Americans were so willing and efficient that the fashion people said why should they put up with local girls arriving half an hour late—and not bothering to be very helpful—with the wrong make-up and so on.

"As a result, many of the French girls dropped out.

"Now photographers employ them for shots that need acting and a lot of facial expression. French girls are wonderful actresses."

APPROACHING visit to Australia of Oscar-winning ("Ben-Hur") film star Charlton Heston (story page 4) recalled memories of Hollywood to M. J. McMahon, for many years our film critic.

Maisie's last trip to Hollywood was during the filming by Cecil B. de Mille of "The Ten Commandments," starring Heston as Moses. She was on the set for the shooting of the scene where Moses begs permission of the Pharaoh to take the children of Israel into the Promised Land.

"Moses' speech was long and impassioned," said Maisie. "During it Charlton Heston actually cried. Not glycerine tears—he really wept.

"To my horror, after that magnificent effort, de Mille wasn't satisfied with the entire scene. So it was redone. But Heston, making the long speech again, wept again.

"De Mille wanted the scene done yet again.

"I can't remember just how many times that scene was shot. But each time—and it seemed about ten times to me—Heston produced those honest-to-goodness tears."

WE have used Princess Margaret's own coat-of-arms (below) on each page of the Royal Bride Souvenir Album (pages 33 to 45).



Burke's Peerage describes the crown on the Princess' coat-of-arms as the Royal coronet of her rank.

Our Cover

● May bride Princess Margaret in a printed silk evening gown arriving at London's Vaudeville Theatre for a charity preview of the new musical "That Girl." Picture by Maurice Wilmoth. A color Royal Bride Souvenir Album, pages 33 to 45.

WE were very interested letter from Mrs. C. vey, of Chermiside, Qld. Mrs. Harvey wrote:

"I was so fascinated Betty Nesbit Eveel's 'A Boy Gives His View' decided to ask my daughter the same question."

"Kristine was tested for I.Q. last year when she was 8½ years old. It was 134."

"She never saw the answers and I was amazed how her answers were to given by eight-year-old Nicky."

The children did however, when they asked: "What do you most?"

Typically male was the boy's reply: "To live thousands of years."

So feminine was the girl's reply: "A very kind husband."

Next Week

● Easy-to-follow directions for knitting six handsome sweaters designed especially for skiers are featured in a three-page color-illustrated section in our next issue. Patterns include a design for a "him" and "her" pair some and a glamorous cable-stitch top for after-ski wear.

Love scores at club

● In the Junior Rates Club in Canberra, where young naval ratings and Wrens gather during off-duty hours, there's a notice which warns not to talk shop.

BUT the authorities who had it put there were not concerned about boredom; it was security they had in mind.

So, if young people can't talk about their work—especially when it plays such a large part in their lives—sooner or later it's pretty certain that their words will turn to love.

This is proved by the statistics. The "Romance Ratio" of the Wrens in Australia (between 300 and 400 of them) is about 40 per cent. per annum—a large proportion. The appearance of an engagement ring is a regular occurrence.

There are more than 50 Wrens from all Australian States stationed at H.M.A.S. Harman, situated near Canberra.

Their club, which they share with the young men, was opened early this year and is run by members.

The committee consists of three Wrens, three junior ratings, and one officer in a supervisory capacity. Otherwise, officers must be invited by a member.

The clubhouse was built by the Department of Works, and a grant from the Central Canteens Fund helped with furniture and equipment. Members raised the balance themselves from dances and other forms of entertainment.

Apart from romance, there is another popular topic of conversation at the club. This is sport, especially swimming. The Wrens won the last New South Wales inter-Service swimming tournament in Sydney.



BELOW: A guest at the Junior Rates Club, Second-Officer Judith St. George, Townsville, Qld. (left), is greeted by Wren Jess Baranenko, Perth. Ratings run their own club, and officers go only as members' guests.

POPULAR RENDEZVOUS for members of the Junior Rates Club at Canberra on a sunny day is the wide terrace which the ratings built. The Wrens made the surrounding garden. Members provide the club staff.



RIGHT: Admiring a brilliant firethorn hedge at the Naval W/T Station H.M.A.S. Harman is Wren Maxine Strauss, Mt. Hawthorn, Perth. More than 50 Wrens at Canberra are from all Australian States, and include writers and cooks.



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CALL HIM 'CHUCK'—HE LIKES IT

● Charlton Heston, the 6ft. 2in., 14-stone new king of Hollywood, is a man Australian teenage fans and pseudo beatniks will probably think a bit of a square.



● Charlton Heston with his wife — and former college sweetheart—Lydia. They pursued acting careers together until World War II. Charlton served as an Air Force radio operator.

HESTON will not mind. If he is a square, at least he has blunt corners. He speaks his mind.

He has his own tastes and standards. He does not fall for the latest fads, disdains cafe society, though he likes a party.

But he is not at ease at the slap-up Hollywood do's that everybody goes to just to be seen, and where people call each other "Darling" because they don't remember each other's names — or pretend they don't.

Heston is flying to Australia with his wife and six-year-old son to attend the Sydney and Melbourne openings of "Ben-Hur" on May 5 and May 11.

He won the Oscar for best actor in the title role.

Stars usually regard personal appearances at premieres as a bit of a bind.

But Heston does it gladly. He went to New York for "Ben-Hur's" world premiere on November 18, to Chicago, to Washington, to Hollywood, to London, and Tokyo, where the Japanese Royal family made its first appearance at a film premiere.

Some people might think that Heston's interest in promoting "Ben-Hur" is purely mercenary—but he has no financial interest in the film.

He wishes he did. It won a record 11 Oscars, and could prove to be the greatest money-maker ever.

"Just think," said Heston, "what seven-and-a-half per cent. of that maybe £44.7 million gross they're talking about could mean..."

Heston, a freelance, works for a percentage of the gross, like other top Hollywood stars.

But on "Ben-Hur" he worked for a set fee—around £89,000, it is said.

M.G.M. said it finished paying Heston for his work a year ago. For his promotional trips, the company said, it paid expenses only. "He likes to travel," a spokesman said.

But there's more to it than that. Heston obviously gets plenty of personal satisfaction out of his appearances at premieres.

Not the least is the chance to let the public see him as himself.



● The star with the Hestons' only child, Fraser, 5½ years ago, when the boy played the infant Moses in "The Ten Commandments."

He starred in three of the biggest films made: "The Greatest Show on Earth," "The Ten Commandments," and "Ben-Hur."

And in the last two his roles were so great as to submerge his own identity.

Arriving in Italy to make "Ben-Hur," he was greeted with shouts of "E Mosee," meaning "It's Moses!"

When he left, nine months later, the shouts had become "Ecco Ben-Hur," meaning "Look! Ben-Hur!"

By **LARRY FOLEY**,
of our New York
staff

All very pleasing, but what Heston would like to hear is an occasional "Ecco Charlton Heston!" or, better still, "Ecco Chuck!"

He likes people to call him Chuck, even on short acquaintance.

He is a likeable big man, easy-going, friendly, and uncomplicated.

He keeps promises and has been happily married to the same woman for 16 years. His name is untouched by scandal.

He doesn't take tranquillising pills or go in for palmistry or psychoanalysis.

There is a psychiatrist in his circle, but the relationship is strictly social, not professional, and mostly involves facing

each other across a tennis net.

Said Heston: "This psychiatrist friend said to me when he was first out to my new house: 'My, you do have a castle complex, don't you, Chuck?'"

Heston had the house built on a hilltop overlooking Coldwater Canyon and Beverly Hills.

"I'd call it kind of feudal-modern," he said. "Where it is not glass and stainless steel it is rough, greyish Californian rock."

"It is somewhat sprawling, one storeyed, except for one wing of two storeys. The grounds are about three acres, enough for lawns and gardens, drive, and a tennis court."

"The court isn't made yet—I'll get around to that after I finish paying for the house."

"I like to potter around the house—keep the grass green, that sort of thing."

"We have a hunting lodge with 1200 acres in Michigan. I try to go there a couple of times a year, to hunt—deer, bear, ducks, and so on."

"I play tennis whenever I can. I belong to the Los Angeles Tennis Club and I have a pro trying to help me develop some kind of game."

"I hope to find time in Australia for some tennis — although I hear everybody plays tennis there, maybe I'll be out of my class?"

"Skin-diving, too. If the weather's good maybe I can try the water. Gary Cooper and I had a lot of fun doing the skin-diving sequences in 'The Wreck of the Mary Deare'."

The Hestons are devoted to their only child, Fraser, now 6. "Fray," as his parents call him, was born 11 years after their marriage in 1944.

Remember the infant Moses in "The Ten Commandments?" That was Fray, aged six months. Since that one role, Heston has been calling Fray "the youngest retired actor in the world."

The menace of the untrained surgeon

● "Australia is one of the few civilised countries in the world where a general practitioner, without the years of specialised training necessary to perform surgery safely, is free to surgically assault his patients."

This grave charge against Australian medical practices and standards is made by a highly qualified specialist. For professional reasons he must remain anonymous.

But in a covering letter to the article on this page, he says, "I have written . . . in a sincere attempt to draw attention to the lack of progress in our medical services, particularly in regard to standards of medical practice. I believe that it is necessary to have an informed general public."

This is the doctor's article:



A specialist asks: Is your doctor qualified to operate?

AS a general rule, patients adore their doctors, and will often feel better for just talking to them and receiving a little assurance.

By the same token these patients will allow their doctors to perform surgical operations on them, usually without question. In the public eye a doctor is a doctor, licensed to do anything to his patients.

And until patients are better informed they are hardly likely to be discriminating enough to demand specialist treatment for operations.

Yet, until they do, their lives will continue to be in mortal danger from the assaults of the untrained surgeon.

Because of the publicity which emanates from British Medical Association sources, Australia is still largely orientated towards the general-practitioner type of medicine — and the B.M.A. tries to maintain that situation.

The public is frequently told, usually by sources close to the B.M.A., that Australian doctors are the world's best general practitioners.

Can this claim be substantiated in the light of present-day facts?

In Britain and the U.S., doctors tend to specialise. Australia has made little progress in that direction.

This is now one of the few civilised countries in the world where a general practitioner, who is without the years of specialised training required to perform surgery safely, is free to surgically assault a patient.

Overseas protection

In Britain and the United States no surgical operation may be performed by any person who has not submitted himself to several postgraduate years of carefully supervised hospital training, followed by a stiff examination and more hospital training.

In America this protection for the patient is obtained by discipline within the profession.

Any hospital which allows the unqualified surgeon to operate loses its American Medical Association accreditation immediately. In Britain the same protection is achieved by Government legislation.

The general practitioner in these countries has to stick to the job he is trained for, and if his patient is a possible candidate for appendectomy or removal of tonsils and adenoids, he is referred to a skilled and properly trained surgeon.

This completely removes from the general practitioner

any temptation to operate because he is unsure of the diagnosis or because of pressure from relatives.

Also he is completely freed from any financial interest in an operation, whereas, under the present Australian system, the general practitioner is very much interested in the financial aspects of surgery.

A qualified specialist will not be interested in removing a humdrum organ such as a tonsil or an appendix unless it is really necessary.

Patching the mess

A great deal of a surgeon's training is in pathology, and the proper understanding of surgical diseases. It is this background that gives patients the security against unnecessary operations which they do not get from a general practitioner.

Few people would allow their Jaguar or Rolls-Royce to be serviced by a mechanic without special training in these cars. But the same people will cheerfully allow a G.P. to have a go at them surgically — and are surprised when, later, they are referred to a specialist to have the mess patched up.

It has long been argued that because Australia is a pastoral country general practitioners should be able to tackle anything. This is utter nonsense. About 90 per cent. of Australians live in the capital cities and country centres.

And even where specialised treatment is required in the outback, it would be perfectly feasible to fly in properly qualified doctors.

It should be understood that the B.M.A. naturally represents the majority of doctors, and these are general practitioners — who do not want a change.

The Royal Colleges of Physicians, Surgeons, and Obstetricians, and Gynaecologists more particularly represent the specialists, but, so far, these bodies have been afraid to oppose the B.M.A.

The average Australian G.P. feels that he is losing face to his patients if he refers the case to a specialist. And if he has to refer the case, he usually refers it at some distance away from his practice.

Consequently, the ridiculous situation arises in which young, properly qualified specialists, failing to get support from their local G.P.s, have to go into general practice themselves — full or part-time — to make a living.

● Correspondence on this article is invited from doctors and the public.

All this means that the only person who can be sure of skilled attention at an operation is the private patient who demands and gets a specialist, and the public-hospital patient, whose treatment will, at least, be supervised by a specialist.

The "hunger" of the general practitioner is influenced by the fact that he has probably bought the "goodwill" of his practice.

It has often been asked how patients can be bought and sold like cattle, when the only thing a doctor owns about a patient is an opinion.

But this is common practice in Australia, though it is not done in Britain now and is considered unethical in the U.S.

In Australia the general practitioner's aim is to build up his practice so that he can sell a share of his "goodwill" to another doctor. The money he obtains is treated as capital gain and, therefore, is not taxable.

A complete absence of standards is evident in the stated objectives of the Australian College of General Practitioners. No. 3 reads: ". . . to preserve the right of the general practitioner to engage in medical and surgical procedures for which he is qualified by training and experience."

There is no mention of the standard of training. In surgery this should be a minimum of four years' supervised postgraduate training in an approved training hospital, and the accomplishment of a higher surgical degree in the appropriate surgical specialty.

This is the only way in which the public can be protected. Change must come and sooner than later the public will demand a specially trained person to perform surgery.

A Federal decision

It is unlikely that the profession in Australia will have the moral calibre to bring about the change by inter-professional discipline.

Probably it will come when the Commonwealth Government decides that medical benefits for an operation will be paid only when a qualified specialist does the job.

This would effectively prevent the general practitioner, who is unqualified in a surgical specialty, from attempting surgery.

It also would prevent younger G.P.s from receiving their training from equally unqualified older G.P.s for whom they may give anaesthetics or assist at operations.

And if a general practitioner wanted to take up surgery he would have to go away to a teaching centre and get himself properly trained.

The current Medical Benefits Fund also mitigates against a patient falling into the right hands, because it fails to pay the full benefit if the patient consults a specialist without having passed through the hands (and paying the fee) of a general practitioner.

This gives the G.P. even further opportunities to perform surgery for which he is ill equipped.

It would seem that there is a very urgent need to raise the standards of the medical profession in Australia.

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YARDLEY Lavender



Lunch date with Murray Rose

There's more to life than sport, says this vegetarian swim star, who reckons philosophy and work among the important things.

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN

● The scene was one of Sydney's swankiest restaurants. Wine corks were popping. The smell of chicken-in-the-basket was tantalising. And there I sat with my handsome escort—eating vegetables and sipping water.

IT wasn't that I'd decided suddenly to go on a diet. It was just that I wanted to be in the swim with my companion, who was enjoying similar fare with enthusiasm.

The man in question is swimmer Murray Rose—triple Olympic gold-medallist, a major Australian hope for the Rome Games in August and a dedicated vegetarian.

He returned recently from America, where he has interrupted his course in television production at the University of Southern California so that he can train for the Games.

I went along to lunch expecting to talk about swimming, more swimming, and frumpies concerning life on the U.S. campus.

But 21-year-old Murray, deep-thinking and deep-feeling, seems more at home with philosophy and such subjects.

Not surprisingly, our first topic of conversation was food.

He drank a glass of tomato juice, looked approvingly at his plate laden with carrots, peas, beans, and sundry lightly cooked vegetables, and called for a glass of iced water.

"The basis of my diet is that I try to get foods in the original state, where vitamins and minerals are abundant," he said in his soft, fascinating, Americanised voice.

"It's difficult to explain exactly what my diet involves, but it covers such staple foods as raw fruits and salads, honey, eggs, cheese, goat's milk, and things like nuts, millet, soya beans, sesame, and sunflower-seed meal."

Murray has never eaten meat, fish, or poultry, and the diet really began when he was a toddler. He wasn't very strong and his parents built him up on a scientific diet.

The results are obvious—either from a quick look at the swimming-record book or at the Adonis of almost 6ft. 1in. and almost 13st.

Doesn't a sizzling steak ever tempt him?

"Why, no," said Murray in slightly horrified tones. "Why, you can train yourself to eat and like anything. I'm sure I get just as much pleasure out of my meals as anyone else. And this is added to because I know I'm eating my way to fitness."

Murray doesn't smoke or drink alcohol. He doesn't even drink tea or coffee.



MURRAY ROSE with tomato juice. He refuses alcohol, coffee, or tea.

"They're all stimulants," he said. "Once I had a couple of cups of coffee when I was swotting for an exam, but I don't think I ever would again. Since then I'm stronger willed."

Murray called for another glass of iced water, replenished his plate with vegetables, and switched the conversation to women and America.

There he shares a Los Angeles apartment with Mahony Jackson, a former Sydney newspaper photographer and athlete, now doing a cinema course at the same university.

Murray travels round in a 1955 Oldsmobile, and, though he has most meals at college, he does some shopping at "Organicville," an elaborate food store in L.A.

By no means the typical swimmer, he has arranged his college lectures so that he can sleep in each morning till about 10 o'clock.

He deplores the normal swimming requirement of getting up "in the middle of the night" for training, and does so only when a strict training programme forces him.

Back in his freshman year, in 1958, when he was known as "The Fabulous Frosh" (frosh meaning a fresher), he belonged to a fraternity, but soon gave this up.

"I was interested to see how the sorority and fraternity system worked in the universities there, but it's not a system I

found stimulating. Everyone is just out to impress everyone else and there's not much value there," he said.

"Besides, it's all very social and interferes with studies."

Then Murray handed a bouquet to Australian girls.

"They're much nicer than the typical American girl you meet in sororities," he said.

"Here, in Australia, you can have an open friendship with a girl. You go out for the fun you have in each other's company, but it's not like that there."

"Most of the girls have a really materialistic approach. They're interested in going out with you because you're the best footballer, or you have the jazziest convertible, not just because you're you."

But they're not all like that. In fact Murray's heavy-lidded eyes—green speckled with bronze—get a faraway look when he talks about one college friend.

"She's a wonderful girl," he said. "We are the greatest, most sincere friends. But it's not a serious romance—nothing like that. It's too early for me to settle down, and I date other girls."

What qualities does Murray Rose look for in a sweetheart? Sensitivity, understanding, and depth of feeling—in that order.

"Appearance is not too important," he said. "Most of my friends have been dark, the opposite to me, and usually quite small. But that's accidental."

"They're usually creative, too, and leaning to the philosophical side. That I don't believe is accidental."

Murray, who has several movie and TV star friends,



SWIMMER Murray Rose at lunch with staff reporter Cynthia Strachan. A student at a California university, Murray is currently in Sydney doing a callisthenics and weightlifting course with coach Sam Herford and sprint champion Johnny Devitt before the boys go to Townsville with the Olympic swim squad for intensive training.

chance to try either a movie or TV career in the States. I've had tentative offers.

"It's even been suggested I might become a screen Tarzan like famous swimmers Buster Crabbe and Johnny Weissmuller," he said.

By the time his four-year scholarship is up, Murray—one of the most popular students on the campus—will be well qualified for any field of entertainment, since his university course covers all

a while" with light music, "such as the Kingston Trio numbers."

For his 21st birthday, on January 6, he celebrated at one of Hollywood's nightspots. But he's not keen on nightclubs.

A natural athlete, he is enthusiastic about water skiing, golf, table-tennis, squash, handball, and the surf.

He hasn't done much surfing since he left Australia, though occasionally he goes to

Tijuana, across the Mexican border.

"We sleep on the beach

when we go down, and it makes a good break away from everything," he said.

I then remarked that he'd acquired an American accent, that he hadn't acquired an American crew cut.

He tossed back his smooth blond hair and laughed.

"I don't think I've got an American accent. If you think I have, wait till you hear Jon Henricks when he arrives back to join the Olympic training squad."

"As for my hair, well, I'd never have it cropped into a crew cut. I want to have some

individuality. Everyone over there has a crew cut."

Murray has remarkably few Americanisms.

"I don't use much slang," he explained, "because it isn't necessary to get the message across. Sometimes it's very nice, though . . ."

"I find many American expressions are way out—you know, a little extreme."

"For instance, one of the college girls told me that the evening before she'd 'dug a little tube.' Translated, this meant she watched TV for a while."

"Then if a girl says she had had a 'double T' weekend, it means she went for a ride in a T-model Ford twice."

"Crazy, isn't it?" Murray, who was born in England, came to Australia when he was one year old in 1939; was educated at Cranbrook, in Sydney.

Since he's been in California, his father, Mr. Ian Rose, an advertising executive, has been stationed in New York, so Murray has made several trans-continental trips to see his parents.

"It's all worked out very well," he said. "Mother is coming to Australia, and will be with me while I'm training in Townsville. Then both my parents will be in Rome for the Games."

A bouquet for Australian girls

will give up bigtime swimming after the Rome Olympics to concentrate on his degree and career.

"There's more in life than sport," he said. "Swimming has been very good to me—I don't want you to get the wrong impression there. But the time has come when I must think more about more serious things in my life."

Murray, who has been likened to actor Tab Hunter, doesn't quite know what the future holds for him—but it looks bright.

"It seems likely I'll have the

branches of telecommunica-

tions, drama, and philosophy.

What does Murray do for relaxation?

Here again the serious side of his nature shows through.

He loves reading—especially books about drama and philosophy. He loves watching TV—when there's a good world-affairs programme or drama. He finds a Western good for an occasional "mental unwind," but hates private eyes.

He loves music—especially classical and folk music. But he likes to "let down once in



**As she
really is**

ROBYN SKELLY as she is — without make-up. She doesn't look a model. But, with skilled make-up, she can change her face as she pleases.



CLEVER MAKE-UP disguises Robyn Skelly's wide, square jawline. This picture, deliberately taken with the wrong lighting to emphasise the shadow, shows how she applies the charcoal to make her face look oval.

The transformation

GLAMOROUS EFFECT. This picture, taken with the correct lighting, shows just how effective Robyn's triangular charcoal shadow is in changing the shape of her face to the requirements of a leading high-fashion model.

AT 18, Sydney girl Robyn Skelly was no ugly duckling — but she was no raving beauty.

She had (and still has) straight blond hair that flicks up at the ends, pale olive skin, and green eyes. She also had an exaggeratedly wide, square jawbone.

She didn't give modelling much thought then.

But now—a year later—she has modelled haute couture collections for the famous Paris house of Lanvin-Castillo. She has appeared in the glossy fashion magazines overseas. And she IS a leading Australian model.

How did she do it?

With natural ability, the right model temperament — and make-up.

She can change the look of her face, and has learnt how to disguise her "difficult" jawbone.

Robyn set off for England in February last year.

"I had no thought of modelling," she said. "But my friend Kathy Murrell is a model—I travelled to England with her—and she tried to persuade me to take it up. At the time, though, I was too busy saving money to risk it."

"For three months before we left I had two jobs—doing secretarial work from nine till five and working on a restaurant's account books from six till midnight."

"Then, when we got to London, I began to think more about modelling. Kathy was going the rounds, seeing all the photographers and model agencies. So I went along, too."

"I got a few jobs—and later came a two weeks' contract to do fashion shots in Paris for an English magazine."

"In Paris I was contacted by Percy Savage, of Lanvin-Castillo. They were just getting the winter collection ready, and Dany—who is Castillo's mannequin—was ill."

"They asked if I could start there immediately."

"It was a bit hard at first. Dany is dark and Spanish-looking; we're entirely different types. I began (at the end of the summer collection showings) by wearing her clothes—a lot of black lace and Spanish mantillas."

Robyn can remember her early days as a mannequin only too vividly.

"Oohhhh, my first parade," she said. "The house was packed, as usual. I was terrified..."

For the debut she was wearing a red wool boucle suit with a black mink collar and matching, Cossack-style hat. "Black mink is very popular now," she remarked.

"Anyway, I went out and walked round and they seemed pleased with me."

"Alec Murray (the photographer and a great friend of mine) explained that I'd got by because every mannequin in Paris has a gimmick."

"Like Dany, you know. Dany's gimmick is her 'dead' look: arms hanging straight by her sides and no expression on her face."

"Alec said the models do everything on purpose. So if you don't turn properly or something, it doesn't matter. Well, it doesn't, provided you can take off a coat without tripping on it and all that."

"It's most peculiar. There's no set standard. As long as you walk well, you're right."

From Paris, Robyn went on to model for Lanvin-Castillo in Venice and Rome.

It was Film Festival time in Venice and it was there she met a "divine young man" called Jean Valere, who is a film director.

He offered Robyn a role in a film he was making at St. Tropez, "A Girl for the Summer," starring French actress Pascale Petit.

"It was a speaking part — in French, too — so it was rather fun," she said.

Luckily for Robyn, her French is fluent. She learnt it at school and from the French waiters when she was working at the restaurant in Sydney.

She explained that, while couture modelling is good for prestige, it isn't highly paid. "I got 40,000 francs a month; that's about £40."

So she decided to try photographic work.

"In Australia, everyone seems to have the idea that models should conform to a type: blond, healthy, regular features," Robyn explained.

"When you're as hard to photograph as I am, a lot of people won't take the trouble. But overseas photographers go to endless trouble — with lighting, backgrounds, retouching, and all the technical details. They feel if a shot isn't exactly right it reflects on their talent."

"The agencies are a great help, too. They emphasise they want all the girls to look different."

"Frank Hovat, who's the chief photographer with one of the leading fashion magazines in Paris, taught me a lot."

"He said: 'If you want to last as a fashion model you'll have to be versatile and change your face. The fashion papers get sick of a girl who can't alter. You have to be able to look young or old, simple or sophisticated.'"

"This is done mostly with hair and eyes. Your basic make-up should not change, but you must work out something flattering to yourself."

"Study yourself so you can see what you need and don't need. Don't copy the girl sitting next to you at the mannequins' mirror."





Robyn — from her overseas scrapbook



"After I'd talked with Frank Hovat, I rushed straight home and sat down in front of the mirror and started experimenting with make-up. I had to learn to camouflage my heavy jawline.

"All the models today highlight their cheekbones with a streak of light charcoal or a heavy type of make-up.

"But I go further.

"I practised and found I can make my face look oval if I put a charcoal shadow in a complete triangle — along my jawline, up across my cheek near the hairline, and down the cheekbone.

"It only works with the right lighting, of course. And I can't use it for parades or outdoor shots; only indoor photographic work.

"Actually, Suzy Parker — the model and actress — helped me, too.

"Her sister, Dorian Leigh, has a model agency in Paris and I was doing some work for them. Suzy was waiting for her baby to arrive and helping with office work at the agency.

"Suzy's just divine. When she's modelling she wears a lot of make-up, but in ordinary life she goes in for the scrubbed look.

"She taught me about make-up, such things as doe eyes being right out of fashion.

"Now a line is just taken straight out from the outer corner of the eyes. And eye shadow is put on with a brush,

not with the fingers. It's more tedious, but you can get the shape you want."

As she began getting more and more photographic work in Paris, Robyn's income began bounding upwards.

"One week I earned £300," she remarked, "but I used to average about £60 or £70."

She thought back to those days in Paris and sighed. "I've had a wonderful time," she said. "But I had to come home last December to see my family."

Robyn brought home some tangible memories — clothes.

She described one, a cocktail dress by Lanvin-Castillo. "It's the new length," she said. "A few inches above my ankles, and it's black crepe and embroidered all over with beads, like the ones they wore in the 'twenties."

She stood up to demonstrate. "It's like a tube, with a wide and straight-across neckline and no sleeves and it's exactly the same width all the way to the hem, the old 'sack' look that's new again.

"In Paris, it's not unusual at all. They don't wear little cotton dresses at night; everyone dresses up to go out, and that's expensive, of course.

"But I don't think I could wear the dress here; it's probably too extreme."

Robyn looked a little nostalgic. "I hope I can go back to Paris . . . some day . . . soon," she said.

High-fashion success

ELEGANT Robyn Skelly, posing in Sydney's Centennial Park, displays the modelling ability which made her such a great success in the haute couture world of Paris. Color pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.





Reading 26"
instead of 24"?

*Relax, dear lady.
It's easier than
you think to whittle
those extra inches away.
Without strain—with
Ryvita! Ryvita is rich
in whole rye vitamins,
minerals and proteins.
None of those starchy fats
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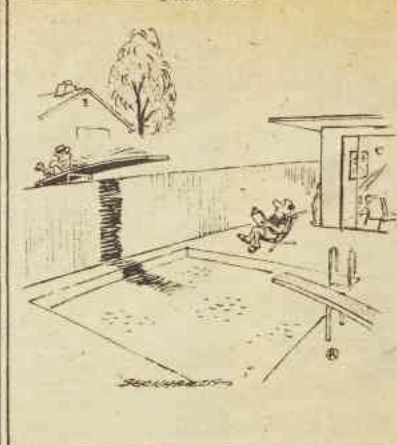
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YR708A

FATHER



MOTHER



"How many noughts in a million?"

It seems to me

"MIND if I eat an apple?" asked the taxi-driver. "It's part of my lunch."

"As a matter of fact," he added in a burst of confidence, "it's my whole lunch. A boiled egg and a cup of tea for breakfast, an apple for lunch, and then I let go at dinner at night. Have a beer and a good roast dinner."

And was the diet working? Yes, he had been averaging a loss of two pounds per week. The wife was on it, too. Got down from nine stone six to eight stone four.

"I keep telling her how beautiful she looks," he said. "That makes her happy."

We agreed that vanity was a powerful help to women's dieting. I confided that periodic bouts of starvation kept my own measurements constant, and a virtuous silence fell on us both.

Suddenly, as we neared my destination, he burst out: "Do you know what I keep thinking about? A nice bread roll, one of those real, crusty golden bread rolls, with lashings of butter on it. And some slices of tomato. And cheese. And maybe some salmon on top of that."

Hardly pausing to let me absorb the beauty of the thought, he added: "There's a pub at Bondi has the best pies in Sydney. Always frightened I'll get a fare out that way."

At that moment a call came over the radio. He had a fare to Strathfield.

"You're safe," I said as I alighted.

"Yes," he answered dutifully. Took a last nibble at the apple core and drove bravely away.

IF the drive described above had been longer, I could have mentioned my favorite diet subject of the moment—the eat-fat-and-grow-slim method.

This theory holds that you can eat as much meat, fat, butter, bacon, and cheese as you want—all the proteins and the fats—provided that you cut out carbohydrates and sugar.

It has two or three passionate exponents, among them a Dr. Richard Mackarness, who has written a book on the subject.

Lately I have been toying with this diet, then scuttling back, fearful, to the low-calorie side of the fence.

One of the powerful claims put forward for the high-fat diet is that it keeps its practitioners not only slim, but exceedingly cheerful.

Which is more than can be said for the low-calorie system.

AND that reminds me, there is a young man in London who has lately attracted some attention by eating carnations.

He is a 21-year-old accountant, Leonard de Couture. Every day at afternoon tea time he eats his buttonhole carnation.

There is really nothing very peculiar about this. Obviously he is slimming and gets ravenous in the afternoons. It would look pretty silly to wear a lettuce in his buttonhole.

By



Dorothy Drann

HINT for the female of the species, contained in Bettina Ballard's book "In My Fashion."

Miss Ballard, formerly a fashion writer on "Vogue," reminisces entertainingly about Parisian society before the war. Included in these circles were several American women.

One of them, Bettina Ballard, "was famous for putting out a cigarette on the dress of any woman who flirted with her husband, Gaston. She also kept a pet monkey which went after women who came to tea and gave too much attention to the brilliant conversation of her husband."

Another quote from the same book, this time from Johnny McMullin, one of the society writers for "Vogue":

His advice to the author when he met her in Paris was "Now, Bettina, the first thing you must learn is to live beyond your income. It is too bourgeois to pay your bills promptly, to balance your cheque book, and never to be in debt. All people of any quality are head over heels in debt."

I KNOW a girl whose nails break every time she falls in love.

She thinks this opens a field for research into the connection between calcium and emotion.

More likely she bites her nails while waiting for the phone to ring.

REPORTED from one of the motor shows overseas, a new motor with four armchair seats arranged lounge fashion in the back compartment. Before I learned to drive, I would have enjoyed this kind of travel, but—
Once in the long ago I used to sit in motor cars unblinkingly, unperturbed by traffic and near misses, not a word. Nor noted if the driver were disturbed. In those dead days, before I learned to drive—

Some would dispute the statement, let it pass—

While lounging in the back I can derive

The simple pleasure of a leisured day. But nowadays I can't withhold my eyes. Nor yet conceal a sympathetic hiss. Of indrawn breath (Pity the driver, frayed.)

While muttering, "A nasty corner, the feet braced on floorboards, eyes on road. I cry.

"That bandit came from left, he goes far,"

Adding, with an apologetic sigh, "I'm practising, in case I get a car."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 4, 1941

Give mother

BOND'S Tru-size

WHAT TRU-SIZE MEANS TO HER: Bond's discovered the true standard measurements of Australian figures. Every Bond's garment is cut to these correct fit-

tings. No scrimping of fabric! That means extra comfort, extra warmth. So be sure to stress Bond's when you buy because only Bond's have Tru-Size fittings.



BRUSHED NYLON

INTERLOCK

BRUSHED NYLON

Cosy nights for mother in Bond's beautiful brushed nylon nightgown with curved yoke, comfortable raglan sleeves. In pink and sky. Sizes SW-OS. Matching bed jacket, 49/11.

79/11

A perfect gift at a wonderful gift price, this smocked nightgown buttons through and has nylon ribbon tie in front. In pink and sky. Sizes: SW-OS. Matching bed jacket, 24/11.

39/11

Easy-care brushed nylon . . . so light yet unbelievably warm. Brushed nylon is a boon to busy mothers. Washes easily, dries quickly, yet never loses its shape. In pink and sky. Sizes: SW-OS.

79/11

Give her undies in new, warmer, longer-lasting winterweight BAN-LON



Opera-top vest has adjustable straps. Hem-line is welted for long wear. Sizes: SW-OS.

19/11

Brief is cut for exact fit. Trimmed with lace around elasticised legbands. Sizes: SW-OS.

17/11

Long-sleeved spencer has lace around the elasticised scoop neckline. Sizes: SW-OS.

29/6

Panties have lace gusset and lace trim on the elasticised legbands. Sizes: SW-OS.

21/-

This heavier weight Ban-Lon gives mother extra warmth for winter. It's warmer and longer wearing than ever before. Has stretch fit, dries quickly, needs no ironing. Garments fit snugly under slimmest dresses. All in peach and white.

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Velnit - underwear comfort for every body!



- ★ Easy to wear, easy to wash, never needs ironing, won't shrink.
- ★ Warm yet light in weight and will not irritate the most sensitive skin.
- ★ Although soft and absorbent, "Velnit" is extremely strong and durable because of the Interlock method of knitting which gives elasticity.
- ★ A large variety of styles for Men, Women, Boys and Girls.

Always look
for the name

MORLEY

HONS and REBELS

By Jessica Mitford

*Continuing the story
of the madcap Mitfords*

• In the second instalment last week of "Hons and Rebels," Jessica Mitford continued the story of her family, the son and six daughters of David Freeman-Mitford, second Baron Redesdale, and Lady Redesdale.

Many things had happened to this strange family of eccentrics.

DIANA, the third daughter, had married the HON. BRYAN GUINNESS, of the millionaire brewing family; NANCY, the eldest, had blossomed as an author.

UNITY ("Boud"), third youngest girl, had become a fanatical Nazi, had visited Germany, and met Hitler and his Nazi chiefs; while JESSICA, second youngest, and the narrator, had gone in the opposite direction — she had been attracted to Communism.

DEBORAH, the youngest, was dream-

ing of the Duke she would one day marry. Members of the Mitford family in "Hons and Rebels" are:

- Thomas, only son, born 1909, died of wounds in Burma, 1945.
- Nancy, born 1904, married Hon. Peter Rudd, author of (among others) "The Pursuit of Love."
- Pamela, born 1907, married W/Cdr. Derek Jackson.
- Unity, born 1914, died unmarried 1948; was admired by Nazis as "perfect Aryan type."
- Diana, born 1910, married first Hon. Bryan Guinness, then Sir Oswald Mosley.
- Jessica, born 1917, married first Esmond Romilly, then Robert Truchhaft, of New York.
- Deborah, born 1920, married Duke of Devonshire.

THE London season lasts for about three months in summer; to me it seemed to drag on forever. In the middle of it I heard that my cousin, Esmond Romilly, had been sentenced to a six-week term in a remand home.

He and Philip Toynbee, an 18-year-old runaway from Rugby, had shown up drunk at the Romillys' London house and Esmond's mother had called the police.

At the next day's court appearance she had told the judge that Esmond was uncontrollable, upon which the judge had decided to subject him to an appropriate discipline.

I thought of making discreet inquiries on how one went about becoming a prison visitor, but was held back by my own feelings of inadequacy. What good could I possibly be to Esmond? Now I was really a ballroom Communist with a vengeance. He would probably sneer at any efforts I might make to prove myself on his side.

Family reactions to Esmond's latest exploit were tempered this time by a certain amount of criticism of his mother for having lost her head and called the police, and for not standing by him at the trial.

"That Nellie, she always

was an hysterical woman," my mother said crossly.

He was finally released, not to his parents' custody, but as the ward of an elderly cousin, Mrs. Dorothy All-husen. We learned that he had gone to stay at her

brothers' revolt against school, family, tradition.

"Out of Bounds" was written in two sections. The first, by Giles, began with his experiences at Seacliffe prep school, where both boys spent their childhood years.

Esmond's part of "Out of Bounds" fascinated me particularly because it revealed so many almost exact parallels with my own life.

Like me, he had been intensely partisan in politics on the Conservative side as a small child.

"Not only was I a Tory," he wrote, "but I was also something far more romantic, a Jacobite."

"When writing out the Kings and Queens on a genealogical table, instead of 'Old Pretender' and 'Young Pretender,' I would write 'James III' and 'Charles III.'"

Called upon to attack the Russians in a debate at Seacliffe on "whether the Five Year Plan was a menace to civilisation," Esmond had written to his uncle, Winston Churchill, for help in the way of facts and figures.

Churchill had replied that he was "too busy to give me much information, but that the great point to stress was that the Russians murdered millions of women and children."

How similar to my own views on the Russian Revolution at about the same age!

Esmond's abrupt conversion to Communist ideas had come



THE AUTHOR,
Jessica Mitford.

country house and was writing a book.

As the season drew to an end it became cruelly evident that it had been a complete waste of time. I had made no real friends, had learned nothing, was no further advanced in planning my life.

During the freezing, interminable winter Esmond's book was published — "Out of Bounds: The Education of Giles and Esmond Romilly."

For the first time I got the full story of the Romilly



LOVELY Diana Mitford with the two sons, Jonathan (born 1930) and Desmond (1931), of her marriage to Hon. Bryan Guinness. The marriage ended in divorce, and Diana married Sir Oswald Mosley, British Fascist leader.

FAMILY GROUP at Swinbrook House in 1933, part of the period dealt with in this instalment. From left (rear): Lady Redesdale, Nancy, Diana, Tom, Pamela, Lord Redesdale. Front: Unity, Jessica, Deborah.

about in a way very similar to my own.

He wrote: "I had a violent antipathy to Conservatism, as I saw it in my relations. I hated militarism, as this meant the O.T.C., and I had read a good deal of pacifist literature.

"Like many people I mixed up pacifism with Communism. I began to read the 'Daily Worker' and though I did not learn much Communism, I learned that there was another world as well as the one in which I lived."

That other world! And now Esmond was launched in it I envied him with all my heart.

There were other parallels. While I was being teased about being a ballroom Communist, Giles and Esmond were the object of similar barbs: "My uncle (Winston Churchill) thought it a great joke when Giles was considered to be a 'Red'; at that time I was still an ardent Jacobite. 'The Red Rose and the White Rose,' he used to call us."

Reading "Out of Bounds," I almost felt as though I knew Esmond. He emerged as a person of unlimited resourcefulness, with that extra degree of good humor which comes from absolute self-confidence in all situations, fearless, indestructible.

My copy of "Out of Bounds" was enshrined in an honored place among my Communist literature and I resumed my ill-tempered brooding.

My mother was not particularly prone to worry about her children. In her view girls were to be trained by precept and example in the normal virtues, which included chastity, thrift, kindness to animals, consideration of servants, and commonsense.

The end goals of this were marriage for love and not for money, the establishment of a

wholesome and well-run household, and service to community and country.

Pursuing these ends for the six of us, my mother had spent endless time, energy, and the proceeds of her chicken farm; but it was becoming rather apparent by this year of 1935 that not all of us were turning out quite according to plan.

Wed a jockey

Pam, it is true, had shown interest and ability in English countryside affairs, was proficient in household management and had even worked for a time managing a farm. True to her childhood love for horses, she eventually married a jockey named Derek Jackson, and to this day retains a firm of solicitors called Withers.

Nancy was happily married at last, though definitely part of "What-a-set." Peter Rodd, her husband, liked to affect the role of a bit of a reprobate.

The blow of Diana's divorce had been weathered, but she was still eyed with disapproval by most of the Older Generation.

Boud's extremist activities were something no one could do much about, and no doubt the thought of trying to deflect that iron will from its chosen direction into calmer and more appropriate channels was too much even for my mother.

I was still thoroughly underfoot. What is so accurately described as "The Difficult Age" was in my case lasting rather too long for comfort. My ballroom Communism was considered a very harmless joke. I didn't talk about it much any more because the whole subject was becoming too painful and too serious to me.

Clearly, I needed a change of air, that tried and true remedy for all physical or emotional ailments. Wheels were set in motion for Muv. Boud, Debo, and me to embark on a Mediterranean cruise in the spring of 1936.

Naturally we were all delighted at the idea. I even entertained the sneaking hope that it might provide a good running-away opportunity — possibly love-at-first-sight with some Sicilian peasant, Greek shepherd, or swarthy African

The cruise my mother had selected was a semi-educational affair.

Most of our fellow passengers were students from Eton and other public schools, and university people. There was a Church of England canon on hand to give lectures about Moorish art, Greek philosophy, and other subjects.

There were also a number of miscellaneous people, like ourselves, bound for a few weeks of sunshine and quick culture, among them a red-headed peer of the realm called Lord Strathmilton.

This was the first time in some years that Boud, Debo, and I had been anywhere together, and unfortunately, from my mother's point of view, the situation brought forth all our family "oddness" in full force.

When bridge tournaments were announced, Debo and I insisted on pressing for a "Hure, Hare, Hure, Commencement" tournament to determine the pain threshold of our fellow-passengers. Following a lecture on democracy by the canon, Boud formally demanded, and received, the floor to eulogise the glories of Nazi dictatorship.

We "borderlined" continually, this time seeing how far we could go in shocking my mother and the other people

on the cruise. Debo and I pretended to be madly in love with Lord Strathmilton; "Strathmilton, red, come to bed," we would bluntly chant, just out of his hearing.

Our family sat at the purser's table and mealtimes provided an ideal opportunity for such borderlining. My mother tried to foresee, and to forestall, probable trends of conversation. At Algiers, she cautioned us:

"Now, you silly children, you are NOT to go on about white-slavers. Really, you seem to have that sort of thing on the brain."

But in spite of all the giggling and teasing, an underlying bitterness was growing up between me and Boud. This flared into the open towards the end of the trip, when we were taken in cars to see the Alhambra.

Boud insisted on wearing her swastika brooch. The cars pulled up in the glaring white square in Granada and curious Spaniards came forward to get a better view of the tourists.

Their friendly interest quickly turned to rage when they saw Boud's swastika. She was surrounded by a hostile crowd, shouting at her, trying to tear off the hated symbol.

On the way back Boud and I had a furious quarrel and my mother crossly sent us to the cabin.

Lying disconsolately on the bunk I reviewed in my mind alternative courses of action I might have taken. Had I muffed an ideal opportunity to run? Could I have slipped away in that hot, sunny town to lose myself in that lively, dark-faced crowd?

Not likely, I thought sadly. Visions of British consuls and local police hot on my trail immediately came to mind and I had to admit it wouldn't have required much sleuthing on their part to track me down

in my white linen cruise suit, panama hat, new brown Oxfords, and complete ignorance of the Spanish language.

We lived in London for several months after the cruise — Swinbrook having been let for most of that year.

It was certainly a year for news. Ominous as the first menacing quivers before a major earthquake, events of 1936 forecast the shape of things for the next decade.

Fascism was on the offensive everywhere. In the spring Ethiopia fell to the Italians and Hitler marched into the Rhineland.

British Tories stood nervously by, those in power saying as little as possible. Stanley Baldwin, the Prime Minister, quietest of them all, earned himself the nickname "Old Sealed Lips."

Franco attacks

In July Franco launched his attack on the Spanish Popular Front Government. Sides were chosen up throughout the family. Nancy and Peter Rodd were strongly pro-Loyalist; Peter even talked in a desultory way of joining up with the newly formed International Brigade. The aunts and uncles were mildly, the Reverends strongly, Diana and Boud violently, pro-Franco.

For me the war in Spain inevitably now became my major preoccupation. My thoughts centred obsessively on ways of getting there.

My running-away account had reached quite adequate proportions — I had almost fifty pounds. I cut pictures of women guerrillas out of papers, determined, steady-looking women, wiry, bright-eyed, gaunt-faced, some middle-aged, some almost little girls. How to take my place at their side?

The now familiar stab of envy shot through me when I overheard a cousin telling my mother: "Poor Nellie, she does have a time with those boys of hers. Of course, Esmond has always been the more troublesome of the two. She was telling me the other day, sometimes she fears for his mind. Now he's gone off to fight in Spain; he joined up with the Reds..."

Something closer to home dominated the thoughts and conversation of London society. Now the British monarchy itself was threatened — and, of all things, by an American woman with the unlikely and extraordinarily unprepossessing name of Wallis Simpson.

"Her Christian name can't really be Wallis. The papers must have got it wrong."

"Children! You are not to mention that dreadful woman in front of the servants. And I don't want you to bring any of those American magazines into this house."

Peter Neville, a recent acquaintance of mine, kept me supplied with the latest uncensored issues of "Time." Peter was a tall, lanky young man with a carefully cultivated American accent; he had once been in the States for a few weeks and had become a great devotee of everything transatlantic.

His great fascination for me lay, not so much in his rather disreputable appearance and odd way of talking, as in the fact that he was a friend of both the Romilly brothers, an ardent pro-Loyalist, and a great admirer of Esmond.

The latter was evidently Peter's political mentor, and since he was unavailable for consultation, Peter tried to conjecture what his course of action would be in the politi-

To page 15



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Continuing . . . HONS AND REBELS

cal crisis that now gripped England over the King and Mrs. Simpson.

A showdown was approaching; Mrs. Simpson was granted a divorce, and simultaneously it was rumored that Baldwin and the Archbishop of Canterbury were bringing enormous pressure on the King to choose between Wally and the throne.

I didn't specially care one way or the other what the outcome might be. The romantic aspects seemed to me intensely dull; two middle-aged people with nothing in particular to recommend them, a good deal less interesting than the average film star. Besides, Edward had recently shown signs of being impressed with the Hitler regime.

It was the Tory Government that won in the end, when Edward abdicated in deference to their wishes.

Our stay in London was coming to an end and we were to go to Scotland shortly. There, my problems seemed thrown into full focus. My Scotch cousins seemed to me to be unbearably countrified, and they didn't even go in for our sport of "shocking the grown-ups"; in fact, they were thoroughly nice, well-brought-up girls.

Cousin Bridget and my mother would spend long hours conversing, I felt sure, about me and what a problem I was becoming. Perhaps as a result of these discussions, my mother made arrangements to take Debo and me on a world cruise.

Even the exciting planning of the trip was marred by my bad temper. I remember one whole evening was spent bitterly debating whether we should be allowed to disembark from the ship at Port Said. My mother maintained that it would be "unsuitable" for us, but I insisted I wanted to see the white-slavers in their natural habitat (we were all sure that they constituted the major population of Port Said), and even muttered that being a white slave would be a nice change from Scotland—which effectively broke up the evening.

"You're very silly, Little D," my mother said, and stumped up to bed.

After one of these rows I would be angry with myself because I realised dimly that my mother was trying her best to get me to "snap out" of the gloomy moods I had fallen into. Reading and listening to the

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agonising news from the Madrid front, the farce of England's "non-intervention" policy, and the barbarous cruelty of Nazi and Fascist forces in Spain made me feel like a traitor to everything decent in the world. I despised myself for living in the lap of luxury, supported and kept by the very people who were making the "non-intervention" policy possible.

Frontline news

Shortly before Christmas, the papers carried another long story about Esmond, this time in the form of a despatch from him in the "News Chronicle."

"12 DAYS AGO WE'D 120 MEN—NOW 37," the headline read. "WINSTON CHURCHILL'S NEPHEW SENDS GRAPHIC WAR MESSAGE."

The story was date-lined from Albacete: "Esmond Romilly, 18-year-old nephew of Mr. Winston Churchill, and a member of one of Britain's oldest families, is winning laurels for his gallantry under fire while serving in the International Brigade, which is fighting for the Spanish Government in defence of Madrid."

The story began in Esmond's own words: "We've just returned after twelve days on the Madrid front. Experiences to date:

"Air bombing of our positions.

"Crossing open-ploughed fields under machine-guns and rifle fire.

"Shelling from our own tanks.

"Too much death about everywhere . . .

"Our company started 12 days ago with 120 men. Present strength 37.

"This conversation piece sums up the way the war is being fought:

"Can you give me a light for my hand-grenade?"

"Sorry, old man. No matches . . ."

Shortly after this, the newspapers reported that Esmond Romilly had been "invalided out" of the Spanish War and was back in England recovering from illness in hospital.

Just before we left Scotland an invitation arrived for me to spend a weekend at Cousin Dorothy Allhusen's at Havering House, near Marlborough. When my mother told me about the invitation, a thrilling idea struck me.

Perhaps Esmond would be there.

Cousin Dorothy was the elderly relation who had volunteered to become his guardian when he was freed from the remand home. I knew he had written "Out of Bounds" while living at her house.

I was the first of the guests to arrive for the weekend, having come down by an early train on Friday afternoon. Over tea in the drawing-room Cousin Dorothy told me who the other guests would be: "A very nice young American couple" (she was known to "go in for Americans" quite a bit) "and your cousin, Esmond Romilly."

For a moment I felt physically faint with anticipation.

Of course, I had been in love with Esmond for years, ever since I first heard of him. I thought gloomily of all the competition I must face from his unknown women friends; I visualised Elizabeth Bergner-like waifs in the East End, glamorous older women in the left-wing movement, even brave guerrilla fighters behind the lines in Spain. All of them beautifully thin, no doubt.

I spent an unusually long time getting ready for dinner. In the pink glow cast by the pretty lampshades in my bedroom I really didn't look so bad. My dress was mauve lame, street length. I noticed to my annoyance that it had a slightly tinny smell.

When I left my room I was tingling with nervousness.

The other guests were assembled round the fire in the drawing-room.

"Decca, this is Mrs. Scott and Mr. Scott; my young cousin, Miss Mitford; and this is your cousin, my dear, Esmond Romilly. You must be cold. May I give you a glass of sherry?"

I started chatting with Mr. Scott, a young American schoolteacher, looking at Esmond out of the corner of my eye. He was shorter than I had imagined, very thin, with very bright eyes and amazingly long eyelashes.

At dinner I sat between Esmond and Mr. Scott. It wasn't until halfway through dinner that I got a chance to talk to him.

"Esmond, are you planning to go back to Spain?" I asked.

"Yes, I think I'll be leaving again in a week or so."

No point beating about the bush—it was now or never. Feeling strangely like a diver about to plunge from a great height into unknown waters, I said in a low voice,

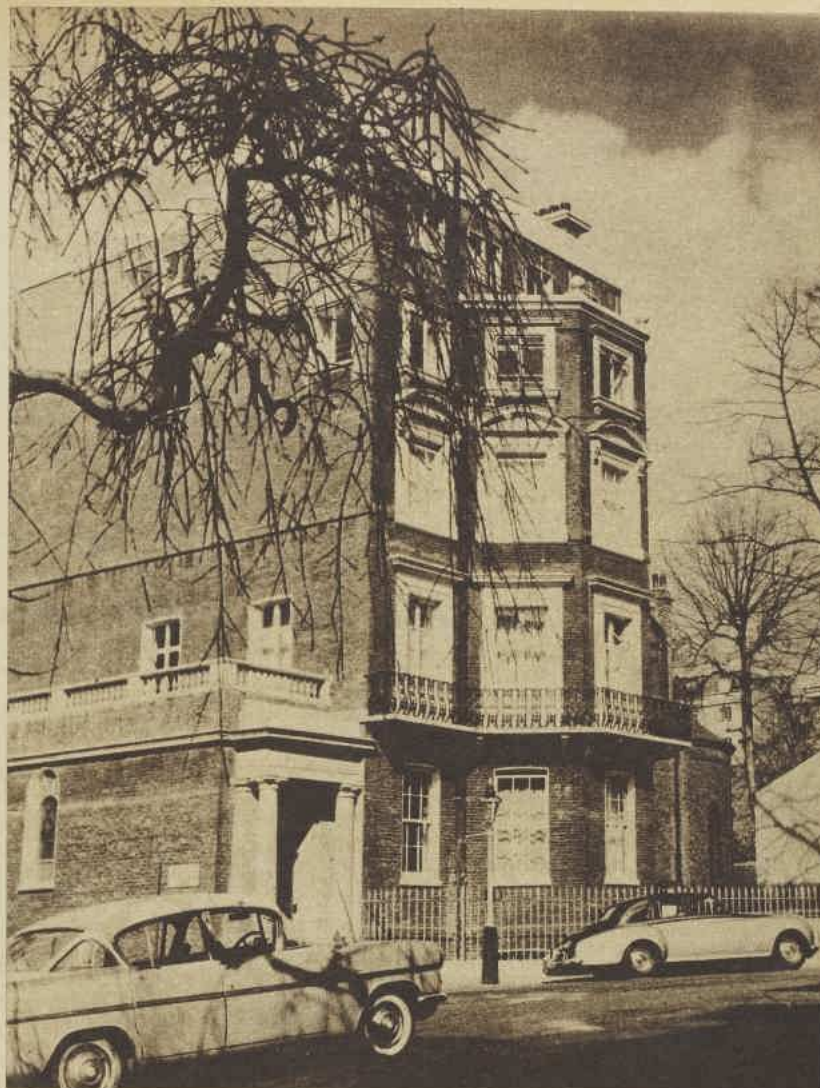
"Well—I was wondering if you could possibly take me with you."

"Yes, I could; but don't let's talk about it now," he answered, glancing round to see if anyone was listening.

Later I found out that Peter had told Esmond about my unsuccessful efforts to get to Spain, and that with his usual enthusiasm for fellow runaways he had been thinking over ways to help me.

Cousin Dorothy treated Esmond with the greatest affection, rather as a very fond mother would treat a mischievous little boy. After dinner she pressed him to tell about his experiences in the International Brigade; but he was more interested in discussing England's policy towards the civil war and how it could be changed. He refused to be led on as a "social lion" or to show off in any way about his exploits. The Scotts were obviously enormously impressed with him.

I was content to sit back and listen, for it seemed to me that an objective of a lifetime was about to be reached.



REDESDALE HOUSE, Georgian-style town house of Lord and Lady Redesdale at Rutland Gate. The family stayed here during the London season.

We walked out into the freezing, muddy countryside, Esmond talking nervously and rapidly, head down against the wind. He plunged immediately into the plans for our getaway. The "News Chronicle" had already offered him an advance of £10 to return to Spain as their correspondent; I could come along as his secretary.

"But I can't type," I said, feeling hopelessly stupid and inadequate. Esmond assured me that wouldn't really matter, as he did all his own typing, anyway.

I told him about my £50 Running Away money. His face lit up delightedly. "That's absolutely wonderful," he said with great interest and enthusiasm; it seemed to make up for my lack of typing ability.

The really pressing problem was, how should I carry out my part of the plan?

We should need at least two clear weeks to get to Spain, Esmond insisted. I must think of some adequate excuse for being away from home for that length of time.

Suddenly it came to me in a flash. I had just received a letter from the Paget twins, girls who had been debutantes at the same time as I was. They had written to say they were spending several months in Austria; therefore there was no danger that my mother would run across them in London.

She barely knew their aunt, with whom they lived, so there was little risk in that direction, either. I could forge a letter from the twins asking me to join them in Austria.

Esmond was immediately enthusiastic. He turned the idea over and over, examining it from every angle. Rather than Austria, he suggested, I should make the invitation come from Dieppe, where the Paget aunt

could have taken a house for a few weeks. In that way my fare would be paid as far as Dieppe by my parents, and a few pounds of my Running Away money would be saved.

His charm

We decided to leave on the following Sunday, giving us a week to get papers from the Spanish Embassy and other necessary equipment.

"Does your father have an account at any of the department stores? I could do with a good camera, and we don't want to spend any of your cash till we have to." I was secretly a little shocked at the idea, but readily agreed to go along.

I took a taxi to our house in Rutland Gate, feeling very odd indeed. As children, my sisters and I had often discussed how one would know if one were actually in love.

Apparently others wondered about the same thing, for the Advice to Lovelorn columns were full of the comforting thought. "Don't worry, dear. You'll know when Mr. Right comes along." ("Or the Duke of Right," Debo used to add hopefully.)

Now I could see the truth of this advice.

I was completely, deeply committed; I hadn't been able to take my eyes off Esmond all weekend. I had watched the Scotts succumb to his extraordinary charm, like trees slowly falling before the wind.

Although Esmond was the youngest person in the party, he had seemed like a star around which everything revolved. A wind, a star, he represented to me all that was bright, attractive, and powerful . . .

I was to accomplish Part I of the Running Away plan.

The last post usually came at about 9.30. I had the forged letter from the Paget twins in my dressing-gown pocket, and went down the seven flights of stairs from my room to the front door.

I even stooped and pretended to pick up the letter. My heart pounding furiously, I walked back up to my mother's bedroom and knocked on the door.

"Look, I've just got a letter from the twins. They want me to come to stay with them in Dieppe . . . here . . ."

I handed her the letter, and hoped she wouldn't notice I was trembling all over. Would she recognise my writing? I had done it very carefully, slanting it in the wrong direction, with long, thin, spidery letters. I had selected "40 Rue Napoleon" as a suitable fictitious Dieppe address, having forgotten to find out from Esmond the name of a real street there.

The letter was filled with appropriate "circumstantial" remarks, such as: "Our aunt has rented a lovely little white house down by the sea . . . we'll be quite a party, some boys from Oxford are coming over in a rented motor-car so we shall be able to tour round . . ."

This last had been suggested by Esmond, so that I should be able to write to my mother from various towns in France as we journeyed south without exciting suspicion.

"Well, it all sounds lovely," my mother said doubtfully, "but the only trouble is, you do have an awful lot to do to get ready for the world cruise. What about your clothes? Really, I think two weeks is too long . . ."

"Yes, I know," I was speaking very rapidly. "But I was

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Fashion Festival

● A gala festival of color and beauty will be held in Brisbane at the Festival Hall on May 27.

THIS is the L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Festival, which we have brought to Australia in conjunction with Marigny.

The festival will be presented at 8 p.m., preceded by a gala dinner at Lennons Hotel at 6.30 p.m.

M. Rene Lutz, one of the world's most famous hairdressers, will show the newest techniques and the latest "look"—matched color from head to toe.

The Paris fashions will be 25 ensembles from couturier Maggy Rouff, shown with a collection from the Australian Wool Bureau.

Bookings are available from the secretary, Combined Committee of the Bush Children's Health Scheme Appeal, and the Surf Life Saving Association, 144 Adelaide Street, Brisbane, and at the "Courier Mail" Office, for dinner and festival, £5/5/-; gallery (for festival only), £1 and 10/-. Proceeds are in aid of the above charities.

Time out from marriage

Their yearly tryst was a secret they pledged to treasure until death

A complete short story by GLADYS TABER

SHE was late. He parked his car under the white oak at the end of the narrow country road and stood watching for her car. He checked his watch and wondered if it was fast; so he got in the car and turned on the radio.

Five minutes of late news was ending—a strike at Bradford, a new murder, another aeroplane crash, and a sale of pork roast at the supermarket. And, at the signal, it was indubitably two o'clock.

If Helen had been like most women, he wouldn't have worried. His wife, Janet, for instance, had barely made it to the hospital when young Larry was born because she wanted to finish pressing a dress.

But Helen was never late. She said time was something special and deserved respect. But today Helen had not yet come by quarter past two.

An unavoidable delay, no doubt. Or had she decided this annual rendezvous was silly? But one year, when her car broke down, she had just left it by the side of the road and thumbed a ride in a farm truck and came running across the meadow right on time.

During the year they never communicated. No letters or post cards passed between them, no phone calls, and even if he went to her town on a business trip, he never dropped in to call. They kept for themselves just one afternoon in May, a few hours of magic out of the whole year. And nothing had ever prevented it. Surely nothing could!

He walked slowly across the meadow and sat down under the old apple tree at the edge of the brook. The wild dark violets were in bloom, so the meadow was pricked with purple. Apple blossoms drifted down. At the base of the tree he noticed some mushrooms and made a note to pick them for Janet, who loved them.

The sky was like a blue lake with a few clouds breaking white sails against it. He began to gather a bouquet of violets. The short stems broke crisply in his big hands. When he finished, he looked at his watch again.

He told himself he didn't have all day to wait around. And it had taken some doing to get away from the office. But surely a man should have one half day a year for his very own. Every heart must have one private place, he thought.

He lighted a cigarette and stared at the brook. He began to remember the first time he had kissed Helen. They had been at a high-school dance and Helen carried two blue balloons. She wore a soft pearl-pink dress. She was a slight girl, with hair like sunlight and grey eyes that looked out steadily. In those days he hadn't thought whether she was beautiful or not, but she was the only girl he knew who didn't giggle or squeal, and her voice was soft, not shrill.

They had sat on the steps of the Cameron house, being very quiet lest her father poke

his head out and order her in. Mr. Cameron was a masterful man, as befitted the bank president, and he kept his daughter on a short leash. The night was breathless with May. Looking at her, he had felt suddenly that he could reach up and pick the stars.

"Helen," he said, "you're my girl."

"Yes," she whispered.

He pulled her to him and kissed her. The balloons broke with a sharp pop and shreds fell on them.

"I wish this night could be always," she said.

"All right, it will be," he told her. "I'll tell old Time to quit going along. Anything you say."

"No, but really." She touched his cheek. "I wish this could never change."

"Well, look," he said, kissing her small palm, "let's say we have a special date on this day every year of our lives. An anniversary of my first kissing you. What we'll do, we'll go out to the country in the afternoon and pick violets and I'll tell you all over again that you're my girl always. We won't let anything interfere!"

"But it's night, not afternoon,"

"Yes." He was practical. "But you get hung up nights after you're married. My folks do. Meetings and stuff. But an afternoon we'll always make it."

"And get home in time for the church supper," she laughed, "and serve the ham and mashed potatoes."

They both laughed.

"All right, let's swear," he said half seriously. "As long as we live we have an anniversary this day. Just for us."

It was a childish promise, and maybe they might have forgotten it, but it happened that he was back on a three-day visit the next year, and Helen was home from college for spring vacation. He had given her a pin shaped like a spray of violets. The amethysts were just chips, but she loved it.

They went to the country and had a picnic by the river. Over the chicken sandwiches and devilled eggs and coffee, they talked about when the war was over and she had finished college—well, it would not be too long. Time was to them then a rubber band, stretching easily. When he kissed her it was as natural as breathing and as exciting as a shower of falling stars.

But letters didn't really erase the fact that their lives took separate ways. He grew frankly tired of reading about the dances she went to and the trouble she had passing art. And she began to skim his labored notes about his buddies and the uninteresting food and what the colonel said.

A year is a long time when you are young and living so fast. But they had their day in May. She had come home because her father suffered a coronary attack, and Larry was back on recruiting duty. The magic was there, but it was brief. Helen was tall

and slim and definitely beautiful, and he felt weathered and older in his uniform.

"It won't be long now," they told each other.

Afterwards they went their destined ways. She accompanied her father on a cruise, and he went to Texas to train newly enlisted men. Distance and time were deadly weapons. He wasn't interested in the captain's parties and she couldn't share the Army routine.

So he wasn't surprised when she wrote she was marrying the young executive who had managed her father's business when Mr. Cameron was ill. Rob was like a son to her father, she said, and her father was so happy to have Rob take over. It was, she said, a great relief to her father. Larry went out and got drunk, then sobered up in time for the colonel's Open House.

There he met Janet, the colonel's daughter, a dark, quiet girl, sensible, a little shy. He began to take her around and they had fun. Since she was an Army child, they shared a lot of things, including a distaste for sergeants. As the time drew near for his discharge, he told her he wanted to go back to college and ultimately get a law degree. He had always planned to be a lawyer, he said.

"No reason why not," she said. "I mean, one can always manage."

They managed by getting married the day he got out of the Army. He registered at the State University and found it hard going, as he had lost the knack of gobbling knowledge in chunks. He was also too mature for the rest of his class.

Without Janet he wouldn't have stuck it. But she had found a job in a day nursery and a side job typing, and she encouraged him not only with extra cash but casseroles.

By May, when he was called home for his mother's funeral, he was back into the educational pattern and doing well. Helen was home, too, living with her husband at the Cameron mansion, where her father dominated them both from his wheelchair.

They met at the funeral. Janet hadn't come, because of her two jobs, and he felt terribly alone until he saw Helen, pale and misty-eyed. They had looked at each other and known this was their day. So, after the funeral, they had driven to the river and walked in the pale sunlight.

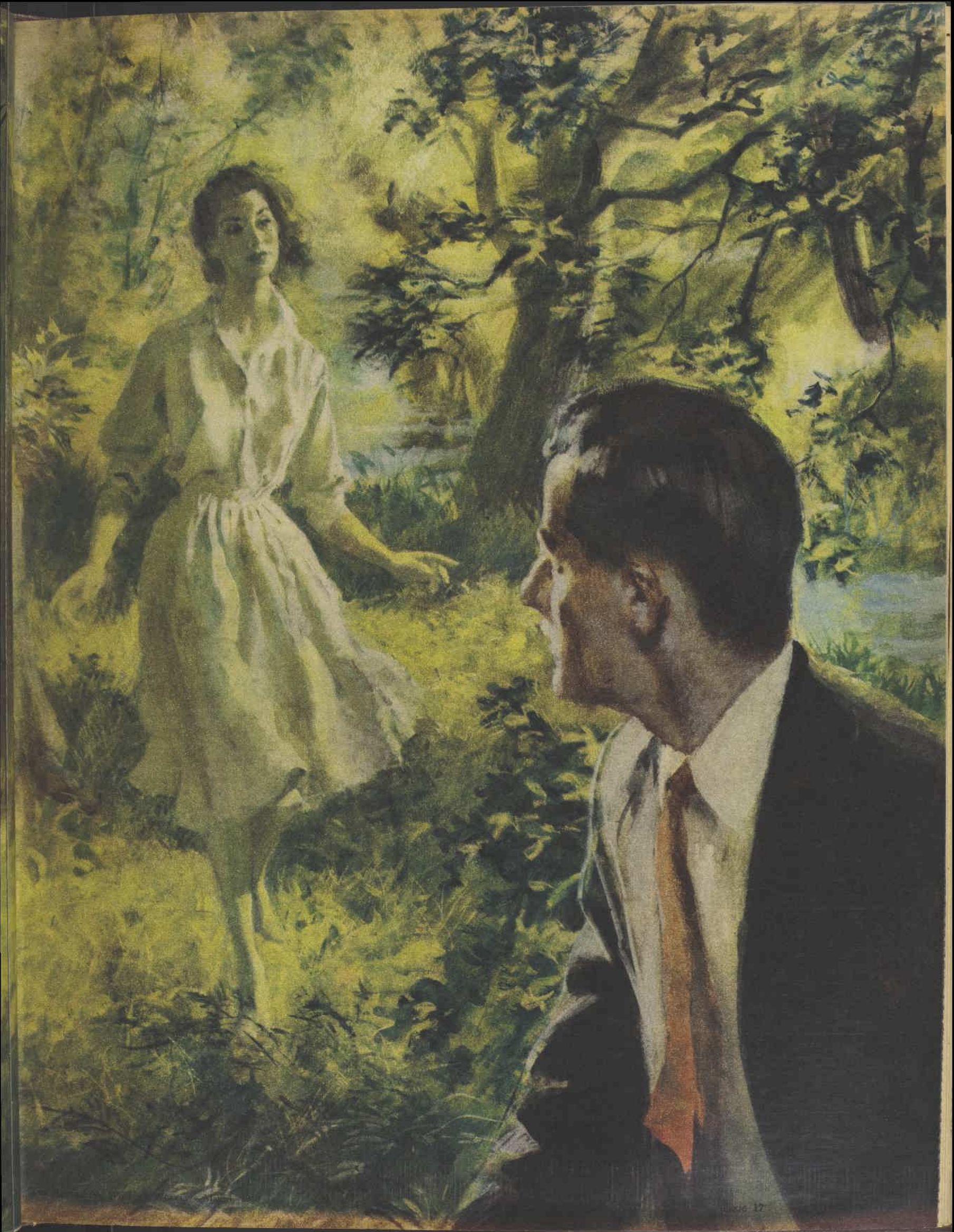
They had said very little, but the loneliness eased in him and he was able to cry over losing his mother. Then they sat quietly on a bank of violets, and he picked some and she pinned them with her violet pin. He noticed she still wore it.

"Are you happy?" he asked.

"There are many kinds of happiness."

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Just as Larry had given up hope of seeing Helen she suddenly appeared, running lightly towards him.



Closes soon!

Rules of "The Velvet Touch" Contest as announced on radio

"The Lady of the Year" with The "Velvet Touch"



wins
£1,000
cash
in a velvet money bag

FIRST PRIZE

- 2nd prize — £500
- 3rd prize — £100
- 25 prizes of £10 each

* PLUS 150 plastic clip-on aprons

So easy—lots of fun. The Velvet Touch is the happy knack of good housekeeping. Every user of good, pure Velvet soap has it. Listed below are the beginnings of seven sentences about some of Velvet soap's many wonderful good-housekeeping features. The endings of all but one of these sentences are shown separately.

Carefully study the beginnings and endings and fit them together by placing the appropriate numbers in the squares provided.

Then complete the remaining sentence, using no more than twelve additional words. There is no limit to the number of entries.

Rules of Contest

1. Prizes will be awarded according to the skill and judgment shown.
2. Judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
3. Each entry should be accompanied by the name "J. Kitchen & Sons Pty. Ltd." cut from a Velvet carton or wrapper — except in States where the law prohibits their inclusion.
4. Every entry must bear the name and address of the contestant. Entries may be sent on a plain sheet of paper if desired.
5. Prizewinners will be notified by mail,

and the names of major prizewinners published in leading metropolitan morning papers on 22nd June.
6. Entries should be addressed to:
The Velvet Touch Contest,
N.S.W., Box 7061, G.P.O., Sydney.
Vic., Box 4229, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Q'ld., Box 1448T, G.P.O., Brisbane.
S.A., Box 224C, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Tas., Box 294C, G.P.O., Hobart.
W.A., Box 1000, P.O., Nth. Fremantle.
Entries must arrive no later than 29th May, 1960.

Entry Form

BEGINNINGS:

- Velvet saves the life of clothes because ☐
- Velvet saves hands because ☐
- Velvet helps the family budget every day because ☐
- Velvet is so economical for all household cleaning because ☐
- Velvet is so efficient for collars and cuffs because ☐
- Velvet users have the Velvet Touch because ☐
- Velvet can be trusted for those 'extra special' garments because ☐

Please write clearly.
Get more entry forms from
your local store.

ENDINGS:

1. It is 100% pure — so gentle.
2. Delicate fabrics are safe with gentle Velvet suds.
3. A single tablet lasts for ages.
4. It cleans extra grubby marks easily, thoroughly.
5. It does a whole week's dishwashing for only 4½d.
6. There is no harsh ingredient to cause washday wear.
7. (YOUR ENDING)

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____ STATE _____
(Please write clearly)

CUT HERE

Continuing . . .

TIME OUT FROM MARRIAGE

[from page 17]

She smiled faintly. "Yes, I think we both know that by now."

The sun was westerling when they said goodbye. "I'll see you next year," he said.

"Yes, I'll be ready," she answered.

It was queer how restored he had been by this brief encounter. And how inevitable it had seemed. He wished he could have told his mother. But who would understand such a thing? It didn't make sense. But he knew with finality that, no matter what happened, somehow he would spend one afternoon with Helen next May.

Did it mean as much to her, or had she maintained a tradition? Maybe when they were together they went back in time to the golden days of being young. Maybe it was a hang-over from a sentimental period. He didn't really know. But he knew that as every May began he felt restless, unsatisfied, and began to worry lest they miss their special afternoon.

There had been hard years. With Janet's help he finally got his law degree and went in as junior partner with an elderly lawyer in a small Midwestern town.

Janet was busy with young Larry, who was a delicate child. But she helped his career and entertained his business associates with casual grace and excellent food.

His father had married again, a strapping blonde, so now he went home only once a year—in May—to visit, and it never worked out so that Janet could go with him. During this time Helen's father died, and Rob took over the company.

Helen did over the Cameron house in modern Swedish. Her twins were born in January.

"You look thinner," he said as they walked in the meadow.

"I'm fine. Tell me about young Larry."

"No," he said. "Let's talk about today. Just for us."

LARRY gave her the violets he had picked and she pinned them on. "I wouldn't want you to think you had to turn up always on this day," she said thoughtfully. "I mean I would never want it to be a duty."

"I do my duty every other day in the year," he told her.

They never spoke much. They looked at each other and smiled and breathed the same air, and when it was time he kissed her goodbye.

It had always been like that until today, and now he sat alone, with the violets already drooping beside him. He must

go home soon and he looked at his watch again and swore. He didn't want to begin lying to Janet about being called out of town about a will. For Janet, he thought, had never suspected anything.

Once it had been a near thing when there had been no reason for him to go to see his father that particular week. Any time would have done. But at the usual time Janet packed his suitcase and said, "Time for your trip back."

"I'll fly down with Larry and see my dad at the same time," she said.

"Well, thanks," he said. "Guess I may as well go now."

So it had been easy. And the next year he was offered a

FROM THE BIBLE

"I gave them my statutes, and shewed them my judgments, which if a man do, he shall even live in them."

—Ezekiel 20, 11.

The prophet Ezekiel was being given, from the Lord, the words to speak to some inquirers. The Lord reminds them that during the difficult days of exodus from Egypt to the new promised land, He gave them laws and a justice to live by in their days of homeless wanderings. These laws are the means to a life of peace and satisfaction.

better job in a law firm just thirty miles from his home town.

"A good idea" said Janet. "You can drop over any time without planning ahead. It's a short drive."

"I only go home once a year." He spoke irritably.

"Yes, I know," she smiled. "Just once a year in May."

She was ironing his shirts and her face was rosy. A feather of dark hair fell over her forehead. She looked serene and competent, and he felt guilty as he kissed her.

Now the shadows were lengthening and Helen had not come. He felt wretched, de-

flated. It meant she was too busy, had forgotten this day of all days. He got up and threw the violets in the brook. He picked the mushrooms and started back to the car.

Then he saw her running across the meadow, so light of foot she hardly seemed to break the grasses she ran over. Her hair was loose and blew back in wings. Her full silk skirt had a snagged hem. She looked dishevelled, and that was queer, for she was always so neat.

"I made it as soon as I could," she was breathless. "I hated so to keep you waiting. I never mean to. But I knew you'd be here!"

SHE was, he thought, more beautiful than ever. Her eyes were so clear and deep and her tumbled hair made a sunny mist about the delicate face.

"I was so afraid you wouldn't wait," she said with a catch in her voice. "I'm tired. Let's rest a bit."

She dropped down and leaned her head against the trunk of the apple tree.

"You've changed your perfume," he commented, sitting down beside her.

"No, not really. It just came out of the air, I think. Just a little while ago." She put out her hand and it was as cool and light as a moth wing. Then her eyes closed. The lids were so transparent he could almost see the grey of her eyes behind them.

He stretched out, putting his arms under him so he wouldn't be tempted to reach out and disturb her. He wasn't tired, he was full of things to ask, things to tell her.

This was a queer rendezvous, he thought. When they had only one short afternoon a year, and half gone already, did she have to spend the time sleeping? Didn't he mean enough to her to keep her awake? He propped himself up on one elbow and stared down at her.

Sometimes during the year her image blurred in his mind, and now he absorbed it, every line, every eyelash. He noticed the delicate hollows of her temples and the sweet curve of her sleeping mouth.

When she woke she sat up and brushed the falling hair and said with wonder, "Where am I?"

"I'm not surprised you don't know," he laughed. "You went out like a light."

"You should have wakened me up. There's so little time!" She looked frightened.

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YOUR BOOKSHELF

By JOYCE HALSTEAD

"Teach Yourself To Relax"

Josephine L. Rathbone, Ph.D. (Angus & Robertson).

Tension is caused by many things — overwork, over-ambition, disappointment, feelings of inferiority, keeping up with the Jones', or lack of love. The causes, of course, could be physical; but if the reasons are psychological, the cure in most cases rests with the person himself. This book, by an American expert, analyses in a simple way the causes of tension and gives realistic suggestions for relaxing them.

"The Great Fortune"

Olivia Manning (Heinemann).

The British colony still remaining in Bucharest at the beginning of World War II provides the main characters in this novel. Rumanian history of the time, with its pro-German leaning, sets the tempo and influences the plot. Guy Pringle, a teacher of English at the university, arrives back from leave in England with a young wife,

Harriet. Through her eyes one sees Guy's friends, the circle which his generous personality dominates. There are diplomats, emotional Sophie, a Rumanian, and Prince Yakimov, a dissolute scrounger and comic eccentric.

This is a rich tapestry woven with color and interesting detail against the sinister background of Balkan intrigue.

"The Altar in the Loft"

Rupert Croft-Cooke (Putnam).

As cool and restful as the English countryside is this account of the author's early teenage during World War I — attending Tonbridge School. He describes his fascination with religion, especially of the Higher Anglican faith, "playing churches" at his altar in the attic, "furnished" from his pocket-money with altar cloths and incense. The game gradually became reality, leading to his "going over to Rome" when he was 21. The book is undramatic but attractive in its meditative calm.

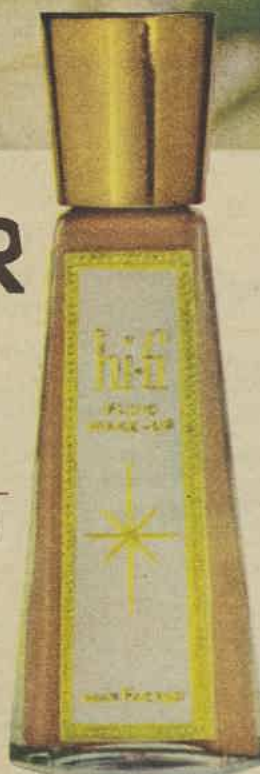
*Be glowing,
radiant,
naturally
beautiful*

**NEW
DOUBLE-VALUE
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MAX FACTOR *hi-fi* FLUID MAKE-UP



A make-up that's *streak-proof*, *featherlight* and, above all, *natural-looking*. That is what you ask of the perfect make-up, and that is what Max Factor gives you in Hi-Fi. A fluid, featherlight foundation that gives your skin a radiant, translucent look. One that smooths on so perfectly that it seems to be your own complexion. Max Factor Hi-Fi Fluid Make-up . . . in complexion-matched skin tones. Now in a new generous size . . . the Boudoir Size . . . economically priced to give you months and months of perfect make-up. 14/11.

FOR THE MOST EXCITING NEW PRODUCTS IN THIS FABULOUS WORLD OF BEAUTY — LOOK TO **MAX FACTOR**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 4, 1960

Page 19

Feel that TACT GLOW from top to toe
**FEEL REALLY
 CLEAN**



Tact soap
 keeps perspiration **Odour-Free***

GENTLE TACT LATHER leaves you feeling glowing clean, exhilarated... and you keep that wonderful feeling all day long! Only Tact contains miracle deodorant GII which destroys up to 95% of the germs that cause perspiration odour... keeps you feeling shower-fresh all over. Mild Tact lather protects all day, even under make-up. Ideal for teenage skin blemishes, it cleans deep down into the pores, leaves your skin radiantly clean. Begin now to enjoy that refreshing, exhilarating Tact feeling.

*Proved by laboratory tests to wash away 95% of germs which cause perspiration odour.



R075

Worth Reporting

THE slight, smiling young man with the slicked-down hair got up from the piano looking surprised and pleased as the audience rocked with applause.

At 25, Frenchman Philippe Entremont still isn't used to being hailed as a musical genius, even though this has been going on since he first toured America in 1952.

Now he's in Australia, practising at least four hours every day, on a three-months, 116-concert tour for the A.B.C.

He bubbles with energy, with a grin ready to widen into a smile as he talks fast with a rather jagged accent.

We asked if his hands are insured for the usual fabulous sum.

"Ah, no, I am so superstitious. As soon as I insure them something terrible will happen," he said happily.

"My wife always comes on tour with me, but this time she is busy moving into our new house in Paris."



PHILIPPE ENTREMONT... brilliant pianist, Gallic charmer.

This young man has literally played his way round the world — he's toured America five times, Europe, Canada, South America, England. We asked if he'd been to Russia.

"No, not yet. But Mr. Khrushchev during his tour of France, you know, he went to Rheims, my home town. And the mayor he presented him with the complete set of my records."

Ginger time up north

WE were just about to have a cup of coffee when Mr. Geoff Shrapnel called in to tell us about Australia's only ginger factory, at Buderim, Queensland.

He didn't give a shrill cry of delight when we poured him some coffee, but we did when he produced some ginger and started telling us to always eat ginger with our coffee.

We were just about to pack our bags and blow through to Buderim when he told us they're harvesting there now.

Girls — from 16-year-olds to grandmothers — in loose shirts, shorts, and floppy straw hats break the tops off the plants.

But, "Oh, no," said Mr. Shrapnel, "we only employ the local farmers' wives."

Looks like we'll just have to go on eating it.



WATERCOLOR painted by Betsy, the chimpanzee, late of Baltimore (U.S.) Zoo.

Monkeying around with art

"BUT which ones," asked the dear little old lady, "are painted by the monkeys?"

We thought that was a pretty good question because without a catalogue it was easy to make an artistic boo-boo at this exhibition of primitive art held recently at the Museum of Modern Art, King's Cross, Sydney.

Barry Stern, director of the gallery, told us that this was the first time in artistic history that paintings by primitive man, civilised man, animals, birds, and machines had hung side by side.

The exhibition was opened by Russian-born zoologist Professor Theodisius Dobzhansky, here from America on a Fulbright Scholarship, who introduced himself as neither an artist nor a connoisseur, but interested, as a scientist, in the evolution of painting.

"The history of painting," he pointed out, "may very well have started with something like that painted by Betsy" — the late, much-publicised chimpanzee from the Baltimore Zoo, who painted her way to fame — "and progressed down the ages through Byzantine mosaics, Titian, Renoir, and Picasso."

"One wonders will art go on beyond Picasso or back to Betsy?"

We had a look at Betsy's effort, then gave our catalogue to the dear little old lady and left her to work it out.



A PLACE IN THE SUN... harvesting ginger in Buderim, Qld.

WE raised our eyebrows in astonishment when they told us that an eye make-up bar had just opened in Sydney. Then our eyes widened with delight when we discovered we could buy false eyelashes, rainbows of eyeliner and shadow, pearly mascara, the lot.

Mrs. Bijou Kay, the Frenchwoman responsible for the new bar, promised us that it would take only ten minutes to put on an eyeful of make-up.

Our eyes feel a little heavy at the moment, but we'll soon be able to flap those lashes like crazy — and when we do your eyes had better light up.

The bank's only for ladies

THE lady in black dialled a scarlet phone as she relaxed in a lime-yellow chair, her shoes on a light charcoal carpet, beside a table which held a greenstone ashtray and a magazine.

She was not in her newly decorated club. Nor was this a scene for a color film.

She was merely a customer in the Ladies' Bank, which the Bank of New Zealand operates in Auckland, N.Z.

The Ladies' Bank, which is short for the long-winded Ladies' Banking Service and Visitors' Lounge, is the only one of its kind in Australasia.

It's an annex to the main Auckland branch of the Bank of N.Z., and its layout, decoration, and furnishings are enough to turn the Governor of the Commonwealth Bank pastel-green with envy.

The Ladies' Bank is exclusively designed for women customers of the Bank of N.Z., and women only can open and operate accounts.

The bank includes a banking chamber, where women bank clerks operate, and a travel section, plus a big lounge and a powder-room.

Husbands are allowed to enter and pay money into their wives' accounts.

There's only one man working in the Ladies' Bank. He's tucked away in a corner where he runs the travel section.

Envy him?

WE'LL name no names, but we can't say we're dying to meet the girl described as being "as animated as a hag-gis."

WHEN KIT FRASER travels home one night to his comfortable out-of-town house, he is followed by a man named KLINE, a disbarred lawyer who was involved in a burglary for which Fraser was sentenced to prison. Since his release six years ago he has led a blameless life, happily married to pretty BARBY and successful in his work with her father, GEORGE PATTERSON, who runs a big insurance company. Kline tells Fraser unless he gets the security details of a house in Mayfair owned by wealthy MRS. CONSTANCE GARRETT, he will inform Patterson of Kit's past life of crime. Kline has worked out the details of a big jewel robbery with another criminal, MARK DRUMMOND.

Kit, realising he is trapped, falls in with the plans. He prepares for his absence from his home by telling Barby he is going to have psychoanalysis from a Dr. Landers.

With the details of the layout of the Garrett house obtained by Kit from the burglary-insurance files, he and Drummond prepare for the robbery. Drummond has insisted Kit goes with him, not only for his knowledge and skill but to keep him under his eye. On the day of the robbery Kit leaves home, telling Barby that Dr. Landers wants him to spend the night at his clinic. In London he puts his car in a garage with all his personal identification items. He knows every move now must be planned and protected. The night and the crime are awaiting him.

NOW READ ON:

Dangerous Silence

Conclusion of our exciting two-part serial

By DONALD MACKENZIE

BY the time Kit got to Pont Street, the lights were on. He reached the elevator unchallenged. He got off at the floor above Kline's. As soon as he heard the whine of the falling cage, he started down the steps to Kline's apartment.

The lawyer opened the door. Both he and Drummond were wearing dinner jackets. The room wore a festive air. Drummond smiled welcome. Ice was piled about the bottle in the wine cooler. The table silver was bright. Kline bent over the table ponderously. Surprisingly deft-handed, he moved a fork — a napkin. He took a step back to admire his work.

"Now," he intoned. "Food!" He looked from one to the other. "You've no idea what a difference this deep-freeze stuff has made in my housekeeping. Simplified my problems beyond measure."

From behind Kline's back, Drummond winked at Fraser. Fraser forced himself through the meal somehow. He twisted his long-stemmed glass nervously. He needed another drink and hadn't the courage to ask for one.

"Empty your pockets," Drummond said.

Drummond leaned his face in his hands, watching. The pile in front of Fraser grew. The stub from the garage. A few pounds in bills and change. A couple of handkerchiefs. An envelope.

Drummond reached across and took stub and envelope. "There's not much point leaving your identification in your car and carrying these."

He threw the stub on one side. He looked at a snapshot of Barby thoughtfully, then returned it to its envelope.

"Leave these here," he said quietly. "They're too easily dropped." He nodded at Kline.

"Stand up, Kit!" The lawyer faced Fraser. "Take off your shoes." Kline bent over, breathing heavily, rapping each shoe on the carpet. Certain that nothing was concealed, he gave the shoes back to Fraser. Then, like a prison searcher, he covered every inch of Fraser's body, the lining of his collar, his tie. "He's got nothing, Mark."

Drummond started to empty his own pockets. When he was done, he got to his feet and faced Fraser. He held his arms wide. "Go ahead," he invited. He straddled as Fraser patted his thighs, felt in the lining of his jacket.

Drummond retied his shoe laces. The three sat at the table. Drummond tossed a set of keys across to Fraser. "I've got a Sunbeam sedan downstairs and you're going to drive."

He straightened his bow tie. "Don't worry about being in a stolen car. I had a lot of fun in the car park. Putting the Sunbeam plates on a Ford. The Ford's are on something else." He smiled, taken by the fancy. "The plates on the car now are from a wreck, in the breaker's yard. Is there anything you want to ask before we move, Kit?"

"I'd like a general idea of our plan," Fraser said. "And somewhere along the line I've got to find time to call my wife. She thinks I'm at the clinic."

Kline leaned forward. "There wouldn't be any chance of her doing something stupid, would there?" he questioned.

"Such as what?" Fraser asked.

The lawyer hitched his chair closer. "You know what women are. If she took it into her head to phone this Dr. Landers. What number would she call?"

Fraser knew Drummond was watching him. "She isn't going to call anybody." He drained his empty glass. "But if she did, she'd call here, I suppose."

Drummond nodded. "He knows his own wife, Kline. You're going to be here all night. If Mrs. Fraser does call, remember to give her the answers she wants."

"A thought, dear boy. No more than a thought," hurried the lawyer. He smiled apology at the two men.

"We're past the thinking stage," Drummond said dryly. "Listen carefully, Kit. We park in the forecourt of the Westminster if there's room. If not, as near to the hotel as possible. You'll have to wait long enough for me to get into the Banqueting Room, no more. Once I've seen Mrs. Garrett, I know she's good for two or three hours at least. Then we'll drive to South Street, leaving the car at the side of the R.N.V.R. Club. Know it?"

Fraser nodded assent. Anyone in a car parked at the side of it could control the street door of the Garrett house.

"The street door won't be easy, will it?" He advanced his reason cautiously. "There's moonlight."

Drummond swivelled his chair to face Fraser. "It isn't the moon as much as the dog that complicates things. We're not going in by the front door!" He was watching Fraser's reaction. "We're going to use the top back windows — the servants' bedrooms. The dog'll be downstairs, with any luck, till she gets back."

"How do we reach the windows?"

"Get the gear," Drummond said to Kline. The lawyer came from the bedroom carrying a fibreglass suitcase. He lifted it on to the table.

Drummond flipped the catches open. Inside was a tubular metal ladder, telescoped to show a couple of rungs. Packed between the struts, skin-diving goggles, a pair of small black pistols.

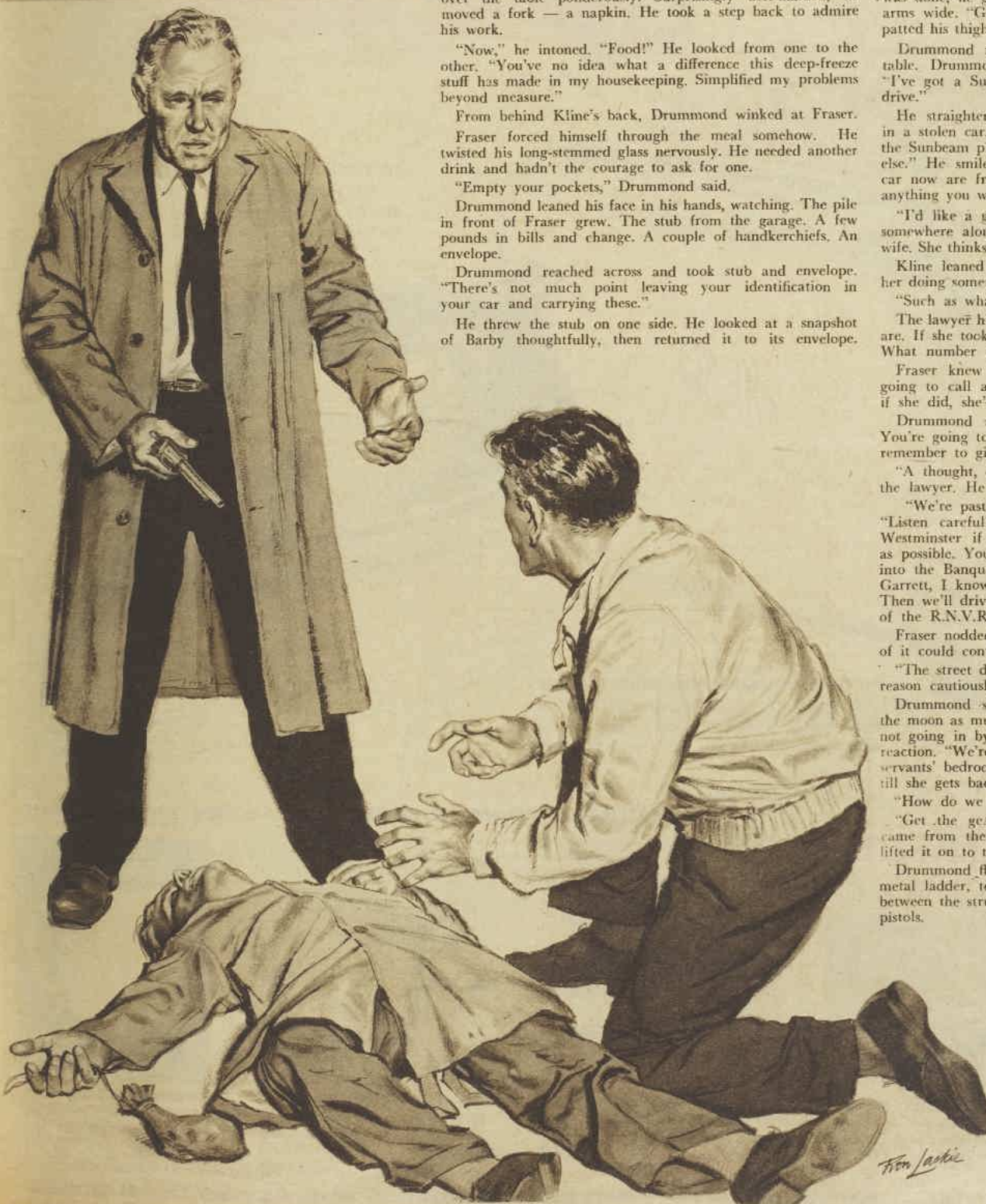
"German alarm pistols," Drummond said softly. "You know about these, Kit?" Fraser shook his head. They looked like small Brownings. Yet there was a difference. A yellow cartridge was screwed into each barrel. "Tear-gas," said Drummond.

He dangled the goggles from a finger. "We've got to wear these whether we use the pistols or not."

Drummond had the ladder on the table. He pulled its length till a catch clicked.

To page 50

As Kit knelt by Drummond's side, he looked up at the threatening Kline and said flatly, "He's dead."





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ALL Bridgeport knew that Lucinda Bales had a fluffy lavender hairdo. What they didn't know was that she had a mind to match. But after living three months in Bridgeport without seeing any signs of Lucinda's familiar fantasies her husband and children began to hope that her free-wheeling imagination had been buried in the past.

What Matt and Barby and Tim didn't realise was that for the past three months Lucinda's imagination had been channelled into settling the house. Now, having rearranged the house, she turned inevitably to the rearranging of facts.

It was a Saturday in the supermarket when the awful truth burst upon them that she was on one of her inventive sprees.

Myrtle Hendricks, president of Lucinda's book club, precipitated matters by calling from halfway down the meat counter, "Lucinda, I have wonderful news for you! My cleaning woman will have Tuesdays free beginning in June. You're still looking for someone to help you out, aren't you?"

"I was," Lucinda called back, "but now I couldn't use her till autumn."

"Oh, are you going away for the summer?" Myrtle's voice carried beautifully over the heads of seven other customers.

"No, but my niece Jennifer is coming to visit us for several months," Lucinda ignored the gasp from her family.

"All the more reason you'll need help," Myrtle called.

"Well, Jennifer's the kind who likes to help. And I think it's best to keep her occupied—so she won't brood."

Myrtle, her son Will, and several customers looked interested. "Brood?" Myrtle prompted.

Lucinda hesitated only a fraction of a minute before she said, "While her husband's overseas. Naval Reserve, you know. Three-month cruise."

When Myrtle left, Lucinda's family converged on her.

"You know we're going to stay in Aunt Martha's cottage at the lake while she goes to Hawaii," they said. "And Jennifer isn't even married!"

The next week they heard from Aunt Martha that she wouldn't be lending them the cottage after all.

Lucinda promptly forgot all about having invented a non-existent husband for Jennifer, and it was therefore quite a shock when, during a party, Patty Martin asked, "When does your niece's husband leave on his Naval Reserve cruise?"

Lucinda blinked and found herself saying, "July first."

"Has she been married long?"

"She isn't. I mean—they're being married in June, as soon as school's out. She's a schoolteacher."

It was the next week, while Lucinda was entertaining the book club, that the special-delivery letter arrived. "Goodness me," she gasped, "Jennifer's coming to visit us!"

There was an excited buzz. "But what about the wedding!"

Yes, the wedding, she thought, frantically skimming the rest of the letter. Jennifer had had pneumonia and was too weak to finish out the term. Mr. Clifford, the principal of her school, lectured her on the weakness of the modern generation and told her he could get along without her permanently. Jennifer had nowhere else to turn until she was well.

Lucinda looked up into thirty-six expectant eyes. She had to say something. "Jennifer's had a terrible shock," she told them. "Clifford has eloped with a nightclub singer. Poor Jennifer's prostrate from the shock."

The book club agreed unanimously that Bridgeport must rally round and help her forget.

Jennifer arrived, weak and pale, but when she was finally allowed out of bed Patty Martin and other neighbors came to call, carefully omitting all mention of weddings, nightclub singers, and the U.S. Navy.

Matt's view of the situation was gloomy. "What do you think Jennifer's going to say when she finds out she's been jilted by a man who doesn't even exist?"

"Now, Matt, who would be tactless enough to mention it to the poor child?"

When Jennifer had been with them three weeks, Will Hen-

Talking on the phone to Myrtle, Lucinda visualised pet frogs playing the cello.

dricks approached Lucinda. Twisting his hat nervously, he said, "Mrs. Bales, I don't go out much, but—"

"Yes?" Lucinda prompted.

He swallowed. "I mean, when I was in law school I had a job nights. So I don't know much about giving a girl a gay evening, but under the circumstances I thought, well, if your niece would have dinner with me it might take her mind off—well, you know."

Lucinda smiled. "How thoughtful, Will."

It was after her second date with Will that Jennifer came to her aunt's room with a puzzled expression. "Aunt Lucinda, tell me truthfully—is Will Hendricks quite—all right?"

"What on earth do you mean?" Lucinda said.

"Sometimes he says things that make no sense and then he apologises for 'reminding' me—whatever that means."

"Well, now," Lucinda began uncomfortably.

"Then today I saw him downtown and mentioned that I was taking Barby and Tim to see 'Away All Boats' tonight. Will actually looked shocked. 'You're not going to torture yourself that way,' he said. 'I'm taking you to the country club dance tonight.' I reminded him he's supposed to be busy preparing a big case, but he insisted. I promised I'd go, but it's the last time. He's awfully attractive, but, honestly, I think there's something very odd about him."

"I hadn't meant to tell you," Lucinda said, "but Will has a secret sorrow! He was engaged to a wealthy girl," Lucinda invented. "Only she didn't want Will to practise law. She made terrible scenes. Naturally, Will broke away, but he's been unstrung ever since."

"What a sensitive, fine person," Jennifer cried.

Lucinda never eavesdropped, but one August night when Will brought Jennifer home after the pictures their voices drifted in her open window and she couldn't help overhearing.

"Jennifer," Will was saying, "I'll never mention this again, but I must know—about Clifford—do you still have regrets?"

"About him?" Jennifer sounded surprised. "Certainly not. He always made me miserable, but I didn't realise how miserable till it was all over."

"Darling!" Will's voice came fervently. There followed a long silence, during which Lucinda shut the window.

Jennifer and Will looked radiant driving away in the be-ribboned car. "They make a good-looking couple," Matt said. "And I hope you've learned a lesson. It was sheer luck that your wild tales about Jennifer didn't keep them apart. You should be so grateful that you'll promise never to invent another story."

"All right," she sighed. "If it means so much to you all, I promise I'll stick to the exact truth from now on—no matter what. Oh, by the way, a neighbor of Myrtle's brought her a big batch of frogs' legs from a camping trip. She's invited us for dinner tomorrow."

"Aw, Mum," Tim burst out. "You aren't going to make us go! You know I hate frogs' legs."

Lucinda shook her head. "We'll either have to eat them or insult her by telling her we can't stand them. Honesty is my new policy."

Just then the phone rang. It was Myrtle. "Mother, please," Barby said desperately. "Couldn't you invent an excuse?" She allowed herself one delicious moment while they all looked at her anxiously. "If you really want me to."

"Myrtle," she said, "I know this sounds sentimental, but the children used to have pet frogs—Charlemagne and Ingrid. They were really part of the family and we'd feel like cannibals if we so much as touched a frog's leg."

As she warmed to her subject her eyes took on that dreamy look her family knew so well.

"Yes, very intelligent," Lucinda was saying. "Take Ingrid for example. She loved classical music and every Saturday during the opera broadcast she used to act just as if she was playing a cello..."

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A short short story by MARNIE ELLINGSON

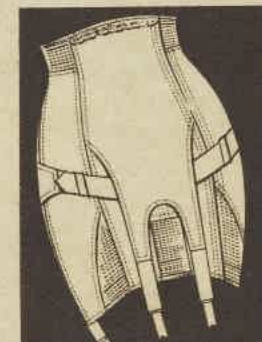
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 4, 1960



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 4, 1960

Page 25

She made all the smoothing motions women always do on waking, and then reached for his hand and cradled it against her cool cheek.

"What would you have done, my darling, if I hadn't come?" she asked.

"Just waited," he said, "and then gone on home, I guess."

"But you wouldn't have thought I didn't want to come?" Her eyes were anxious.

"No." He spoke slowly. "I can doubt a lot of things easy enough. But not you."

"I wasn't sure this time I could make it," she said, "but I kept saying, 'I must, I must.'"

"Look, Helen." He moved closer to her. "I would never want to make things too difficult for you. You know that. I mean, things can come up, and, after all, if they do come up — well, there you are. We've been lucky so far."

"So lucky," she echoed. "I'd understand," he told her, "but I wouldn't like it."

"I wouldn't, either." She gave him a smile. "Now tell me about your year quickly before it's too late."

He told her about his year, the defeats, triumphs, hopes, frustrations.

WHEN it was all told he felt a new surge of strength. Everything seemed simple and plain again. But when he asked her about her year she only said, "Everything has been the same all year. Do you remember the night of the dance when the balloons broke?"

"They fell on your hair," he chuckled.

"That was a wonderful night," she said. "Maybe you have one night like that in your whole life, and that is it. Maybe it is just being young."

She turned away, and for a moment he thought she was crying, but when she looked at

him again her eyes were mirror-clear.

"I want you to know," she said, "that this day is very special. More than any of the rest. An experience to keep always. I hope you will remember it, too. Now I'd like to walk by the brook a little before I have to go."

There were grass stains on her skirt, and the sleeves of her blouse were torn. She went lightly down to the edge of the water and bent to dip her fingers in it.

"Water keeps flowing along," she said, "like time."

He felt confused. She seemed to be moving away too far from him.

"Hey, look at me," he said. "I always do," she answered, gathering the water in her hands as if she could hold it. But it fell back in great drops.

Then she came back to him. "Whatever happens," she said, "remember we had a special gift. We were young together."

He reached for her, and she withdrew. It wasn't actually a withdrawal, either, but she just seemed out of reach.

"Life keeps on happening," her voice was wistful—"but do remember that what we have had is never lost. I know this."

"Helen," he said, "why are you so changed? I hardly feel as if you were here. Why don't you let me kiss you? Why do you seem so far away?"

"Never far away," she said. "I am part of you and have always been."

Then, unbelievably, she was gone. He could not tell whether she ran behind the old apple tree or around the hawthorn thicket. But she was not there. In fact, when he looked, he could not see her old sedan parked near his. The only sign of her presence was a pearl button which must have fallen from her blouse.

Continuing . . . TIME OUT FROM MARRIAGE

from page 18

He wanted to shout, to run after her. There were so many things left unsaid — ways they felt about small events. But she had gone so instantly, not even waving back at him.

He went back to the car and started the motor and drove back to town. Late shoppers hurried out of supermarkets and department stores in a

for his rabbits. Why couldn't he use the backyard for his projects? It was too secluded; he might miss something.

"Hello, I'm home!" big Larry called as the screen door squeaked. He must oil those hinges tomorrow.

Janet was in the kitchen, bending over the oven. Her face was pink from the heat, her hair damp. She always was susceptible to heat. She was

she said. "Larry's been banging so on that rabbit-house."

He smiled at her. She was as pretty as ever, he thought. The years had rounded her figure and put crinkles around her eyes, but she had a warm, untroubled look.

She wore her new peony-print dress, so he figured she must have been out to a tea or P.T.A. meeting.

Young Larry poked his head in the door. "Hi, Pop," he said. "I need some help."

"You let your father alone." Janet spoke with unusual sternness. "Go out until I call you."

Larry vanished, and Janet came over to put her hand on her husband's arm. "I'm so terribly sorry," she said. "I only heard the news this noon and I tried to call you, but you had already gone. I am so sorry."

"What news?" he asked.

"I mean about the aeroplane crash," she explained. "They read off the names. And they said there were no survivors."

The floor listed so he had to sit down. But over the guns going off in his head he asked carefully, "No survivors?"

"I poured you some of the Christmas scotch," said Janet. "Come and sit down in the living-room."

He sank down in his worn leather chair — a present from Janet out of her first pay cheque. He didn't ask for a list of names. He didn't need to.

"But I — I saw her," he whispered. "I saw her. She was right there."

"Yes, I know," said Janet. "I am sure she was."

He swallowed the drink, and the floor steadied, but his head felt a mile away from his body. There was the room, a little shabby but lived-in. And there

sat his wife, who had shared everything with him except that one afternoon a year.

"You knew?" he asked.

"You always marked the calendar" — her voice was gentle — "and then it is hard to keep secrets from one who loves you."

He tried to put the glass down, and his hand was shaking so that it fell to the floor and shattered. Janet came over and held the shaking hands and said softly, "I've always loved you. Even on the one afternoon a year I lost you."

HIS heart was a strange country, even to him. Shock was mercifully numbing, for he didn't even wonder why Helen had been on that plane nor how Janet knew her name.

But how could Helen be gone when she had come back as usual, only late, a little late, and breathless and strange? Had he dreamed it all?

"I do know," said Janet, holding his hand against her breast.

Then young Larry stood in the doorway, anxious, hopeful. "Hey, Pop, I just gotta have a helping hand. I must of measured wrong. Nothing fits."

He stood up then, a man much loved, loved beyond all deserving and a man summoning his strength to go on.

"I'm coming," he said. "We'll see what we can do while Mum gets supper on."

Although he moved slowly, as if he were very lame, he managed the steps and fumbled with the pieces of the split-level rabbit-house. He found the measuring-tape and ran a firm thumb along it. He reached into his pocket for a pencil, and his hand closed on a small pearl button.

"Takes time," he said to his son, "to figure everything out."

(Copyright)



pleasant bustle. People called back and forth and waved, for it was a friendly town.

He was back in his regular life, no doubt about it. He turned automatically into Linden Street.

Late tulips still blossomed in the border, and the Lincoln lilacs were budding. And in the driveway young Larry was working on the split-level house

basting spare-ribs, and the whole kitchen smelled spicy.

This was his favorite dish and not on the diet prescribed for his high blood pressure. So he cast about in his mind to discover whether he had forgotten a birthday or anything. He went over and kissed the back of his wife's neck. She jumped.

"Mercy, I didn't hear you,"



two thousand pounds...

That seems a lot of money, but how long would it last? It represents less than two years', maybe less than one year's income.

Here's a question to ask yourself. How would your family get along if left with the life insurance protection you have? Such questions need to be answered sooner or later. Your A.M.P. man can show you how to arrange a life insurance programme which fits in with the benefits payable under social security. He can solve the problem in a way that makes sense to you.

Ask your A.M.P. man to show you "Something of Value" or write for this presentation folder.



Z183

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AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 4, 1960

The Brothers

A complete short story
by VALERIE WATKINSON

Tony looked up at his mother as he lay in bed. "I'm sorry about this morning," he said.

AS the bus prepared to depart, he turned to see if she was watching.

She was. He could see by the sudden craning of her neck and the way she rose lightly on her toes that she was trying to see what was delaying him.

He waited until the bus began to move out into the stream of traffic, then took a neatly timed leap, and landed on the bottom step. For a moment he swayed backwards, his heavy school bag bumping against his legs. Then his fingers closed on the railing by the door and he hauled himself aboard.

"Do that again, sonny," the driver said without taking his eyes from the road, "and I'll report you."

"Do that, pop."

He moved along the aisle, grinning cockily, his heart thumping against his ribs, ignoring the unsteadiness in his knees. His timing had not been as good as anticipated, and for a moment, as the road moved dizzily beneath him, he had savored the bitter taste of fear.

He leaned down in time to wave to her. He saw, in the fleeting moment as they passed his home, that her hands were gripping the gate. She did not wave, but she smiled and nodded.

She doesn't care, he thought. She really, doesn't care.

His name was Kevin Hadley. He was twelve and his world was slowly crumbling around him.

There was a vacant seat at the back of the bus. He took it and opened his case, taking out a textbook. He was in the top five of his year, and to stay there was an effort. He knew the effort would have been too much, except that great things were expected of him, because Anthony Hadley had been his brother.

Until two years ago he and Tony had been friendly — as friendly as ten can be with fourteen. It was not until Tony had died, accidentally and tragically, that his brother had ceased to be his friend.

Now Tony was the driving force behind his exam results, the small voice that urged him to exceed his capabilities. Tony was the reason for his mother's lack of concern, for his father's

pride in school achievements. Tony was the enemy within himself.

He had just scraped into Tony's old school. The master in charge of enrolments, harassed and overworked on that first day of a new school year, had looked at him testily.

"Hadley. You're Tony's brother?"

"Yes, sir."

He had stood to attention, secure in his pride at having passed the stiff entrance exam — no mean feat for a pupil who, all through primary school, had never been higher than fifteenth in class.

"Hurrump. Have to pull up your socks now, Hadley. You've something to live up to, you know."

The deflation had been nothing compared to the shocked realisation that here in this school he was not himself, Hadley of first year, but Anthony Hadley's brother.

"A great loss to the school," the master said, his voice tinged with regret of one scholar lamenting the loss of another. "Topped his year for three successive years, Hadley. He would have enjoyed a most brilliant future."

"I know, sir."

I hate you, he thought.

The master had looked at him sharply, perhaps regretting his irritability.

"Well, do your best, Hadley. We don't ask any more."

"I'll do more than my best, sir."

And he had, knowing then that he was going to top first year. Knowing that he would also top second and third year and all the other years, until he was dux of one of the finest boys' schools in the State, and the ghost of Tony would be laid forever.

Then perhaps his father would take pride in him for himself alone, and not because he was as brilliant as Tony — for surely even Tony could not have exceeded the goal he, Kevin, had set himself.

He tried not to think too much about his mother. Before Tony's death she had fussed about their wearing gumboots on wet days and, big

To page 48



Happiest
mother...
proudest
father...

EVERY WOMAN DESERVES A WASHING MACHINE

What a wonderful moment for mother! A gleaming new Simpson Washer to make the occasion her day of days! A Simpson Two-Speed—the very model she had always admired so much—talked about—always dreamed of owning. Leave it to a considerate husband to turn a wish for the future into a magnificent present! Leave it to Simpson to make an end to handwashing (even the most delicate fabrics) with the safest washing action of all!



SIMPSON WASHERS

The most gifted gifts of all!

**NO HANDWASHING
WITH A WONDERFUL SIMPSON
TWO-SPEED WASHER**

Brisk action speed for your normal wash — *new slow speed* for your nylons, finest lingerie, drip-drys and woollens. The Simpson Two-Speed takes the whole wash off your hands... still with the safest washing action there is (a four-way surge of livelier water that cleans right through), Two-Speed wringing lightens work too, handling heavy wash so easily you can fold as you go.

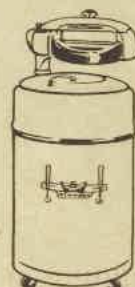
*Prices slightly higher in some country areas.



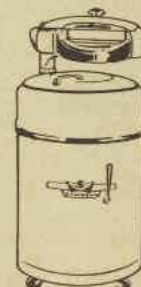
**SIMPSON TWO-SPEED
SELF-HEAT WASHER**
Boils its own water to any temperature. Has livelier water action. 125 gns.*



**SIMPSON TWO-SPEED
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It fills and empties quickly. New gentle action and a super lint filter. 114 gns.*



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TWIN-PUMP WASHER**
Fast two-way action fills and empties the bowl in a jiffy. Saves any lifting. 93 gns.*



**SIMPSON STANDARD
MODEL WASHER**
Lowest priced full-size quality washer in Australia. Livelier movement. 79 gns.*



**SIMPSON FULLY
AUTOMATIC**
Washes, rinses, spin-dries the whole wash. All you need to do is switch on. 208 gns.*

SIMPSON — MAKERS OF QUALITY WASHERS, DRYERS, GAS AND ELECTRIC RANGES

LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

It was all in the stars

IT'S usual to decry astrologers, but some are accurate. One example is England's John Naylor. He wrote in "Fate" Magazine (Sept., 1956) that he had been asking publishers to print his forecast of Princess Margaret's love life and marriage date since 1950. He said she would marry in 1956 or 1960, the latter being most likely. He said her husband would be a diplomat, artist, or man of letters. A good photographer is an artist.

£1/1/- to Mr. G. Burlison, North Clayton, Vic.

Ridiculous "dear"

I OFTEN wonder why the word "dear" is used when we write to an unknown person. We may not have any respect for that person. "Dear" is a sweet word when spoken to one we love, but when we address "Dear Sir or Madam" it seems to me ridiculous.

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Green, North Perth.

Happiness by post

HAS the idea of correspondence clubs spread to Australia yet? Over here they are a great boon to lonely housewives. One member, acting as editor, binds all letters together once a month and sends them out on a rota system. Generally the clubs are comprised of members with a mutual hobby interest, but I have heard of a club for Large Families and another for Outsized Women.

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Sedgwick, Dublin, Ireland.

Our own dictionary

IT'S about time Australia printed a dictionary to suit her own language. Hundreds of words, now in everyday use here, are classed as "slang" in English dictionaries. Of course, the basis of an Australian dictionary would be English.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. Selby, Mackay, Qld.

Bridal plants

WHEN my sister married several years ago she gave me a cutting from her bridal wreath, which I promptly planted. As my bridal plant prospered I gave cuttings to friends. One cutting has grown over five feet high and produced four beautiful flower sprays.

£1/1/- to Miss J. Hutchinson, Crystal Brook, S.A.

All-wheat diet

BOTH over 70, my husband and I are slim, strong, happy, and feel only 50. The reason — we're both wheat-eaters. There's no meat, fish, or bacon in our diet. Every week we eat 30 one-and-a-half-pound loaves of home-baked, crusty bran bread. My health bread does nature's work for us — I can't remember ever visiting a doctor. So, figure-conscious girls, starch isn't fattening. My bread recipe is a mixture of white flour, wheatmeal bran, yeast, and black treacle.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Bromley, Derbyshire, England.

Both deserving

HOW often headlines tell of a lost hiker or child and the expensive search freely undertaken by police, Army, and even aircraft. Then we read of a child or adult with some deformity or illness which only overseas treatment can cure. Why can't our Government pay such necessary expense and give the sick the same chance of life as the lost?

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Levy, Yowie Bay, N.S.W.

Wrong conclusion

WHILE travelling on a bus recently I met a male friend who, after a serious leg accident, had been to see a specialist. As all the seats were taken, I stood beside him chatting. On leaving the bus I heard one woman remark — "How disgusting, what a badly-mannered young man." Surely people could be a little more sure of facts before they condemn.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Sutton, Marion, S.A.

Huntin' cats

● G. K. Pearce's (Tas.) snake-killing cat is by no means a rarity. We've received dozens of readers' letters proudly recounting the exploits of their huntin' felines.

WHEN my brother was a baby, our cat used to hunt, bringing home its catch to put in the cot with the baby. One morning mother found a dead snake beside the baby in the cot.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Rose, Brighton, Vic.

RECENTLY, during one week, my cat, Herbert, brought into the house no fewer than three small black snakes — all alive and annoyed. The unwilling guests were all over one foot long and showing signs of fight. They were quickly despatched.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. G. Pope, Lismore, N.S.W.

WE had a small black cat which killed about 35 snakes over a three months' period, and brought them home for her kittens. If the snakes were still alive and tried to escape, she would pounce on them like a flash. The kittens thought it great fun.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. R. Hamilton, Bucasia, Qld.

MANY years ago we had a cat, named Cleopatra, who used to bring dead snakes into the house for her kittens to play with.

£1/1/- to Miss E. Clutterbuck, South Perth.

I FEEL G. Pearce's cat is rather mild compared with our feline. In five years he has killed and dragged home at least a dozen snakes, mostly of the venomous type.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. McLoughlin, Northbridge, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

I HAVE been making a study of pnarks.

A pnark, perhaps I should explain, is a man whose hobby is watching people try to park their cars.

Busy shopping centres are the favorite habitat of these creatures.

The pnark likes to stroll here on Saturday morning, when parking places are few and small.

As soon as he spots a vacant space he sidles over quietly and takes up his position on the footpath.

His aim is to see someone have trouble in parking. If a skilled parker reverses neatly into the right spot the pnark is disappointed.

He shows it by turning away irritably, glancing for a moment at the meat in a butcher's window, then moving off somewhere else.

But if a parker makes a mess of it, the pnark watches with a knowing smile.

He is extra pleased if the erring parker is a woman.

The typical pnark has had an unsatisfactory private life. It began long ago when some girl wouldn't

HARK, HARK, THE PNARK!

go to the flicks with him. In later years he works off his feelings by gloating over women who take more than one shot to park.

But he is quite happy to see a man in difficulties, too.

I knew nothing of pnarks until I



begin to drive a car a few months ago.

Since then I have become acquainted with several irritating types of people.

One is Captain Hornblower, the chap who honks angrily behind you whenever you pause to think.

Another is the eager beaver who

dashes past you on the road as if he were on his way to a date with Kim Novak. (Actually he is only going home to spread some compost.)

One Saturday morning, soon after I got my licence, I rashly tried to park in the shopping centre.

There was a slight scraping sound as I grazed the next car's mudguard. I looked round anxiously to see if anyone had noticed.

Sure enough, there he was, smiling contemptuously — my first pnark.

Now and then a pnark meets his match.

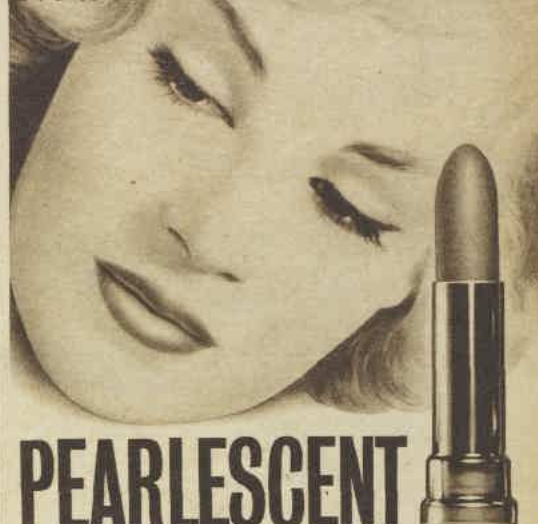
One of them foolishly stopped to watch Mrs. Baggett parking.

She is a big, self-confident woman. As soon as she saw the pnark she started calling out questions like: "Am I all right at the back?" She put him to work for her.

When she got out of the car she said: "Thanks, pal, you did a good job!" The pnark went away looking baffled.

More often, though, the followers of this spectator sport achieve their aim and fluster the parker. I would like to see signs put up at the shopping centre saying: "No Pnarking."

Now.. from Judith Aden



PEARLESCENT LIPSTICK 4/6

At a fraction the price of equal quality

Astonishing! The way it transforms your lips. Lights them up with a lustrous pearly glow. Astonishing how little the price! Ask for Judith Aden's "Pearllescent." In three flattering new shades - Pink Pearl, Fiesta, Coral Satin.

PEARLESCENT NAIL POLISH, TOO! by Judith Aden. A lustrous highlight for your nails 4/-

Judith Aden
You just cannot buy better... whatever you pay.

ONLY AT WOOLWORTHS

HEAL "DETERGENT" & Work Worn Hands OVERNIGHT

Dry, chapped "Detergent" and work-worn hands are healed overnight when you use Edinburgh Camphor Cream. Massaged into hands, red roughness and burning irritation are instantly soothed away. The skin-softening camphor heals, protects, softens. Non-greasy. Edinburgh Camphor Cream rubs right into the skin, vanishes, never stains. Nothing can make hands, arms and legs smoother, quicker.

Ask your Chemist for Edinburgh Camphor CREAM



IT'S THE CAMPHOR THAT DOES THE TRICK



Relax-Sit
WITH KNEE ROOM

Giraffe
SAFETY LADDER

Sun Seekers
HOUSE AND GARDEN UNITS

MOTHER'S TREASURES...

K&A

YOU CAN MAKE MOTHER'S DAY WITH K&A!

...keep her beautiful with presents that matter...things to help her every day. For the best equipment on the market, **K&A HOME PRODUCTS** are designed to win her household battle. Here's houseproud leisure for wonderful Mum!

K&A RELAX-SIT...the only ironing table with Knee Room! Perfect-size ironing area... drum-tight mesh lets steam down and away for cool, expert results. Instant height adjustment...all-steel enamel...folds flat. Pink, turquoise, daffodil or white with pad, cover, iron-stand, sleeveboard...14 GNS
K&A GIRAFFE...just like standing on the floor...has Safety Platform...Tray for tools, tins, dusters...Guardrail to free both hands. All-steel, chrome and enamel-red...

folds only 4 ins deep. 5-step for prewar ceilings £10/19/6. 4-step £9/19/6
K&A SUN SEEKERS...casual furniture that's ideal for sunrooms, gardens, patios, barbecues, picnics. Strong, lightweight, rustproof electro-galvanised steel with super-seasoned slats in extra-durable decorator colours...folds flat, fits most car boots. Cartoned for easy giving. Armchair £8/19/6 Table £10/19/6 Double Armchair £10/19/6 Set 38 GNS

1 **K&A STANDARD** with the perfect width K&A mesh top...instant height adjustment... gleaming white enamel legs...flat folding... colour choice. Complete as shown £11/7/6

2 **K&A ARISTOCRAT**...huge wooden top... fully adjustable...complete as shown 9 GNS

3 **K&A BIG TOP** in high-quality timber... fully adjustable. Without fittings £6/12/6

4 **K&A MINUTE MOP** cleans floors, walls quickly yet thoroughly...shampoos carpets. No stooping...hands stay dry...29/6 complete.

5 **K&A MOPETTE** do-it-yourself window cleaner with detachable long handle...19/6

6 **K&A SUPER MOP**...most luxurious made... black with red fringe...red with blue, red with pink. (Handle extra) 29/6

7 **K&A APPLI-N-SHINE** spreads paste or liquid wax. With slip-on polisher...39/6

8 **K&A WAXMASTER** spreads lasting film of liquid wax...no mess or stooping...55/-

9 **K&A ACTION MOP**...the thirstiest, toughest ever! Finest cotton in rust and perish-proof gripper...cut for even wear... outlasts three ordinary mops...fluffs out white and pretty after dirtiest jobs. Sold without handle, sizes 11/- 12/3

10 **K&A ACTION BUCKET**...acknowledged Australia's best. Spill-proof pedal closes resilient square-grip rubber rollers for gentle drip-free wringing, prolonging life of mop. No-Mark rolled rim saves ringmarking floors...plastic grip makes carrying easy. 5-Year Guarantee...51/9



Continuing... HONS AND REBELS

thinking I could get some lovely French clothes in Dieppe. I should so love to go, it all sounds so heavenly, couldn't I possibly go?"

"I see they want you next Sunday. Well, I suppose it would be all right. You might not be able to stay the whole two weeks, though." (Success! It seemed unbelievable.)

"Oh, good. I'll write to them right away. Also, I was wondering if I could have an advance on my dress allowance so that I can get my things for the cruise while I'm in Dieppe." (This idea had flashed into my mind as I stood there, and I knew Esmond would be pleased.)

"Yes, that sounds sensible. Well, good-night, darling."

I fled in relief, excitement mounting in me like a storm. "I'm going to Spain with Esmond Romilly"; the magic words repeated themselves over and over in my head all night.

Esmond and I went next day to the Spanish Embassy. A very handsome, very tall Spaniard looked over Esmond's paper and my application.

"And what is your purpose in wanting to travel to Spain, Miss Mitford?" he asked.

Esmond answered for me. "She's coming as my secretary. Miss Mitford generally works with me on assignments, and she'll act as my assistant."

"Yes, yes, I quite understand—I fully sympathise." The Spaniard's face became wreathed in smiles, and to my consternation he gave a broad Latin wink.

"However, the request is unusual; it will have to be processed by Senor Lopez at our Embassy in Paris."

"What'll we do?" I asked Esmond when we left.

"I'm just trying to think. We'll have to go to Paris first, I suppose. Let's go and buy the camera now and get our Running Away money out of the bank."

I told him about the advance on my dress allowance, and he was evidently delighted at the promise I was beginning to show as a runner-away.

"Thirty pounds more. That's really excellent," he said.

After buying a very expensive kind of camera and charging it to my father's account, we selected a good running-away outfit for me.

Having pored over pictures of Spanish guerrilla women fighters, I knew what I wanted, and found it: a brown corduroy ski suit with a military-looking jacket and plenty of pockets.

On Saturday we made final arrangements for the next day's departure.

"I'll be down at the far end of the station," Esmond said. "Now for heaven's sake don't look in my direction or anything. Safest not to speak till we're on the boat. See you tomorrow."

My parents took me to the station in a taxi. I caught a glimpse of Esmond in the distance at the end of the station. "Have a lovely time, darling, and be sure to write," my mother said. "I'll write to you. It's 40 Rue Napoleon, isn't it?"

Once settled in the train, I had time to collect my thoughts and assess the situation. I was quite sure I had left my father's house for the last time, as indeed turned out to be the case. My stomach turned over at the thought of the scene at home when they finally found out. But an even worse possibility to contemplate was that

from page 15

they might somehow find out prematurely that I wasn't with the Pagets.

Once during the train journey to Folkestone, Esmond walked past my carriage to give an encouraging grin; and soon we were on the boat, past Customs and passport inspection, really on our way.

In Paris

We took rooms in Paris in a small hotel on the Left Bank. Next morning we presented ourselves at the Spanish Embassy.

"Sorry, Senor Lopez left for London last night. He is not expected back for two weeks. But you can reach him in London."

That afternoon we caught the first train back to Dieppe; the only thing for it was to return to London and try to find Senor Lopez.

There was a four-hour wait for the next boat to Folkestone. Esmond was suddenly struck with an idea.

We inquired in a cafe and found there was indeed a Rue Napoleon, a mile or so from the dock in a residential section. Not only was there a Rue Napoleon, there was a No. 40. We rang the bell. A courteous old-world type of Frenchman appeared.

"Is there by any chance a letter for Miss Jessica Mitford?" I inquired. "I gave my friends the wrong house number by mistake..."

"Why, yes, there is," he answered. "As a matter of fact, I was just going to give it back to the postman." He handed me the letter in my

mother's familiar round hand-writing.

It seemed a portent for the success of our plans. The letter, written the day I left, was full of the usual home news: "Aunt Weenie came to tea today, and Debo went riding in the Row."

I wrote: "Arrived safely... so glad you saw Aunt Weenie, I hope she is well..."

We exultantly posted my letter. It should arrive the next day with a Dieppe postmark; that should keep things quiet at home for a bit.

We still had almost two hours before the boat would leave. Esmond suddenly became preoccupied and silent. He suggested walking down by the quay.

We leaned over the railing and watched craft of all sizes and shapes manoeuvring about in the rough, windy Channel.

"There's something I've got to talk over with you," he said very seriously.

Another long silence.

"I'm afraid I've fallen in love with you."

We selected a suitable cafe to celebrate our engagement. Some sailors joined the festivities, offering toast after toast to *les fiancés*, and we almost missed the sailing of the Channel steamer.

"How on earth can we get married?" I said. "We'll probably both have to get the parents' permission."

"Oh, well, don't let's worry about that," answered Esmond with a sardonic grin. "People say long engagements are the best thing."

NEXT WEEK: To Spain — and back.

• Copyright Jessica Mitford, 1960. Published by Gollancz.

DRESS SENSE

by Betty Keep



• This one-piece dress was chosen in answer to numerous queries for "an easy-to-make dress suitable for soft wool."

A paper pattern, DS402, is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 54 in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns are available from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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STOP BAD BREATH with COLGATE Fight Tooth Decay All Day!

WHILE YOU

Use Colgate Dental Cream to stop bad breath and fight tooth decay. Colgate's active, penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth, removing decaying food particles, the cause of much bad breath and tooth decay. Protect your

teeth the Colgate way. To stop bad breath, to fight tooth decay, to keep your teeth sparkling white, brush your teeth with Colgate. Children love its extra minty flavour! You will love it, too!

FOR WHITE TEETH AND FRESH BREATH... MORE PEOPLE BUY COLGATE THAN ANY OTHER DENTAL CREAM IN THE WORLD



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Just one brushing with COLGATE
✓ STOPS BAD BREATH INSTANTLY
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GET THE BIG FAMILY SIZE AND SAVE 3/2



NEW PERSIL'S BRIGHTENING DISCOVERY GIVES YOU AN EVEN WHITER WASH!

Thrill to the sight of this new pure white

"Amazing new whiteness!" "Such pure, dazzling whiteness!" "It seems to be a magic, bright white!" That's what you'll hear all over Australia, as housewives thrill to the sight of their wash with New Persil. Just as in England, where New Persil's brightening discovery helped it to out-sell all other washing powders and detergents three-to-one, women here are finding New Persil gives them results to be proud of. When New Persil's fine, soapy suds search out every speck of dirt, you get pure, gleaming whiteness all along the line.



New Persil is specially recommended for every type of Washing Machine. Whatever type of washer you own, you'll find New Persil's pure, soapy suds shift dirt as nothing else can. No wonder Persil is recommended for all washing machines.



Prove New Persil's pure gentleness, too! Feel the smoothness of your hands after you wash-up in New Persil. That's the real three-times-a-day test of gentleness.

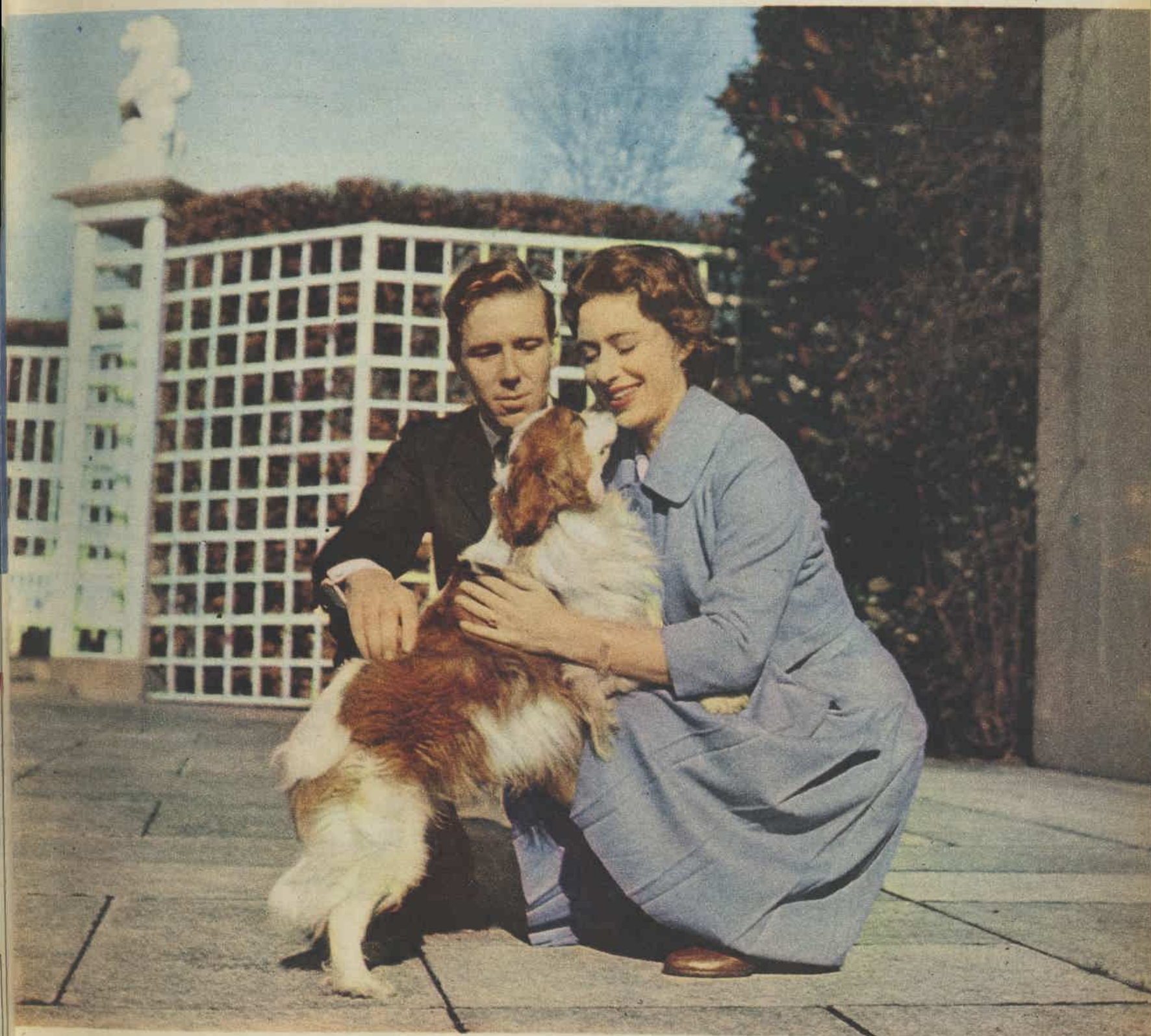
Treble your money back

J. Kitchen & Sons are so confident of New Persil that they will refund treble your purchase money if New Persil does not live up to everything claimed for it in this advertisement. Just return the unused portion of your packet to Box 1590, G.P.O., Sydney.

New Persil washes even whiter!

The Royal Bride

SOUVENIR
ALBUM



NEXT week, on May 6, Princess Margaret will marry commoner Antony Armstrong-Jones in Westminster Abbey. It will be the most glittering Royal occasion since the Coronation of her sister, Queen Elizabeth, in 1953. The story in this special section describes Princess Margaret as the world has known her — as the most eligible of young women, the gayest Princess in the world . . . Princess of jazz and fashion . . . unconventional and sometimes sad, the laughing Princess . . . This picture of Princess Margaret and Antony Armstrong-Jones is one of a series released immediately after the official announcement of the engagement was made from Buckingham Palace. The picture was taken in the gardens of the Royal Lodge, Windsor.

Enjoy fleecy-soft warmth-without-weight

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BLANKETS



... made from superfine 100% Pure Lambs' Wool

Your investment in the unequalled quality and luxury of Laconia Blankets is a matter of pride, not price. For Laconia are not expensive, yet are fully guaranteed 100% pure lambs' wool . . . Si-ro-moth'd to protect them through the years . . . closely woven to reward your washing skill and with generous "tuck-in" to ensure fleecy-soft warmth the whole night through. See Laconia's glorious new season's range now of checks, pastels, and contemporary plain colours in the blanket department of any good store.

 Gold Seal Guarantee 

The manufacture of your superb quality, 100% lambs' wool "Laconia Blankets" has been achieved by a combination of the latest automatic machinery and the most modern techniques. In the event of any fault caused by imperfect manufacture your blankets will be replaced free of charge.

Laconia

MAKE

Goodnight

A

CERTAINTY

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 4, 1960

The most famous Princess

● Since she was a child Princess Margaret has been amassing contradictory titles. She is certainly the world's most famous Princess.

MARGARET was only six when she suddenly became second in line of succession to the British throne. "Isn't this all a bore?" she said. "We've got to leave our nice house now."

Until then, Margaret Rose, as people everywhere knew her, had the kind of happy childhood that any youngster might envy.

She was "the baby" of a loving, rich, indulgent family. She was born at Glamis Castle on August 21, 1930, the first Royal child born in Scotland since James I in 1600.

The four-year-old Elizabeth, according to Lady Cynthia Asquith, regarded her as a new, precious possession, better than toys, even better than a pony.

They lived at 145 Piccadilly, with the Royal Lodge, Windsor, their country house. They were brought up with a "nanny" and a governess. They had breakfast in their nursery, said "Good morning" to their parents at 9 o'clock, then went back to the nursery and schoolroom.

Swimming at the club

They learned to sing and dance, play the piano and swim — at London's exclusive Bath Club. They had a library of animal tales, dolls that they dressed. They learned to knit and sew — they loved to make the family's Christmas presents.

The routine was upset when the girls' father, the Duke of York, became King George VI.

Then Elizabeth began the intensive training that was to fit her for her future role as Queen. The parents' happy hours with their children were cut almost to nothing.

And Margaret must have been lonely. "Since Papa turned King, I don't seem to be anybody any more," she said.

Margaret took her place early in public and social life. The King and Queen liked their daughters to be together. And Margaret always wanted to be "in things."

At her first Royal garden party — she wore a pretty afternoon dress and matching "knickers" — Elizabeth said, "If you see someone in a funny hat you must not point at it and laugh."

Margaret was already finding fun in everything. And clothes fascinated her.

She hated being the younger sister. When Elizabeth was 16 and joined the ATS, she complained, "I was born too late."

To Windsor for the war

When war broke out she said, "Who is Hitler, spoiling everything?" Then the Princesses and their governess, "Crawfie," were packed off to Windsor Castle.

There were gay lunch parties for Grenadier Guards posted at Windsor, concerts and pantomimes as part of their war effort — with Margaret "pea green" from nervous worry until she went on stage and sparkled.

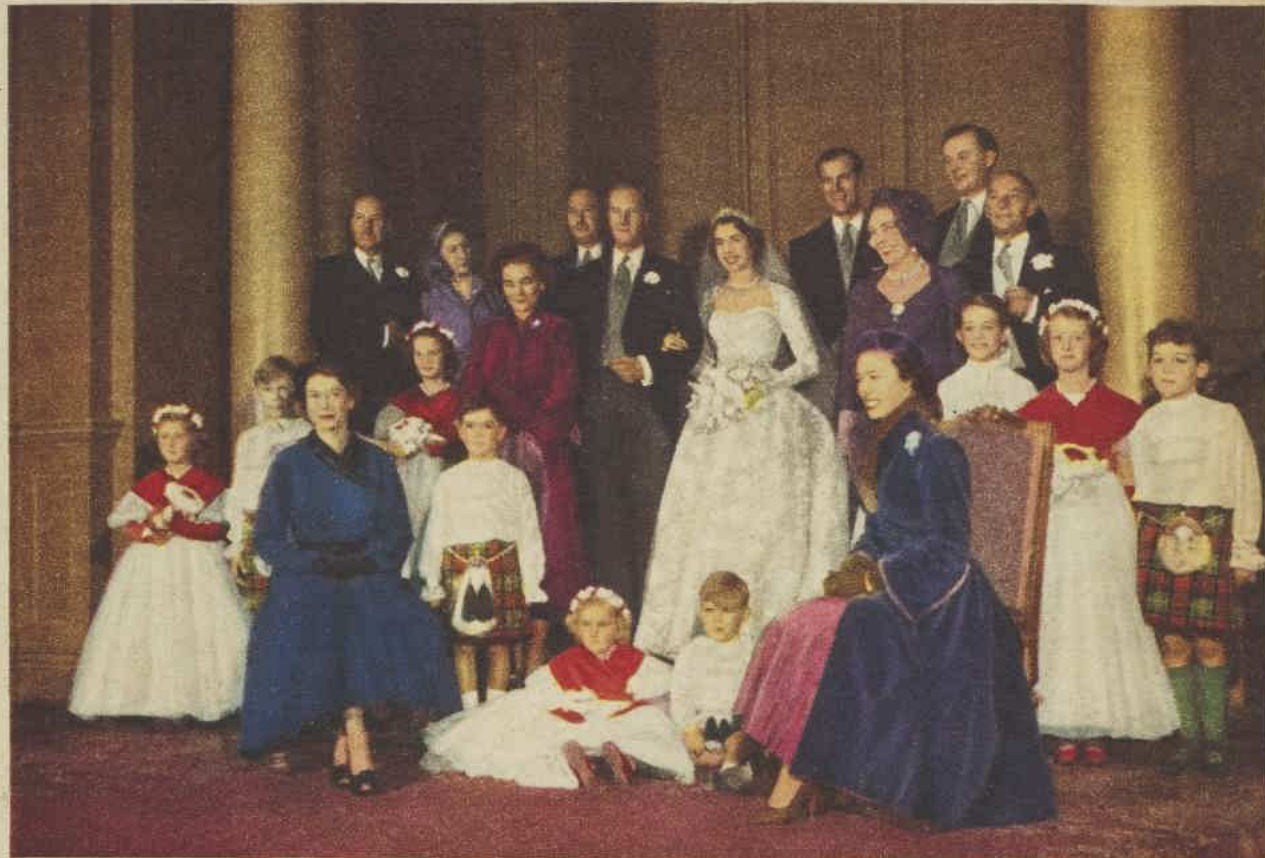
And concentrated schooling for both Princesses, with Elizabeth taking her lessons very seriously, Margaret quick to learn, and interested, but never very serious.

Back at Buckingham Palace after the war, Margaret went on with her lessons, had fun exploring every inch of the vast palace, became the unofficial court jester.

She stuffed equestrian pockets with sticky lollies, filled shoes placed in corridors of the palace with acorns. She imitated visitors and servants. She could always make the King laugh, no matter how tired he was.

Margaret was still a schoolgirl, wearing her older sister's "hand-me-downs" when plans were made for the Royal family's South African tour.

— To page 36



Princess Margaret (right) and Queen Elizabeth at the wedding of the Earl of Dalkeith in 1953.



With her father and Princess Elizabeth in South Africa.



Public life began even before schooling ended.

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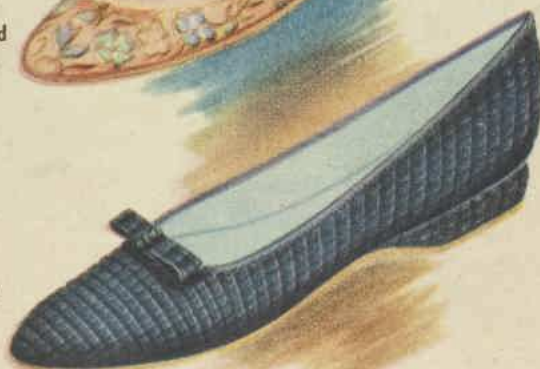
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Page 36



1959—An audience with Pope John at the Vatican, Rome.

ROYAL BRIDE

Around the world with Margaret

— continued

The African tour meant growing up for Margaret, and her first almost grown-up wardrobe.

On board the battleship H.M.S. Vanguard the Princesses gave a concert for the officers. They sang duets and Margaret played the latest jazz tunes.

Ashore she was once exiled to her room for the day — for having giggled at an Afrikaner woman who muffled her curtsy.

Another time, when Elizabeth rebuked her at a dance, she said, "You look after your Empire. I'll look after myself."

At a State dinner she whispered to her father, "Can't they clear the floor?" She wanted to dance.

She always wanted to dance — on tours that have taken her almost everywhere in the world except Australia and America.

Hello to Sorrento

At 18 Margaret represented the King and Queen at the Coronation of Queen Juliana of the Netherlands.

A year later she was in Rome, to the ringing cries of "Bella Margherita!" She had an audience with the Pope, she visited Amalfi and Sorrento, the ruins of Pompeii — talked to her guide in fluent French.

Then to Paris, saw a Dior show, and danced till dawn. "An revoir. I am enchanted," she said. Two years later she was even more



1956—At Tanganyika Zoo.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 4, 1960



1956—A grand ball at the Sultan's palace in Zanzibar.



1955—The West Indies made a calypso fan of the Princess.



enchanted with Paris after what she called "the four happiest days of my life."

She played the piano and sang at an informal private party. She refused to eat snails, but she won hearts.

Princess Margaret has already been three times to Africa.

In Kenya when her host, Sir Evelyn Baring, showed her to her suite she said, "See you later, alligator!" Sir Evelyn was baffled, until he asked an aide, and finally was told, "You must reply, 'In a while, crocodile!'"

When she flew to Germany for four days, they called her "Schoene Prinzessin."

A month in the Caribbean "island hopping" made her a calypso fan.

The blithe spirits

In sundress and sandals she danced the bongo-bongo on a moonlit beach at 1 a.m., led a conga snake dance with Noel Coward and Adlai Stevenson "snaking" after her.

Songs were composed in her honor to music she called "too beautiful for words," and everywhere she would have liked to swim and sunbake and behave like any rich, fun-loving young tourist.

When her staff went swimming in Tobago she told her hostess, "It's no use. I shall spoil my hair and look all wrong for the party if I do."

But she went underwater swimming and shot the rapids, collected records, and dozens of recipes for exotic drinks and dishes.

In Canada, when the Princess appeared unexpectedly in a swimsuit and a loose wrap, cameramen respected her privacy. "I am pleased to know that I am among friends," she said.

In Ottawa, her humor "rocked" the guests at a Government House reception; in the Rockies she stayed on a ranch, made friends with a cowboy and his horse; in Vancouver she danced long with lawyer John Turner.

In between there were dozens of dreary, official engagements. She smiled through them all.

— To page 39



1955 — Unveiling a foundation stone at Tobago during West Indies federation ceremonies.

His secretary provided the answer!

Mother's Day was fast approaching and with it came the age-old problem of a suitable gift for Mother. Bill discussed the matter with his daughters, but they could not offer any suggestions either.

It seemed that Marge, Bill's wife, was fortunate in having practically every household appliance and personal comfort possible. Bill mentioned the problem to his Secretary who immediately thought of a modern electric sewing machine.



... a Sewing Machine ... that was something he hadn't thought of — and the savings on clothes for his wife and daughters would be well worth while, quite apart from the pleasure of this surprise gift. Bill saw the local Pinnock dealer with his eldest daughter, Jill, and was astounded to see the range of machines. Pinnock offered for every sewing need and purse, but they finally decided that a Sewqueen would be just right for Mum.



Well the Sewqueen certainly proved a thrilling gift for Mother, who quickly realised what an asset this machine would be in any home, and as she enjoyed sewing so much, looked forward to the happy hours she would spend with her Pinnock Sewqueen.

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ROYAL BRIDE



Gay leader of the 'Margaret Set'

— continued

Coming home from abroad has always meant something very special to Margaret.

Even when she was the world's gayest deb, there were many nights when she stayed at home and played the piano for her parents—anything from Chopin to boogie-woogie.

She became a London socialite while still in the schoolroom. There was Elizabeth's engagement, then the Royal wedding—with chief bridesmaid Margaret winding up the day at Ciro's nightclub with best man the Marquess of Milford Haven.

She was 17½ when she arrived at Royal Ascot—the King had said she was too young to go—escorted by three handsome young men.

The "Margaret Set" sprang up, kept columnists busy for years. It was a gay group of London's prettiest and best-bred girls and most eligible young men.

At least once a week they went to a show, then dinner, and on to a nightclub. Mostly they ordered pink champagne—favorite drink of their leader, Margaret.

At a private party at the American Embassy, the home of her great friend Sharman Douglas, Margaret dressed for and danced the can-can. And shocked the world.

At 20 she was a Dame of Justice of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, holder of the Grand Cross of the Netherlands Lion, Commandant-in-Chief

of the Cadets of St. John, Lady of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India, Colonel-in-Chief of three regiments, president of more than 20 voluntary organisations and charities.

Margaret was heartbroken when her father died in 1952, turned her back on the bright lights, and went to her church for comfort.

And all the time the world was looking for a husband for her.

By last October she had been "married off" to no fewer than 36 young men, beginning with Milford Haven.

There was King Michael of Rumania, the Earl of Dalkeith, Lord Ogilvie, Billy Wallace—who truly merited his title of "Old Faithful"—Rev. Simon Phipps, Canadian lawyer John Turner.

Margaret fell in love, though, with Group-Captain Peter Townsend, once her father's equerry. She bravely rejected him because of her duty to the Crown.

As she grew older, more sophisticated, more amusing with her quick and not always kind wit, and her old friends married, a new, rather cleverer "Margaret Set" developed.

The Princess sat for Epstein, who called her "mysterious." She met Jean Cocteau—"Charming but banal," he said.

Only now, with the Princess' engagement to Antony Armstrong-Jones, has the world ceased its husband-hunt for her.

— To page 43

"Old Faithful," Billy Wallace, escorted the Princess often.



The last picture taken before the engagement was announced.



1950.—Twenty years old in white satin and hand-made deep pink roses.



1951.—Court photographer Cecil Beaton

FORMAL



1957.—In East Africa (left) wearing turquoise and pink striped satin.

1956.—A romantic Cecil Beaton study (right) at Clarence House, London.



AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — MAY 3, 1960

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

Teenagers'

WEEKLY

May 4, 1960



Supplement to
The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

Disgusted by the charleston

RECENTLY on TV I saw a film which was actually taken during the jazz age (about 1926). In this film were shots taken during a charleston. I am an avid rock-n-roll fan and was really disgusted by the exhibition put on by those 1926 teenagers. They made rock-n-roll look like a waltz. If a lot of our parents thought back to those days and remembered those exhibitions I'm sure many would not condemn today's teenagers and rock-n-roll.—*Elizabeth Rathwell, Tongala, Vic.*

Real tomboy

IS it true that boys like girls to be feminine? I'm a real tomboy, and used to climb trees until I got too fat. But I still like playing football or kicking the ball. If boys don't like tomboys, it's just too bad, because I can't see myself sitting down sewing or wearing starched dresses.—*J. Zechowski, Boyanup, W.A.*

Good types

AT a recent popular weekly dance I had two or three dances with an Italian—who, apart from being a very accomplished dancer, was more polite than most of the other boys. My girl-friends thought I was cheapening myself by dancing with this boy, and told me so in no uncertain terms. They admitted they had never danced with an Italian, and said they were afraid of what other people might think or say. Certainly there are bad types of New Australians, but there are also bad Australians. We should learn to accept a person as an individual.—*"Marny," Vermont, S.A.*

Red and blue

IT beats me why redheads are so often referred to as "Blucy." Could some bright spark give me the origin of this nickname? The only reason I have ever been offered is that redheads nearly always wear blue. I am a redhead and also get called names such as "Red," "Bloodnut," "Carrots," "Rusty," "Coppertop," "Ginger," "Bush-fire Blonde," and "Strawberry Blonde." The redhead's lot is certainly an unhappy one.—*"Redhead," Como, Tas.*

Boys' clothes

I DON'T see why boys can't learn a thing or two about fashions. They get around in any old clothes and don't care a hang if their manners suit their attire. They'd soon have a moan if we girls got around like old hags—why, they wouldn't even invite us out. So,

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Our Cover: A new deal in teenage fashions is the neat-as-a-pin look portrayed on our cover by two slim easy-cut suits. And note the neat look of hair tucked under a pompon-trimmed beret.

under the circumstances, should we accept them if their appearance leaves much to be desired? I won't.—*Robin Bromley, Sandy Bay, Hobart.*

The little things

EVERYBODY has been told that drinking parents and broken homes make teenagers bad. But what about the little things like not being trusted, not being believed, and not being wanted or loved? The happy teenager can confide in his or her parents. Being a teenager is one of the hardest stages of our lives, so please don't make it harder.—*M. Whittingham, Loveday, S.A.*

Tremendous fun

FROM personal experience I advise teenagers to take up horse-riding. My first pony was a 15-year-old stockhorse, knocked down to me for £3 at a pound sale when I was 17. While she kept me poor buying gear, I had tremendous fun and made heaps of new friends. I have since ridden thoroughbreds and taken prizes at rodeos and in the showing, but "Kiwi" is still my first love.—*Moira Belbin, Mt. Gravatt, Qld.*



MOIRA BELBIN
... with her first love

A word from gran

WHEN I was a teenager (only they called us "flappers") our parents liked us to wear black stockings, and white lipsticks were the only ones not frowned on. Face powder was "fast," red lipstick was "too forward" and "actressy," and the new "flesh color" or "suntan" stockings were really encouraging badness! Face it, teenagers, you can't please your parents; but as long as you know in your own heart that your actions harm no one—yourself or other people—try to be happy and enjoy being young. I was so busy trying to strike a happy medium of not shocking my parents yet keeping with others of my own age that, from the time I left school to the time I married, my life was a misery. Of course, I didn't succeed in pleasing anyone, much as I tried. A little encouragement from mums and dads pays off more than all the censure in the world.—*"Smiling Gran," Atherton, N.Q.*

South Africa

ISN'T it time the nations of the world decided it is their duty to interfere, perhaps even with force, in the internal affairs of individual countries? The apartheid policy of the South African Government deprives 12 million people of the basic rights of man as set down by the United Nations. Therefore, especially in the light of recent events, South African policy should be condemned by all.—*John Baker, St. Lucia, Qld.*



ELAINE DAVIDSON
... for teenage votes

Why 21?

WHY must we be 21 before we are allowed to vote? At 17 a teenager is permitted to drive a car, which is taking the lives of other people into his hands, and at 18 a boy can go off to war to fight for his country. Surely if one can take part in such serious things as these before he reaches 21, he should be allowed to have some say in his country's political affairs.—*Elaine Davidson, Cronulla, N.S.W.*

Rock-n-work

YOU often hear of people complaining about their children listening to rock-n-roll while doing their homework. I always listen to the wireless while doing my homework and I find that it helps me to concentrate a lot more.—*"David's Girl," Barham, N.S.W.*

Strong opposition to book-burning

For . . .

"BURNT UP" is very lucky to have such a wise mother who supervises what she reads. Some of the books teenagers read these days are fit only for the fire. I suggest that she asks her mother for her guidance in choosing what she should read.—*"Guided," Hurstville, N.S.W.*

I SHOULD like to know what kind of books she reads. They must be pretty terrible for a mother to forbid a 16-year-old to read them. Surely no mother could find anything wrong with Dickens, Jane Eyre, Emily and Charlotte Bronte, or George Heyer. But maybe "Burnt Up's" mother has been used to her daughter bringing home immoral books. In this case she has every right to stop her from reading them.—*Sue Nicholls, Wahroonga, N.S.W.*

YOUR mother, by checking what you read, is carrying out her duty. By confiscating unsuitable books she is protecting your morals and keeping you from harm.—*"Read-Not," Stockton, N.S.W.*

. . . and against

IS "Burnt Up" really serious, or just fishing for bites? This is the 20th century, and such medieval behaviour as she says her mother inflicts seems incredible. How on earth is a person to learn the difference

● Should a girl of 16, studying for matriculation, be allowed to read any book she chooses? "Burnt up" (T.W., 30/3/60) said her mother censored her reading and burnt any books she considered unsuitable. Most readers (4 out of 5) condemned her mother's attitude.

between good and bad reading if she is not allowed to read both? I can just imagine poor "Burnt Up" at 21, when she can do as she pleases, being surrounded by all the trashiest books she can find, not because she likes them, but just as a gesture of defiance.—*Winsome Evans, Lane Cove, N.S.W.*

NOW that she has reached matriculation she should be allowed to choose her own reading matter. After 16 years of careful guiding by her mother, surely she has reached the point where her own taste has developed enough to make her choose decent books, and if while reading a book of her own choice she finds it is not decent, she should by now have the strength of will not to go on.—*Jane Hayes, Toorak, Vic.*

AT 16 I was always allowed to read any book that appealed to me. Mum said that I wouldn't waste my money on a book if it wasn't worth reading. Of course, "Burnt Up"

should choose books that are comedies or books specially written for her age group. Then her mother would act the same as mine, and they would both be happier.—*"Seventeen," Kensington, S.A.*

MY mother never forbade me to read a book. Until I was 15 she read my books first and told me if they were worth reading and why. I could read the others if I wanted to and I soon learned to discriminate between good books and trash. I think a girl should be allowed to read a certain amount of trash because if she is determined to read a book she will do so regardless, and if it is forbidden she may, with the usual perversity of the young, enjoy a worthless book because it is forbidden. Allowed to read more widely she can develop a better literary taste and will later be able to enjoy the more controversial books without a feeling of guilt, appreciating their true values, and not over-emphasising their more sensational aspects.

However, parents should supervise their children's reading and help their taste and judgment.—*Beth Erving, Normanhurst, N.S.W.*

HER mother would be well advised to build up a sensible mother-to-daughter relationship of intelligent discussion of all subjects in preference to dictatorial censorship. A sensible teenager who is trusted with commonsense and discretion by his or her parents, soon places books of all kinds in their true perspective.—*Lawrence Hearn, Berry, N.S.W.*

AT 16 she should be able to choose appropriate books and her mother should not interfere with her choice. After all, girls of 16 today are usually as mature as girls of 18 yesterday. Reading sensible books cannot harm her, even if they are about sex, if she knows the difference between right and wrong.—*J. Govaars, Lakes Entrance, Vic.*

IF parents think they can restrict their children's reading at this age, they need a bit of growing-up themselves! I am 15 and my mother leaves it to me to choose the type of book I would like to read. As a result I have learnt to appreciate books and enjoy reading them and have increased my knowledge of people, places, and things.—*Marilyn Fitzgerald, Bexley, N.S.W.*

Growing up

By JUNE PAGE

● *"I wish you'd grow up," said Mum. "Can't you see, Jane, that you look silly in black? You're too young and it doesn't suit you. You'll look just like Patty — only she's the type who can wear it, and you're not."*

"I AM grown up," snapped Jane. "I'm 16 and I stopped growing a year ago. And I CAN wear black." She stomped off to her room to change into the new black dress she'd just got off the lay-by.

"I AM grown up," she muttered to herself, struggling into the black dress. "But none of the family understands. THEY didn't help me interview the boss when I had to get my first job. I got it on my own."

Jane studied the effect of the black dress in the mirror. Just a touch more eye-shadow and those big chunky gold — well, not real gold — earrings. She'd show 'em if she was grown up or not.

But all through the party Jane was prickled with pins and needles of doubt and worry about the black dress.

Unhappy time

Four years later, looking back on the "black dress episode," Jane realised just how UN-grown-up she'd been.

She'd always wanted to act, dress, or talk like someone else — and she'd noticed others had, too.

It HAD been an unhappy, frustrating time. And mainly because she couldn't understand WHY she had never succeeded in trying to be someone else. Surely if you desperately wanted to laugh like Pam, look like Patty, and speak like Shirley, you should be able to?

But she'd learned the hard way.

Take the case of the handwriting. Barbara, at school, had always had beautiful loopy handwriting with a slight backward slope. It had such character. So Jane spent half her homework time practising the new style.

She knew her homework was suffering, but she didn't know she was damaging her writing till the history mistress had set her five lines of neat writing each night, to try to get it back to its original style.

It had all been pretty ignominious.

And the most ignominious thing about it, she could see now, was that Mum and Dad had been right in telling her to "grow up," in trying to make her realise how much happier she'd be if she could accept herself and not want to be like anyone else.

It had been pretty tough on them — all those fights and family quarrels. And the way she'd been moody and worried, she now realised, was just so unimportant.

Jane laughed as she thought about it. She was really much happier making the best of being just plain Jane — not so plain, either, now that she'd given up wearing black.

But even after she'd been reconciled to being herself — the first phase, she gathered, in the growing-up game — she'd still wanted to be better than she was really capable of being.

Somewhere, in the back of her mind, she'd thought she must be destined for fame.

Because she'd started off well in her job she'd expected to be managing director in a couple of years.

When she'd gone to a dance she'd always expected to capture the beau of the ball — and eventually, of course, she'd marry a millionaire.

She'd lamented bitterly when she'd had knockbacks, when suddenly one of her hopes had been dashed. But gradually she woke up to the fact that she wasn't likely to be an Elsa Maxwell, a Clare Boothe Luce, a Marilyn Monroe.

Expected too much

That was the thing. She'd always expected too much of life, and it had taken a lot of hurting to get things into the right perspective.

Mind you, she knew she wasn't yet grown up enough — or stupid enough — to sniff at the dreamy millionaire's marriage proposal. It would be wonderful, but she was much happier now that she didn't EXPECT it.

There was a little rhyme she'd heard, which summed it all up —

quite whimsical, of course, but true in a way:

*How will I know when I'm grown up,
Will it be all in a minute?
Will I one day look in a crocus cup
And not see a fairy in it?*

Well, at 20, she supposed she still hadn't finished the process, though she was much more sure of herself than she'd ever been before.

But there were still moments when she felt she couldn't cope, like that time with the sun-glasses.

Worth trying

Mum had told her how stupid it was not to say anything to Aunt Nita as she wafted away from the house one day wearing Jane's one-and-only pair of sun-glasses.

But Jane just couldn't bring herself to ring up Aunt Nita and say, "Hey. You took my sun glasses by mistake. Could I have them back?"

In the end, Mum had done it, and Jane had felt such a fool.

And there were other times — like when she was freezing to death in the car but didn't ask that the window be put up for fear of offending the others.

She knew she was stupid about these things, that no one really cared what she did as long as she didn't hurt people, but it was a different matter facing up to it.

And the few times she had made the effort, thinking she'd be so embarrassed, she found that she hadn't been. People really hadn't taken any notice.

Some people, she realised, NEVER grew up. But the happiest ones — the ones she knew — HAD grown up. They seemed to act as though they could see themselves as others saw them, they could "be themselves" with a sort of natural dignity.

They seemed to be saying "I know my true value" and, oddly enough, other people recognised that — and warmed to it.

It WAS worth growing up, Jane decided. Even though it might be a bit painful, she felt she had to try.



Does Jane, in her black dress, remind you of anyone? Maybe yourself a few years ago — or even now?

Sydney teenager publishes novel

By Ronald McKie

● The attractive girl on this page is Juliet Rolleston, of Newport, Sydney, whose first novel, "Pink Is for Girls," soon to be published by Angus and Robertson Ltd., was written when she was 16 and studying for her Leaving.

JULIET has a heart-shaped face. Her eyes are wide apart and large—"hazel garnished with lettuce," she says—her mouth is large and curving.

Her ears are large, too, and she ties her dark brown hair at the back with a bit of ribbon and scrapes it down in front in a wayward fringe.

She is a fascinating girl, completely divorced from the mob.

She is shy and almost sophisticated, warm and withdrawn, wise and almost naive—a mixture that hasn't yet jelled.

She is not yet 18.

Juliet talks at great speed, although that was partly due to first-interview nervousness. She talks, as she writes, with exceptional ease and fluency.

Childhood

Juliet Rolleston was born in Sydney on June 9, 1942, and her earliest memory is of a crack in the ceiling at her grandmother's home at Blacktown, where her grandfather was a market gardener.

She lived for part of her childhood with her grandmother, Mary Klein, to whom her book is dedicated.

Juliet recalls her childhood in vivid little flashes—collecting broken china on a junk heap and fitting the pieces into pat-

terns, bending a length of wire into fantastic shapes, "looking deep into a flower, kicking a broken kettle, shouting into old drums . . .

"Everything had a magical quality while I was still discovering things," she said. "Life was so exciting.

"But as you grow you lose the excitement of discovery."

"I love to talk"

Juliet looked up and smiled.

"I love just talking. I love it. It's wonderful to feel you can talk freely to someone."

She went to Rozelle Infants' School, and later, with her mother and stepfather, moved to Blacktown.

At eight she wrote her first poetry—four lines about a sunset—and then a piece about "Brown-haired Clare and gold-haired Mary," two little girls who saw a fairy.

Language fascinated her, and she began to read anything she could find, although one of the problems of growing up was her relationship with other children.

"I didn't get on well with others," she said.

"I think I was a little prig. I was acutely aware that I was all eyes and big ears and skinny. I came to hate my face.

"I became solitary. I read a lot, drew a lot, put snapdragons on my fingers, and wasted a lot of time.

"At 11 I looked at my face again and decided I was rather pretty. When I took another look, I decided it couldn't be true. But at 13 I made the wonderful discovery that I wasn't bad-looking.

"This discovery, I realised, was something the beautiful girl with blue eyes and golden sausage curls and lovely skin never knows."

Schooldays

From primary school, and nearly always top of the class, Juliet went on to Parramatta High (which her mother attended) and the discovery how "terrible" school uniforms are.

She decided, with alarm, that nobody could possibly look alluring in them, and later also decided they were not a bad idea, because any girl between 14 and 16 who tried to be alluring would certainly make a mess of it.

But she still had her problems, as she passed all subjects in the Intermediate in 1956 and moved on to her Leaving.

"I knew often that I didn't get on very well with the other girls. I even had a fight with one of them. But as I got older relationships improved.

"I was never perfect material—too impatient, with no sense of organisation.

"I'm a thoroughly disorganised person. I lose things, leave irons on full blast, I'm late for appointments.

"I don't think there is any deep psychological reason for this. I was just born disorganised.

"The other girls always said I'd swallowed a dictionary. It was true.

"Although I'm supposed to be clever, I would never call myself that, because I'm clever only in a narrow way. But I'm clever enough to realise that it's a disadvantage, especially with boys, to be clever."

Early in 1958, when Juliet was about to start her Leaving year, a friend of the family said to her: "Your mother ought to be put in a book."

Later Juliet remembered this, began to think of her mother, little things about her, but only in a vague, half-formed way.

Writing the book

It wasn't until about the middle of the year, when her mother and stepfather (she also has a young stepister and stepbrother) moved to Newport and she stayed for the rest of her Leaving year with an aunt at Blacktown, that she started work on her book.

She wrote in longhand, and in a couple of months had down about 30,000 words. She generally tried to work a little every day, but sometimes she dropped the book for days because she was sick of it and went back to chemistry or French prose.

Three months before the Leaving she put the novel aside and concentrated on study.

When the results came through, she had first-class honors in French and English, "A's" in Modern History, Ancient History, and Latin, and a "B" in Chemistry.

After a rest she finished the novel in January, 1959, and then rewrote it twice before starting Arts at Sydney University.

At the end of her first year she was first in German, third



JULIET ROLLESTON with the manuscript of her novel.

in French and Philosophy, and sixth in English.

"My main character, Miriam, is based on some aspects of my mother's personality, but Miriam is not as my mother really is," Juliet said.

"The character is largely a composite of women of the same type, both historical and imagined.

"When I'd finished the novel I thought it was stupid, useless.

"When I read it again I realised it certainly wasn't profound, but that it was as good as I could expect to make it at my age.

"Now that it is to be published it seems quite unconnected with me. It doesn't seem to belong to me at all."

Juliet has a natural gift for writing which shows clearly in her fluent work, but she has no deep urge to write, no feeling that she must write.

If anything, she is more interested in drawing, but at this stage she isn't sure—not sure of anything.

"I'm not sure what I'm like or what I am. At times I think I'm nice and at other times I think I'm awful. I still feel I'm a good deal childish, especially where responsibility is concerned.

"I think I'll teach after I have

my degree, and I do want to marry and have a family. I have no ideal man in my mind. I'd much rather have a real one.

"He must be intelligent and manly, fastidious and capable of taking responsibility. And he must be the dominant person—master in his own home—generally, a man like my stepfather.

"Life is exciting, fascinating, full of things to like and dislike, full of wonder.

Likes, dislikes

"What do I like?" "Playing with my little sister, walking, chattering, the sea, the taste of peanut butter, the smell of lemons and coffee and fresh paint and the pages of old books—and flirting, which is my favorite pastime.

"I dislike most a life that is highly organised—working, making up my mind, making beds, cleaning blinds, inhuman people, planned sport, and nearly all the things I'm bad at.

"There are so many things I haven't decided yet about life and about myself.

"The one thing I'm sure of is that I'm a completely unangry young woman."

I could hardly believe it, HAIRSETS FOR 4d!

Yes, when Jill said I would get 15 lovely hairsets from one 4.10 tube of concentrated Curlypet, wasn't I just amazed. But it's true, definitely true. I'm now saving pounds on my hairsets and find that Curlypet gives me the best hairdo I've ever had. Like Jill I'm telling all the girls how good, how economical Curlypet really is. It's the most!

So—Quickset with Curlypet!

Curlypet

BASIC MADISON



How to dance

THE MADISON

● Oops! You're falling. The dance-floor slips away, your leg shoots out, you grab a fistful of air—and you're right in step. You're dancing the Madison.

THAT'S the beauty of this newest American dance craze. Anything, just anything, goes. And when I saw a preview of the Madison at Phyllis Bates' dance studio in Sydney, "anything" went with a bang.

Music blasted with a steady 4-4 beat; teenage couples in a line pranced and kicked in a flurry of fury; instructor George Constantine called out mystifying directions; and Phyllis Bates quietly gave me all the Madison jazz.

"Nothing whatever to do with rock-'n-roll," she said. "It's a breakaway — more into the Latin-American type of thing."

"See, it's just a basic step — a two-step in 4-4 time, but you can do anything to it—the mambo, the cha cha, the charleston, or the meringue."

"Then once you've got the step you've got to have the movement. It can be very sedate or very negro."

Then she grabbed me and we started the very sedate basic step.

I was the boy. "Forward left foot, close right, without weight; back right foot, close left, without weight; side left, without weight, tap, pause, close left. Forward left, close right, without weight..." chanted Miss Bates.

By Carol Tattersfield

Miss Bates was the girl, and so she did — "Back right, close left without weight; forward left, close right, without weight; side right, tap, pause, close right. Back right, close left without weight..."

It was easy. After a couple of tries I even forgot to mouth my instructions. "Then," said Miss Bates breathlessly, "you can do that step to the different patterns."

"For the Big M you just do the basic step up each side of an imaginary M. For T-Time you do it in the shape of a T, and the 'Cleveland Box' shape is square."

"But you really need a caller, as in square dancing," said Miss Bates, and she called over George Constantine.

George is a permanent dancing instructor and was enthusiastic about the Madison.

"You see, it doesn't take up much space," he said. "That's one of its advantages over rock-'n-roll. And you can have two or 200 doing it at the same time — if you've got enough lung power to call for 200."

The Madison can be done, George explained, in a straight line or in a

circle, but the straight line is the more effective to watch. And I noticed that the more abandoned, rhythmic "negro" movement was more effective than the sedate.

"It's really a negro-inspired dance," said George. "It grew up about seven months ago in the negro sections of American mid-west cities."

And when you call it you've got to know the negro — American jargon, like... "Give me two up, two back, now hit the 'Jackie Gleason'. Away-we-go. Erase it and back into the Madison."

George called for the "Birdland," and the dancers flung up their hands, fluttering them over their heads, and turned around—rather as though they were doing the hokey-pokey.

"Now we'll try the 'Basketball with the Wilt Chamberlain Hook,'" said George.

He took hold of his partner, did the basic step twice to get the rhythm, and then they turned front on, shooting right legs and arms forward, as though throwing goals in basketball.

There was the same sort of infectious enthusiasm in the mass movement that you find in rock-'n-roll.

"It should catch on, like the Lambeth Walk did during World War II," said Miss Bates.

THE BIG "M"



REVERSE, AND GO BACK OVER CALLED "ERASE IT"

THE JACKIE GLEASON

CROSS OVER WITH RIGHT FOOT LEFT FOOT COMES UP IN "AWAY WE GO" MOTION 2 UP-2 BACK BACK TO THE "MADISON"

BASKETBALL With the Wilt Chamberlain Hook



2 UP WITH A HALF TURN-2 BACK AND BACK TO THE "MADISON"



INSTRUCTOR George Constantine and Jan Graham (left) demonstrate the "Jackie Gleason" variation of the Madison. Below, with a line of dancing-class pupils, they get into the swing of the "Basketball with the Wilt Chamberlain Hook."



Fashion tricks with a

BIG BROOCH

by Dawn James

● When you decide a dress needs "something extra"—and that something is a dramatic big brooch—please, please DON'T pin it on at the left shoulder. Try to be different. Here are a few suggestions:



G: It's the latest idea from America—wear the brooch on your lapel, but just let it peep out from under the collar. This is smart, restrained.

F: The pretty-party-girl wears a bow-tied sash with her frothy-skirted dress. The chic party-girl puts a brooch over the knot of the bow.

D: A flower on a stalk—but it's not. It's the brooch; the 'stalk' is a narrow green velvet ribbon tacked on the bodice of the dress.

E: The kittenish look—achieved with a pussy-cat hair bow. The brooch hides the knot of the bow (and, incidentally, use velvet ribbon).

C: For evenings, clasp the brooch to one of the lower corners of your evening-bag—with a simple black satin bag it looks good.

B: A demure little dress takes on a slightly dashing air with the brooch clipped on to a cuff, or a sleeve, and with NO other jewellery.

A: Suspend the brooch from a thin chain round your neck. And it's a good idea to pin the brooch into the dress fabric because then it won't dangle.

HOLLYWOOD COUPLE DEFY THE PROPHETS

● In 1943 on a hot and dusty street in Santa Barbara, California, a four-year-old blond moppet who had lost her way walked up to a famous film director and, with remarkable self-possession, asked him for directions—in Russian.

HER coolness was specially appreciated by the director, Russian-born Irvi G. Pichel, who was shooting location scenes on the dusty street.

Pichel learned that the girl's name was Natasha Gurdin and that her father was an ingenious engineer recently landed in America.

Shortly afterwards Natasha went to work for Pichel in "Tomorrow Is Forever," stealing the show from Orson Welles.

Today she is beautiful Natalie Wood, a thoughtful woman of 20 years, an actress of stature, and the devoted wife since December 28, 1957, of Robert J. Wagner.

For his part, since he was born 30 years ago in Detroit, Wagner has always been Wagner.

As an "old man" of 18 he was "discovered" jointly by Clark Gable, Fred Astaire, and Alan Ladd, for whom he caddied at the Bel-Air Country Club, near Hollywood. Robert Wagner, sen., is a wealthy West Coast steel tycoon.

For all their different backgrounds, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Wagner are undoubtedly the most "together" of the young marrieds of Hollywood.

Natalie first saw Bob when they passed each other casually on a studio street at Twentieth Century-Fox, where they were both working. She was 10, he was 20. Not much interest there.

Eight years later, same street, different reaction. Big date.

Then nothing: Five months passed. Natalie went to New York to film "Marjorie Morningstar," Wagner to Japan to make "Stopover Tokyo."

Finally they had a big reunion in Hollywood, July, 1957. That was it. Clinch.

R.J.—everybody calls Wagner "R.J."—proposed on December 6, 1957, in a typically different way.

He poured Natalie a glass of champagne to toast the anniversary of their first date.

Draining the glass, she saw an object in the bottom. It was a ring. She fished it out.

"Read the inscription, Charlie," Bob said. (He calls her Charlie, for reasons he has refused to tell anyone.)

She held it up and read "Marry me."

They wed amid a fanfare of unwelcome studio publicity at Phoenix, Arizona.

"We decided," said Natalie afterwards, "that we would

never be separated for more than two weeks at a time. If one of us had to go on location and the other couldn't go along, then we'd turn down the part."

True to her vow, Natalie turned down one of the great plums of acting, a chance to play the female lead opposite Sir Laurence Olivier, Kirk Douglas, and Burt Lancaster in "The Devil's Disciple."

The film was to be made in

Europe and it would have meant a long separation from Bob, who was about to begin work in Hollywood in "In Love and War."

When Natalie turned down the next role offered her—one that she considered not right—her studio put her on suspension. The fight went on and on for 15 months.

Then suddenly, last year, the fight was over.

WORTH HEARING

BRAHMS: First Symphony

BRAHMS waited until he was over forty to write his first symphony; it is a mature work by a man who took his art and his responsibilities to it very seriously.

This may sound a rather frightening recommendation, but along with Brahms' more austere qualities went a gift for flowing melody and at times a gentle humor.

His work must be known to be loved; in this symphony the graceful third movement and the great, broad tune (one of the finest ever written) in the last will probably make the quickest appeal, but you will soon feel the strength and beauty of the more severe opening movement.

There is a fine recording of the work by conductor Bruno Walter and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra (Coronet).

— Martin Long

Warner Brothers conceded it was beaten. Nat was on her way to her best—and most mature—performance in "Cash McCall."

The marriage of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. has defied Hollywood's prophets of doom. The longest period they have ever been separated was for 11 days,

while Nat did a tour to promote "Marjorie Morningstar."

And the worst thing she's ever told a gossip columnist about her husband is: "He combs his hair before going to bed at night."

● Turn to page 16 for our pin-up of Natalie and Robert.

LISTEN HERE

—with Ainslie Baker

Local talent Fans of Dig Richards can hear their boy in three old-timers and a current hit on a Rex EP, "Ain't She Sweet?"—Sweet Sue, Just You, "Love Is Just Around the Corner" (nice to hear this one again), "What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes at Me For?" along with the title tune. Dig, who's been doing some very successful interstate touring, sounds in great form.



DIG RICHARDS

BY stretching things just a little, Sydney's American dee jay Rhett Walker can be fitted into the local talent category. A sort of Tony Perkins in appearance, Rhett makes a terrific impression with his debut single for Rex. He sings "I Don't Know What It Is" and "I'll Never Be Myself Again," and sounds as good—and better—than some of the boys who've been cutting discs for years.

"Mama" (M.G.M.) with that of veteran Al Martino (20th-Fox), and for my money Connie wins hands down. The Paul Anka tune "Teddy" is Connie's flip and should just about decide matters for teen buyers.

Pops If you're one of those who thought Crash Craddock couldn't possibly improve on "Boom Boom," you're in for a surprise. His new Coronet single "Letter of Love"—"Well, Don't You Know" comes from a vastly improved singer. The first number's restrained yet packed with feeling, the latter, beaty in the old Crash way but a whole lot more stylish in delivery.

TWO hits on the one single is always an attractive proposition, especially when it's Bobby Rydell with "Wild One" and "Little Bitty Girl" (H.M.V.).

INTERESTING to compare little Connie Francis' version of the Italian tune

IT'S a big change of pace and style for Paul ("Seven Little Girls") Evans on his new London disc. Paul goes bluesy and much more adult for "Midnight Special" and "Since I Met You, Baby." Like Crash, he's singing a whole lot better, but I can't help feeling that in this case some of his former fans are going to be a little disappointed.

"BAD BOY" (London) brings back Robin Luke. It's a "nobody understands me" teen special with an intriguing beat. Flip, "School Bus Love Affair," has the same sort of appeal, though it isn't anything like so good a number.

DID you know that you can get Marty Robbins' great Western ballad hit "Big

Iron," backed with his "Saddle Tramp," as a Coronet single? And, partners, that's a mighty powerful little disc.

Jazz Ever tried to imagine what it must have been like in Chicago back in 1926, jammed into the Sunset Cafe, listening to a youthful jazz cornet player called Louis Armstrong? "The Hot Five Again" (Parlophone EP) takes you into the Sunset, with Louis and The Hot Five up on the bandstand—Johnny Dodds, Lil Armstrong, Kid Ory, and Johnny St. Cyr. Re-recorded from originals taken at the time are "Don't Forget to Mess Around," "I'm Gonna Gitcha," "Who'sit," and "Dropping Shucks." Your library needs this one.

Swing Going on to the great swinging days of the Tommy Dorsey bands of the late 'thirties there's "Yes Indeed!" (A Gold Standard R.C.A. EP.) Dates and personnel for the four tracks, "Dipsy Doodle," "Yes Indeed!," "Night and Day," and "After You've Gone," are listed on the jacket.



CONNIE FRANCIS



RHETT WALKER

Classical "Robert Schumann" (D.G.G.: LP) offers top-ranking Soviet pianist Svyatoslav Richter in a performance, mixing brilliance and lyrical romanticism, of the well-loved A Minor Concerto. Three slighter Schumann treasures are played by Richter on side two. With the Symphony Orchestra of the Warsaw National Philharmonic.

SOMETHING most unusual in the LP line is R.C.A.'s "S. Hurok Presents." Among the artists presented here by the almost legendary little Russian-American impresario are Marian Anderson, Artur Schnabel, Jan Peerce, and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra with Fritz Reiner. The younger artists are Cesare Valletti (Italian tenor), Henryk Szeryng (Polish violinist), and U.S. pianist Byron Janis and soprano Roberta Peters. An international disc concert with a little for everybody.

Ballet Two specially delightful suites from ballet are paired on an R.C.A. LP—William Walton's "Facade" and Lecocq's "Mamzelle Angot." The Royal Opera House Orchestra, Covent Garden, under Anatole Fistoulari, gives a stylish account of Walton's elegant, mannered airs and of Lecocq's more warm-blooded melodies.



TOPS

● Here is a new design and color. An unbelted coat is a trifle too large. The hemline is wider. It is a whole new look. But before you let it go too. If it's coming in red wear

REEFER coats (left) in scarlet wool. One has a single- and the other a double-breasted fastening. The coats are given an extra chic with white cravats and jet black accessories.

PASSPORT to compliments (right) in two smoothly smart coats. The concealing lines of the designs are for the girl who is a bit large in the hips.

N TEEN COATS

sw and dashing choice of teenage coat
dors. The shape choice is up to you. An
a friend to the girls with hips that are a
la. The straight cut falling from neck to
w-making on any girl. As for color, there
range of warm beige and brown tones.
decide on these, consider the bright colors,
ciments you're after, think about the two
refers at left.—Candy Hardy.



CLASSIC tailoring is seen in the creamy beige coat (above right) worn with a chocolate brown chiffon scarf. The coat is finished with a single-breasted fastening. Note also the large patch pockets.

EXTREMES in coat styling (right). One coat is superbly simple, the other is given an entirely new look by two colors and an unusual sleeveless cape-coat silhouette.



A WORD FROM DEBBIE



ONE of my favorite men about town told me that at 18 a beautiful young girl about town was a failure unless she could:

- Cook a baked dinner.
- Make real coffee.
- Grill steak to perfection.
- Scramble and fry eggs.
- Make a salad (with dressing).
- Play a card game passably (bridge, canasta, rummy).
- Play tennis passably.
- Discuss football intelligently and know the different codes.
- Dance well.
- Read enough to be a good conversationalist (including newspapers).
- Sew buttons and take up hems efficiently.
- Be interested in everything and everyone round her at all times.

Do you pass this test?

Elizabeth Arden
says



build
beauty on
your youth

Youth is the time when momentous things happen if you are lovely. And you can be, for Elizabeth Arden's "Essentials" for young skins do dazzling things for you.

Basic Ritual for Young Skins...

Cleanse... with Ardena Cleansing Cream from 11/9. Milky Liquid Cleanser for blemished skin, from 9/6.

Tone... with Ardena Skin Tonic, from 9/3.

Nourish... with Velva Cream, from 12/-. For open pores, smooth on Ardena Pore Cream, 11/9.

Elizabeth Arden

NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS • SYDNEY

Right timing

"LAST January my parents were killed in a car accident and I was left a nice home and a car. I was their only child and I am now 22. My problem is that I have been in love with a girl for three years and we plan to become engaged. Do you think announcing our engagement now would be too soon after the accident? It was my parents' wish that some day I would be able to marry this girl."

"Worried," N.S.W.

No. Under the circumstances, I don't think it's too soon. From what you say, your parents wanted you to marry this girl, and I'm sure they wouldn't have wanted you to delay your happiness because of your mourning for them.

Complexion food

"I HAVE a very pimply complexion and have had it for two years. People used to say 'That's just natural.' Now it's gone on so long, they say I eat the wrong foods. Just what are the right foods?"

"Pimply," Vic.

The right foods are proteins, carbohydrates, and fats in the required proportions. Here they are: (You do not say what your age is, but I take it to be about 15.)

Each day you should have 1½ pints of milk at least; one average serving (3oz.) of meat or fish or eggs or cheese; 1 potato; 3 servings of other vegetable or fruit; 3 slices of brown bread, each slice not more than a ¼ in. thick; ½ cup cereal; ½ to 1 oz. of butter or fortified margarine.

You will notice that the foods necessary for health do not include any cakes, pastries, rich sweets, and such delights. Try eating the required foods and see if your complexion improves. It should, although some cases of adolescent acne do require the help of a doctor. I'd be inclined to consult one if I were you and he may give you a cleaning routine that would help the cure.

Ban on Rock

"RECENTLY I came over from Melbourne to stay with my grandmother. She is not very old, and simply disagrees with everything I do. I have a few favorite rock-'n-roll singers whose pictures I pin up on the inside door of my wardrobe. She tore them down, saying they looked ridiculous. She won't let me use the radiogram to play records, or use the wireless, and she won't let me watch even one TV programme like 'Teen Time,' 'Bandstand,' or 'Six O'Clock Rock.' My brother and sister also like watching these programmes. What shall I do?"

"Fed-Up," N.S.W.

You must do as your grandmother says while you are staying with her, no matter how unreasonable or unnecessary you think her demands and decisions are. Her decisions do seem to be a bit hard to me, but then I like rock-'n-roll. Probably your grandmother has never listened before, and is not used to it.

I think you have to take everything very gently if you are to persuade your grandmother to let you listen. Talk to her about her days as a teenager. She probably



Here's

your answer

was a charleston fan, and the grandmothers of the 1920s thought about the charleston exactly as your Grannie does today about rock-'n-roll.

I'd ask her again for permission to have some music on the radiogram, or the wireless, or TV. I think surely she must have had a very good reason to forbid music altogether, if she did. Are you sure you aren't exaggerating? Did she perhaps say you couldn't play records at the time you asked?

When you ask, though, be sure you have done your jobs. You've got more chance then.

Overnight stay

"I AM 15 and last weekend my boy-friend came down for the afternoon. As there was a church social on that night, with parental permission I suggested that he stay overnight at my place as it was too far for him to go home afterwards. Do you think this was the correct thing to do, as some of my friends seemed shocked?"

"Wondering," Vic.

It was not only correct, it was considerate.

Girl is older

"I AM 16, and have been going with a 19-year-old girl for three months. I think I am falling in love with her, but I am afraid to tell her my age as she might dump me. I know she likes me a lot, for her sister has told me so quite often. Do you think I should tell her how I feel and see what happens?"

"Anxious," N.S.W.

I think she probably has a pretty good idea of how old you are, so I wouldn't worry. Obviously she does like you or she wouldn't have gone out with you for three months. Why don't you let things go on the way they are, and forget your worries? She seems to be quite happy, and declarations surely aren't necessary at this stage.

Too young

"I AM 14½ and have only just started taking a deeper interest in boys. For quite a while now I have been seeing a boy 18 months older than myself. We get on exceptionally well together and I would not like anything to spoil our friendship. However, for five weeks running I have refused his invitations to take me out and each time I have given him an excuse. But, unfortunately, the truth is I am not allowed out of an evening as my mother seems to think I am too young. My boy-friend said he is anxious to come home and meet my folks, and I think if my parents approve of him I should be allowed

to go to the pictures once in a while. Naturally, I behave well when I am out and if I am able to go I shall be called for and brought straight home after the pictures come out. Many of my friends are allowed out of an evening and I feel that I am old enough and sensible enough to go once in a while. Please try and help me."

"I Don't Know," N.S.W.

I'm not going to tell you what you hope to hear. I agree with your parents that you are too young to go out with boys, except when it's necessary for you to have a male escort. But I think you are awfully silly not to tell your nice boy-friend the truth about the dates you refuse. He'll understand. Boys' parents lay down rules for them, too.

I think it would be a very nice idea to ask him home to meet your folks, but just as a gesture of friendship, not as a wedge to start steady solo dating. Girls under 16 shouldn't go out solo with boys.

End it

"FOR about two years now I have been keeping company with a boy. The trouble is we often don't get along as well as we should. We are almost 16 and are fairly old for our age. I may go crazy over him for months, and then for a week or so have no feeling for him at all. Once we had a fight; it was all my fault and it took us four months to make up. I think we really like each other, but as age does not come between us and we do not fight or quarrel much could you please tell me why we don't get along as well as we should? Do you think we should end everything or keep on seeing each other? I would be greatly pleased if you could help me."

"Troubled," N.S.W.

I think age does come between you — you are both far too young for such a steady dating programme. I think you should have a rest from each other's company, and, after you are both 16, try going out with other boys and girls. Going steady before you are 16 is quite wrong, because such associations do not remain at the friendship stage. They awaken emotions which can lead you into situations that cause great unhappiness.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

3-PAGE HAIRSTYLE FEATURE

PRETTY FOR A PARTY

BLOND short hair and a piquant young face! Why not dot an all-round page-boy, complete with bangs, with tiny velvet bows? Decide the color and place bows on bobby-pins wherever you want them. Couldn't be simpler!

DELICATE as a china doll is this flower-decked short hairdo. It has four big poufs, top, each side, back. A head-band sewn with daisies, forget-me-nots, or carnations is placed around the crown to accent the poufs and catch the eye.



TINY butterflies in flight, their wings sprinkled with glitter, are sewn to bobby-pins. You can do the same with a ribbon rosette if you like. The hair is swirled up on each side, bangs spread in "wings" on the forehead. The back is a sweeping page-boy.

LONG soft hair is lifted above the ears and captured in a circular bun at back. Clumps of small flowers are woven into the bun. Hair is then combed into a page-boy at back and upward into a swirl on each side. Any ponytail accessory can be used to decorate the bun at the top—a tiny silk bow or a clasp.



● Here are four smooth party hair ways for you to copy. All you have to do is follow the setting instructions given below and then add a posy or a bow, a ribbon or a jewel—and be glad you're a girl with a pretty hairdo. ● And for a change and lots of fun, do have a whirl at the cut-out-and-try-on hair game on the next two pages. It's a wonderful way to discover what other styles will do for you without taking the plunge.

AND HERE IS THE WAY TO SET THEM

CHINA DOLL hairdo at right takes best to large rollers. Separate the bangs and sticky-tape to forehead. Divide hair into four sections—top, two sides, and back. Use four large rollers on top, rolling backward to make the top pouf. On each side use two large rollers, turning them downward. At back roll four large rollers. Clip the shorter nape hair into pin-curls. Pin on fresh or artificial flowers.



BUTTERFLY hairdo at left starts with a centre panel. Roll sides under on each side of panel in large rollers. Roll top hair backward on three large rollers. The lower hair is rolled under in large rollers around the back. When combing, separate bang area and comb bangs to opposite sides of centre part. Comb side hair upward and clip into place with butterflies or other trim. Comb lower hair into a page-boy.



SIMPLE style at left was created with easy setting instructions in mind. Part hair down the centre and separate bangs. Set bangs with sticky-tape on the forehead. Separate remainder of hair into three sections on each side of part and roll each section into two large rollers. Pin-clip shorter neck hairs into pin-curls. Tuck little velvet bows all around hairdo. Keep bows all one color or mix them.

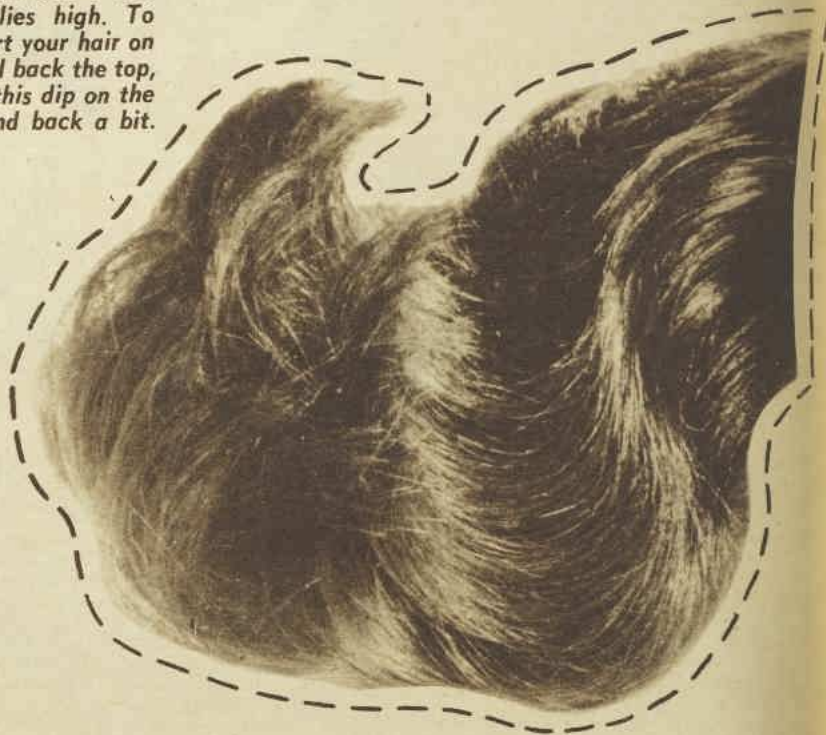
FOR THE LONG soft hairdo at right, separate bangs, sticky-tape into shape on forehead. Part hair about 1½ in. above ears. Pull upper part of this hair up into a rubber band. Roll lower part of this hair downward and back from face in two large rollers. The hair pulled into the ponytail is then parted, and each side is rolled downward on to one roller. Turn remainder of hair under into two rows of rollers.



TRY-ON HAIRPIECES:



MAKE IT A DIP (right)
... give your hair a lift.
This one flies high. To
place it, part your hair on
the left, pull back the top,
then plant this dip on the
right, up and back a bit.

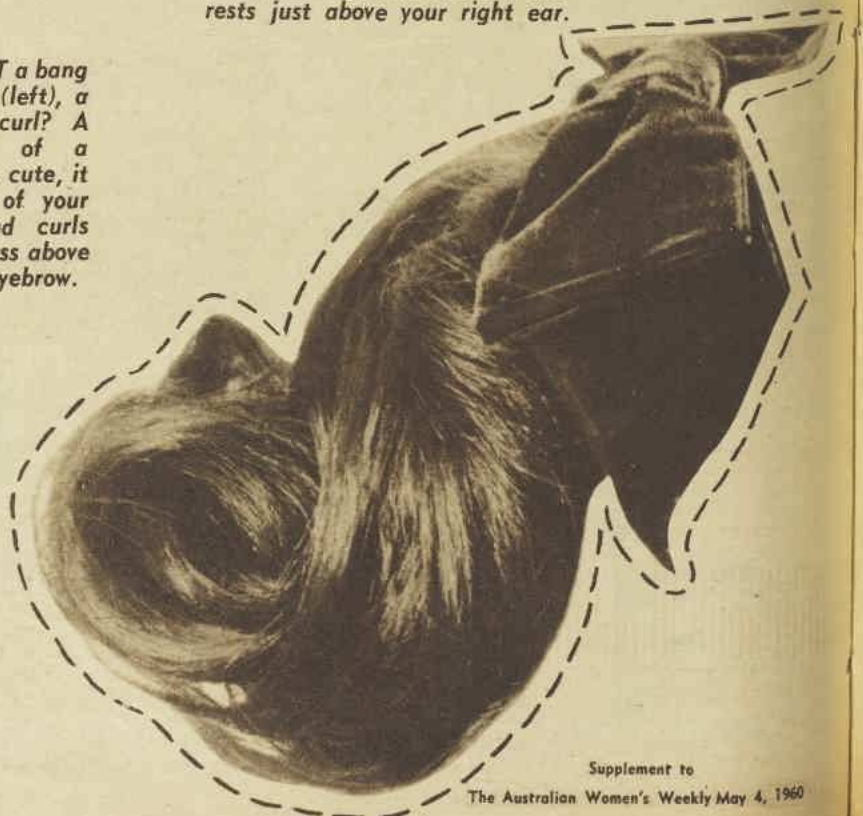


BANGS, ANYONE? You
don't know until you
try them (left). Snip
these out, stick them
across your forehead.
Who knows, maybe this
is the style that brings
out the real YOU.



HOW ABOUT a bang
to the side (left), a
wisp of a curl? A
compromise of a
bang, and so cute, it
bares most of your
forehead and curls
an inch or less above
your right eyebrow.

SATURDAY NIGHT beau-bait
(below) ... a big bow and curl.
The curl hangs from the bow and
rests just above your right ear.



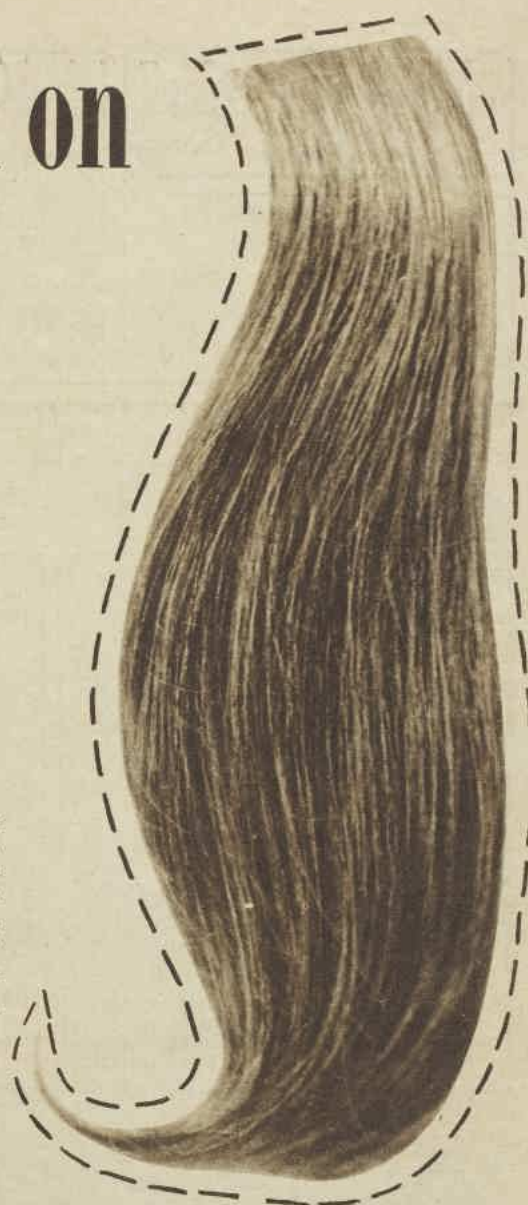
cut them out and stick on

● Try a curl, try a bang, try a long swooping lock—this cut-out-and-try hair game is more fun than paper dolls used to be. All you have to do is pick a new hair-way you've wanted to try from those on these two pages, cut it out, put it in place with sticky-tape, and see how it looks on you. You can even bring out the crayons, if you want, to color the curls to match your own hair tones or to draw other curls and swirls you dream up on your own. Scissors ready? Then let's play . . . you may be the winner with a brand-new hairdo.

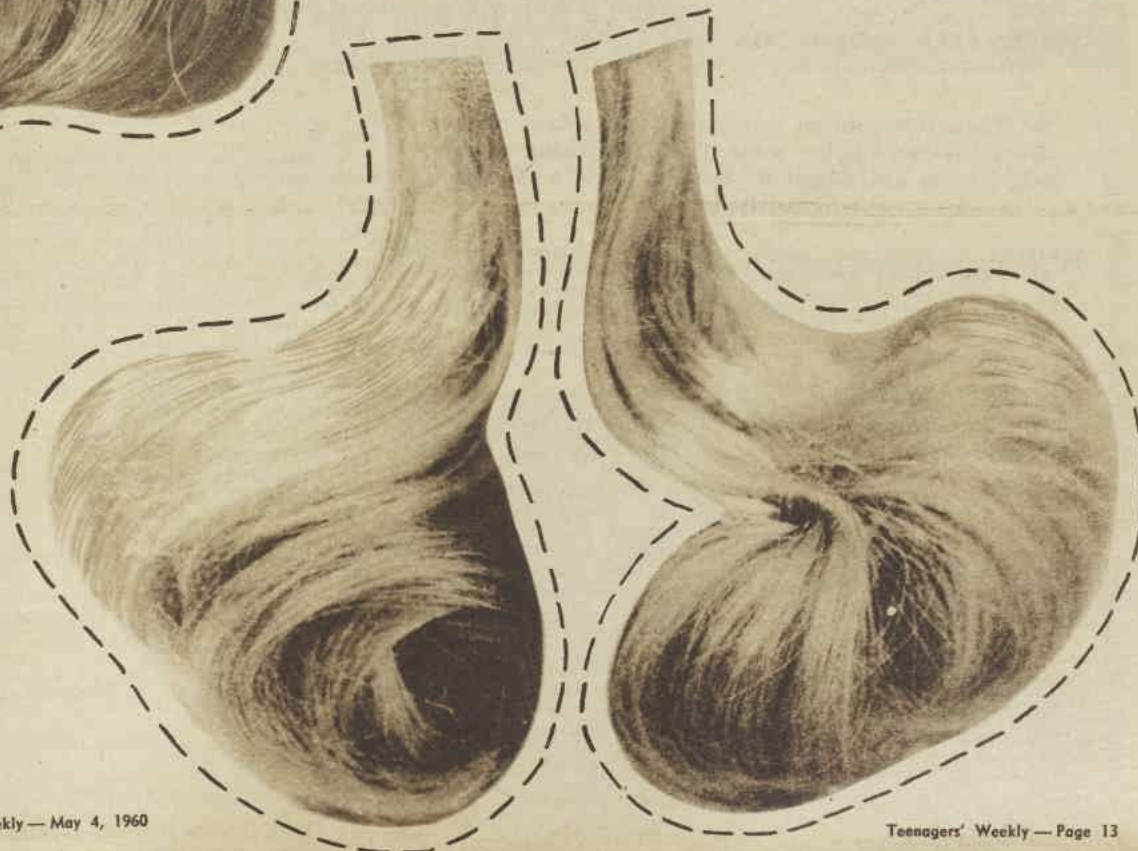
SLEEK SWEEP of a lock (right) ends in a curl. Maybe you'd like your hair smooth. Drop this from a left part—it falls about ear-high. Like it? Then have your own hair styled this way right now.



POP THIS ONE ON just for fun. It's a sort of misplaced bun that goes just right of centre. Maybe you like it, maybe you don't, but at least you have some idea of what to expect.



THINKING OF LETTING IT GROW? Here's instant length (right) with no long wait for hair to grow. A pair of wings sweep out right and left. Put them on, starting from each temple, and voila! Long hair!



TEENA BY Linda Terry



A GUY on Girltalk (again) exposes

GOING (double) DUTCH!

● When this column was a pup (no jokes, please, about barking up the wrong tree and being unable to teach an old dog new tricks!) I did a piece on Girltalk.

BRIEFLY, I noted that girlish gabble was a secret female language full of double-meanings.

Remember it? of cou—. Oh, well. Anyway, I've recently come across a new twist to Girltalk.

This time it's not the double-meanings that get me but the (to a bloke) NO-meanings! I'm referring to the crazy vagueness of conversation that's in vogue with girls.

Here's a typical miss-understanding

Out of the blue, as I was getting into the red on a date, my Girl Friday (payday is the only night I can afford to go out) said: "Remember the night we were at the Hurryville?"

"Which night?" I asked (for, I suppose, we've been dancing at the Hurryville more times than Johnny O'Keefe has shouted).

"Why," she said, rather petulantly, "The time we met the couple."

"What couple?"

To cut a long story slightly shorter,

it went on until I didn't know if the mysterious couple was Arthur or Martha — or whether I was!

However, the really amazing (frightening, too, in a way) thing about all this vagueness is that other

As others see us

TO me, Robin, your column is a lesson on "ourselves as others see us." How often, through carelessness, we neglect some little thing without realising how noticeable it is to others. It does us all good to have a timely reminder. Too many teenagers take your remarks as a personal criticism. Isn't their hostility a sign of guilt? Keep up the good work! —Heather Pattinson, Eleden, Vic.

girls get the apparently meaningless message!

Any bloke, if he thinks, will recall having overheard one girl say to another: "I went out with him last night." No hint of a name, mind you.

But the second girl will know exactly which of the 50 possible boys it is because she'll retort: "Oh, well, he's not as bad as him."

"Or HIM," will add the first lass. Him, him, HIM — hmmm!

I saw another example of this (secret) sign of the times in operation the other day in the office.

One girl said to a cute colleague: "I'll put them somewhere."

"No," said her mate. "Put them with the others."

All I can say is that I hope no one asks ME to dig them (I still don't know what they are) out of their resting place (which I don't know, either)!

Of course, often no words at all are really necessary for girlish communication. All boys have seen a nudge or a glance — sometimes not even that much — send girls off into a mutual giggle or grouch.

What can a boy do about this nerve-racking yakking?

Well, the other day — being the optimist that I am — I figured out a sure way to score off the tight-lipstickers. I took the old advice, "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em."

So when I went into the office after lunch and my cell-mate (I call her that because there are no holds barred between us!) said: "That man called again." I didn't ask, "What man?" I simply said, casually: "What did you say?"

But you can't win. She replied: "Oh, I said that you'd call him back!"

Well, there you are. Some poor bloke, one of Australia's five million-odd males, is doing a dogwatch beside his blower waiting for me to call him!

The only consolation is that maybe his secretary — female — put in his call to me.

In that case, knowing how vague dames can be, it's a safe bet that HE doesn't know who the heck I am!

—Robin Adair



other people's jobs . . .

John Roberts — apprentice riding master... a New Australian and a new Telegraph reader

The moment we met John Roberts we knew we had found a most unusual — and very lucky — young man. He's only been in Australia two weeks and already has a job to make most of us green with envy. You see, seventeen-year-old John is an apprentice riding master at the "Boots and Saddle" riding school, Warriewood.

"I came out with the Big Brother movement," John told us. "Sheet-metal working — that's what I did in England — never appealed to me. I used to dream of the wide open spaces and sunshine of Australia. But I never dreamed of a job like this. I'm learning everything about care and grooming of horses."

"And he's becoming a pretty good rider too," the owner of the "Boots and Saddle" told us. "He's got a real feeling for horses."

We asked John if he felt cut off from his old home.

"Oh no," he said. "I read the Daily Telegraph every morning. With all its news and interesting stories. I can keep up with things as well as I ever could in England. And it's teaching me a lot about Australia. There's always something interesting in the Telegraph — somehow it makes the news seem exciting."

PEOPLE AT THE TOP TOMORROW

READ THE TELEGRAPH TODAY!

Daily Telegraph



**NATALIE WOOD,
ROBERT WAGNER**



Seaton's 21st birthday portrait.

PRINCESS



1959.—A Tony Armstrong-Jones picture.

ROYAL BRIDE



● Princess Margaret, like most English women, and especially members of the Royal family, obviously enjoys and looks her most glamorous wearing formal evening fashions. Her choice, as shown here, has, from her early twenties, leaned towards pastel colors, handsome embroidery, and long, full-skirted elegance. Because she is so slender, Margaret has the great fashion advantage of looking taller than she is. This is particularly noticeable on State occasions.



1960.—The couple's first public appearance.


Prestige



BETTY
PATERSON

"Is 'at you mummy?"

Prestige

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 4, 1960



From moated Birr Castle in Ireland, home of his mother, the Countess of Rosse . . .

ROYAL BRIDE

Met in London

— continued

Princess Margaret and her fiance were introduced by "Old Faithful" two years ago at a Hallow-e'en Ball at the Dorchester Hotel. There was nothing remarkable about it.

Tony Armstrong-Jones' parents were both well known socially. Neither his lawyer father, Ronald Armstrong-Jones, nor his mother, Countess of Rosse, was exactly poor.

It was from choice that Tony lived in the rather bohemian Pimlico. He had an entree to society—when he was in a mood to accept invitations.

Unlike many of Margaret's other men friends, he has no titles, no vast country estates, no real riches.

But the Royal family approves, so does all the world.

Tony is talented, hard-working, and ingenious—when he couldn't buy a pair of pink jeans he made them.

He and the Princess share interests in almost everything.

— To page 45

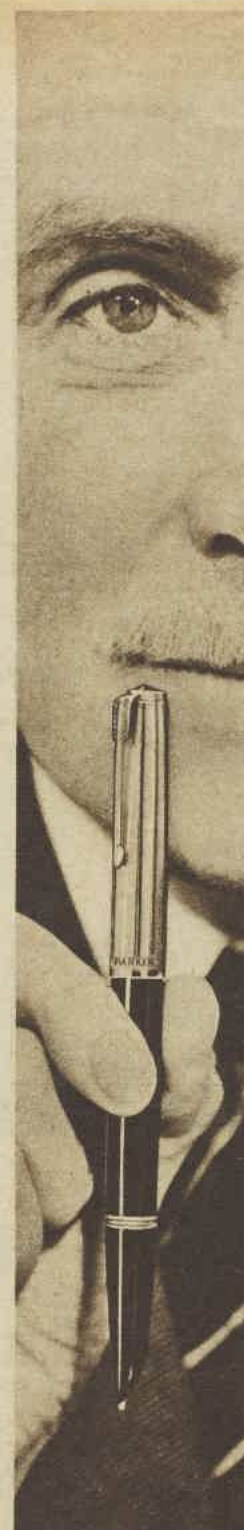


. . . to a comfortable flat-cum-photographer's workshop in Pimlico . . .

. . . and now the life of Royalty and Buckingham Palace protocol.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 4, 1960



I wrote

my first book with a Parker pen my father gave me.

My pen has always been a Parker since then. They seem to me more individual and I have a regard for a Company that can produce individual craftsmanship in this day and age.

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P33a

How to KEEP AWAY COLDS!

DOCTORS SAY . . .
"I have taken Anti-Bi-San myself at three monthly intervals for about one and a half years (and noticed the difference, when, once or twice, I lapsed) having previously tried everything to stave off bronchitic colds. I must say I have found it very good. Patients of mine have also benefited."
A.B., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.
"Anti-Bi-San is invaluable as far as I am concerned."
Mc.I.H., M.B., Ch.B.

* Copies of original letters lodged with the Publishers.

Protect your family from the miseries and dangers of winter colds. With ANTI-BI-SAN you can build up resistance against both the common cold and what your doctor calls "the secondary infections of the common cold". These are the germs which invade the body when its defences are already tied up dealing with the cold virus itself. They are the main cause of the miseries of a cold and it is they that make it grow to such unpleasant proportions—thoroughly disorganizing health and making life a burden. ANTI-BI-SAN protects you against all this misery by backing up your body's own resistance to all kinds of cold germs. Win protection against the common cold in the simple, ANTI-BI-SAN way. Seven Tablets taken over three days will give you three months' protection. There is a special "3-tablets-only" treatment to protect your children.

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dishes every 3 weeks — and ONE
can of Lux Liquid will do the lot!*



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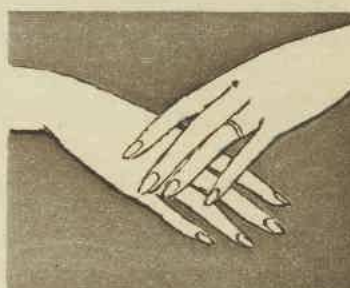
No need to rinse or wipe, dishes drain-dry sparkling!



Pour one little cap full of Lux Liquid — a cap full does a whole dishpan full. Feel how soft Lux Liquid makes the water. Look what oodles of silky suds! You can tell at once Lux Liquid is milder, gentler for hands.



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Lux Liquid—the miracle liquid for dishes



UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED BY LEVER BROTHERS

The world waits for the wedding



Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, will marry them.

ROYAL BRIDE



London will be highly decorated for the Westminster Abbey wedding.

— continued

Now the world is waiting for their final wedding plans — especially for details of the bride's dress.

"You can't have someone of my size heaving a great bunch of flowers around. It looks all wrong," the Princess has said.

But her dress — as was her romance — is a closely guarded secret.

The couple will be married at 11.30 a.m., May 6, at Westminster Abbey.

There will be eight little bridesmaids, including Princess Anne and Catherine Vesey, six-year-old niece of the bridegroom.

The Duke of Edinburgh will give the bride away.

Margaret will go to her wedding in the glittering Glass Coach that took the Queen to hers. Television cameras will show her wedding all over the world.

Theirs will be one of the world's most expensive honeymoons — aboard the £2,000,000 yacht Britannia.

Their town house is expected to be a 30-to-40-room apartment in Kensington Palace, and their country home, Frogmore House or Buckhurst Park, both near Windsor Castle.

Margaret's State allowance of £6000 a year, which she has received since she was 21, will be raised to £15,000. But the Princess has a private fortune, thought to be about £100,000, mainly from legacies.

The Queen has announced that Princess Margaret will have no official engagements for "some time" after the wedding.

But after that . . . will Margaret come with her husband on the long-hoped-for visit to Australia?

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as they were, lectured them on crossing roads and speaking to strangers.

Now she never fussed. Once he had refused to wear gum-boots, even though it was raining. She had been silent for a long time and then sighed and said:

"All right, Kev, let it go."

Look at her this morning, he told himself, smiling and nodding when I almost committed suicide. Most mothers would have screamed, or at least got mad. Not her, though. She doesn't care. Because Tony's gone, she doesn't care.

When the school stop loomed ahead he went to the front of the bus, descending the steps with exaggerated care and maddening slowness, so that his schoolmates grinned appreciatively and the driver muttered darkly about the future of this younger generation.

When the summons came from the headmaster's office during the afternoon, Kevin remembered the day two years before when another headmaster had summoned him to another office and then sent him home.

He had arrived to find his home full of neighbors and relatives and two large policemen. In all the murmured sympathy and confusion of people wanting to help when there was no real way of helping only his mother had been quiet.

KEVIN had cried, even his father had cried, but somehow their tears were an affront beside his mother's white-faced silence.

He knocked on the door of the office and went in.

The headmaster was a short bulky man with a benign expression, miraculously unscathed by years of dealing with the vagaries of thousands of male adolescents.

He nodded at Kevin, his glance deceptively casual. The general consensus of opinion in the playground was that old Hammers observed more with his eyes closed than most men with their eyes open—and wearing glasses. It was common knowledge that he possessed an in-built radar which pinpointed evil-doers, shirkers, and trouble-makers almost before they got into action.

Kevin thought of the episode on the bus that morning, and dreaded that the driver had made good his threat.

"I see you've rejected an invitation to join the debating team, Hadley. Why?"

Kevin stared at him, weak with relief.

"I haven't time, sir. It takes up two afternoons a week, you know."

"Only after school," Hammers said mildly. "Have you got a job, Hadley?"

"No, sir. I always study after school until dinnertime."

The Head was silent for a moment. When he spoke again his voice was still mild.

"You're the youngest boy ever to be invited to join. Quite an honor, Hadley. I just thought I'd mention it."

Kevin was silent.

"Your class master tells me you express yourself well. I should have thought the debating team would have been a great attraction for you."

"I can't afford the time, sir," Kevin repeated stubbornly.

"What do you hope to do with yourself when you finish school, Hadley?"

"I'm going to read law, sir, and when I've qualified I most likely will be called to the Bar."

"Yes, most likely," said the Head.

He looked at Hadley for a long time, his thoughts turning to the other Hadley, whose picture, along with fellow

members of the school's grade cricket team, adorned his office wall.

The other Hadley had been brilliant, too, but had participated fully in extra-curricular activities. The Head almost mentioned this, and then decided against it, but Kevin had seen the quick glance at the team picture on the wall.

"He was my brother, sir."

"Yes, I know. It seems brilliant runs in the family. Your averages are as good as Tony's."

"I know, sir."

"Is that why you can't afford two afternoons a week?"

There was silence.

The Head watched the young face in front of him, with the adult determination on it. He thought: Heaven help the defence witnesses if young Hadley is ever prosecuting counsel.

"Yes, sir," Kevin said at last. "You see, I'm not naturally brilliant like Tony. I have to work at it."

The Head had been Head for a long time. He had reasoned with bad boys, encouraged backward boys, and helped unhappy ones. He had punished and rewarded, and sometimes against his better judgment, forgiven. Now he was shocked at the adult determination on the face of young Hadley, who was not naturally brilliant, but who exceeded his capabilities in order to reach the goal set by his dead brother.

"Tell me," the Head said carefully, "is this something you have decided to do yourself, or do you feel it incumbent upon you to make up for the loss of Tony?"

Kevin hesitated. It was strange to be standing in the Head's office in the middle of the afternoon talking in this disconcertingly conversational way. He felt both tongue-tied and talkative. The urge to pour out the truth to this symbol of authority was suddenly almost overwhelming.

"I feel my parents will be pleased with me, sir. It helps to make up for—for Tony."

"Ah."

The Head sat back in his chair. Heaven help the young, he thought, not impudently. It is indeed a terrible thing to be young. The joys are twice as joyful, but the hurts are almost unbearable. He leaned over his desk and Kevin took a step back. They said in the playground that when old Hammers "got stuck into you" it took weeks to recover. Now he believed it.

"Hadley," said the Head, in his mild voice, "I could tell you that your brother was not as good as he has been made out to be. It would make you feel better. But it would be a lie, and this is one time when a lie as a means does not justify the end. Tony was every bit as good as people say. He was brilliant at work and at sport. He was lovable and loving—a son and a brother of whom to be proud."

"When he died so uselessly I sorrowed for your parents and you because of your loss and for myself as Head, because of the school's loss."

He will never forgive me for this, thought the Head, watching young Hadley's set face. Someday perhaps, when he has boys of his own, he may understand, but then it will be too late for me to know.

"You can measure up to your brother, Hadley, only by exceeding your capabilities—perhaps with dire results to yourself. You have talents. Foster them. Each man is different from his brother. Learn to know this, for we all have to live within our limitations."

"You cannot be Tony," said the Head, "because you are

Continuing . . . THE BROTHERS

[from page 27]

yourself. The fact that you passed into this school is sufficient honor in itself. Rejoin your class."

When Kevin reached the door, the Head spoke again.

"Hadley?"

"Yes, sir?"

"This is the first time in my long career that I have been called upon to tell a boy he is pushing himself too hard. I wish you to appear at the next meeting of the debating team. I shall pass in your acceptance of the invitation. We expect great things of you, Hadley, in the team."

He watched Hadley's face, seeing dawning gladness fighting with anger.

"Yes, sir," Hadley said and went out, closing the door behind him, as loudly as he dared.

As he swung off the bus that afternoon his mother was working in the garden. Still smarting with resentment he skirted the back of the bus and ran across the road, his head down.

● Pick flowers in the early morning or in the cool of the late afternoon, using sharp gardening shears. Always cut the stems at a slant to give them a greater water-absorbing area.

He did not see the car. He did not hear the shout of warning. He felt the breathtaking awareness of danger, and then the air was knocked from his lungs as the front mudguard caught him on the side. As he fell he heard his mother scream, and he knew he would remember always the horror in her voice.

When he woke there was warmth and dimness, and it was with relief that he saw he was in his own room. There was the sound and the atmosphere of people in the house and he knew things were different from other afternoons.

In the living-room down the hall he could hear his mother weeping hysterically and the futile murmur of voices as they tried to comfort her.

"I've tried," his mother was saying. "Haven't I tried? I haven't fussed. I haven't made his life a misery with petty restrictions. Have I?"

"Of course not. You've done marvellously well."

That was his father. Lying drowsily in the darkened room, Kevin frowned. His father sounded different. There was a cracked sound to his voice and Kevin knew this was how his father would sound in the years ahead. It was the voice of an old man.

"Getting on the bus this morning," his mother said, "he nearly fell. I saw him. He was showing off. But did I scream and run to him and say, 'Don't—not you, too. Not after Tony. You are all we have now.' Instead I smiled and nodded as he went past."

Kevin lay rigid under the covers, seeing his mother's hands gripping the gate that morning.

His mother said: "When Tony died you said to me, 'We must learn to go on. We must not burden Kevin with fuss and restrictions because of what happened to Tony. We must be fair.' Fair?"

There was the sound of footsteps beating a quick path up and down the living-room, and he knew his self-contained mother was acting as she had never acted before, not even when Tony died.

"If anything happens to Kevin," his mother said wonderingly, "I think I should die, too."

"Nothing is going to happen to Kevin."

That was their doctor. Kevin could hear the click as he snapped the locks on his bag.

"He has a slight concussion and a string of bruises on his left side. Anyone with a head as hard as your son's is good for a few more years. If he were mine I'd give him a good wallop with the back of a hairbrush. What got into him running across the road like that?"

"I don't know," his mother said distractedly. "I like to think it was because he was glad to be home."

There was the sound of footsteps going towards the door. When he spoke again their doctor had forsaken his professional manner. He said conversationally, "I would fuss a bit more if I were you. It will make you feel better and I don't think it will hurt your son. Kids expect parents to fuss. It's the penalty of love."

He waited until his father and the doctor had walked to the gate before he called his mother. He heard her running along the hall and then she was beside him.

"I've been invited to join the debating team," he told her. "I'm the youngest boy ever to be invited."

"That's wonderful."

"I'm sorry about the accident, I didn't look."

"You must always look. Promise me." She was smoothing the sheets and tucking in the blankets.

"I promise. How long will I be off school?"

"Maybe a week."

He was silent. He could not afford a week from school, but it no longer mattered.

"Do you want anything?"

she asked anxiously. "A drink?"

He shook his head slightly. It was pleasant to be fussed over. It was the privilege and the punishment of being a loved son.

He put up his hand and held hers.

"I'm sorry about showing off this morning."

There was a sudden stillness in her. "Don't ever do it again," she said, both pleading and threatening. "You are all we have now."

"I won't," he promised, hearing the Head's voice saying: You cannot be Tony, because you are yourself. Each man is different from his brother.

HE understood, years ahead of time, what the Head had been trying to communicate. The understanding bred in him comprehension of the terrible restraint exercised by his mother for the past two years.

She sat beside him and stroked his hair, the way she used to when he was little.

"The Head says he expects great things of me in the debating team. Are you proud?"

"Of course," she murmured, and he knew she was not really thinking of him as someone of whom to be proud. To her he was simply Kevin, and because of that she would always be proud. At last he was himself again.

It was unlikely that he would top the year, but he had won for himself the honor of being the youngest boy ever to join the debating team. The honor was all his own, and because of that the enemy within himself was an enemy no longer.

When she finally left, thinking him asleep, he turned his head into the pillow and cried for his brother, Tony, who was his friend.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 4, 1960

Show that you love her with a gorgeous Jeldi gown

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On Mother's Day give the gift that will set her all aglow—a cuddly soft Jeldi gown in her favourite jewel colour. Jeldi Chenille is cosy as wool, yet it washes perfectly, won't shrink, crease or crush. Here are but five elegant gowns from the glamorous Jeldi range. And, joy, you can gift-buy one from a little 59/11.

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"My bird's-nester special!" Drummond touched the dull aluminium appreciatively. "This thing'll support five hundred pounds extended to twenty feet," he assured Fraser. "Made to my specifications in Belgium. For robbing eagles' nests," he grinned.

"The windows are belled," Fraser said slowly. "Didn't you read that paper I gave Kline?" "I did. The top windows aren't belled. We'll go in through the churchyard." He checked his watch.

"Kline stays here till you come back with the swag. Once we're out of the house, you'll drive my car here while I get rid of the Sunbeam."

Kline carried the case to the door. Big and benign, he shook hands with each in turn. "Good luck, Mark. Kit, there's a bed for you here later."

He handed the case to Drummond. "Go out by the side door. None of the night staff moves from the lobby after midnight. I'll go down later and make sure the door's still open."

THEY hurried down the stone steps and out through the service exit. A black sedan stood in front of the garages. "That's it," said Drummond.

Fraser unlocked the Sunbeam. Easing himself behind the wheel, he adjusted the driving seat. A second bag was already in the back of the car. Drummond propped the fibre-glass case between front and rear seats. As Fraser put the key in the ignition lock, Drummond caught him by the wrist.

"Hold it!" he said. His tone had none of its usual irony—he sounded strangely diffident. "There's something I've got to say before we go. I've told you you'll never hear of me after tomorrow. Have you understood I mean it?"

Fraser lit a cigarette. In this one thing, he had always believed Drummond. "I've had no choice," he said, quietly. "But I believe you."

"Good," Drummond sounded pleased. "I can be sure of myself, but not of Kline—do you understand that as well?"

Fraser had the same sense of shock as though a friend had betrayed him. "I see. For all you know I can have Kline on my back for the rest of my life. Is that it?" He laughed shortly. "You've certainly chosen a great time to tell me."

"That isn't it," said Drummond. "Then what?"

The old humorless smile was back. "I put that wire recording in the post with the set, this afternoon. You should get it at Two Bridges tomorrow. When Kline's done his share in all this, we'll let him know."

"You won't have any trouble once he knows you've got that recording," he promised. "Start her up! I've had everything checked."

Fraser touched the button. The motor idled without a tremor. Drummond reached behind, his hand on the rawhide case.

"There's a change of shoes and clothing here for both of us. Once we leave the Garrett house, we get rid of every stitch we're wearing now. I don't intend to leave the slightest chance for the boys at the Forensic Laboratory to get busy with their chemistry sets."

Fraser put the car up the slope. At the Sloane Street signals, Fraser took his place in the north-bound traffic. They drove into the park and out at Stanhope Gate.

Park Lane was thick with the theatre rush. Fraser took a

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Continuing . . . DANGEROUS SILENCE

from page 21

look at the forecourt of the Westminster. Cars packed the space in front of the fountain.

"Over there in Stanhope Place!" pointed Drummond.

Cutting across, Fraser manoeuvred into a slot facing the park. Drummond swivelled the driving mirror, brushed a hair from his overcoat. "What about your wife—are you going to phone now?" he asked casually.

The man's self-control was fantastic. "Yes," said Fraser.

"Then let me go in first," decided Drummond.

"I shouldn't be long. If you happen to spot Mrs. Garrett's car, try to get a look inside. There's a slight chance she might have left the dog there."

Fraser watched Drummond's elegant back move across the street. Answering the doorman's salute with a nod, Drummond vanished through the doors.

Fraser waited five minutes, then followed. The Bentley was not among the cars parked in the forecourt. He walked to the telephone alcove. A hard-faced man in uniform sat at the switchboard. Fraser dropped a pound note on the switchboard.

"When you get this number," he said softly, "I want you to say this is the Landers Clinic."

The man looked at the note suspiciously, then folded it into a neat square. "Say it's where?" he asked.

"The Landers Clinic!" Fraser spelled it out. "I'm calling my wife." He looked a little shame-faced. "I'm dining with an old friend. My wife thinks I'm in the Clinic."

"Ah!" the man's voice rose. "I'm very sorry but I couldn't do nothing like that, sir!" He put the money in his pocket.

"Two Bridges, twenty-six?" he asked into the microphone. "This is the Landers Clinic, ma'am. I have a call for you." He motioned Fraser to a booth.

"I've had the shot, Barb," said Fraser.

Her voice was faint. "I can hardly hear you, darling."

"I've had the shot," he said louder. "I feel great but tired. Listen—Landers is satisfied—I don't have to go back after tomorrow."

She sighed in relief. "I'm so glad you called, darling. I've been waiting to hear from you. Now I think I'll go over to the Gilmours' for an hour."

He checked his watch. It was eight-fifteen. "I'll have to go, honey," he said suddenly.

"They've got my bed ready. I'll be back some time in the morning. Good night. I love you." He waited for her whispered answer, then hung up.

He crossed the crowded lobby and, using the exit by the bar, walked slowly north. He stopped, recognising Mrs. Garrett's chauffeur. The man was chatting with a group.

Fraser cut in front of the Bentley, looking into the interior. The car was empty. He waited in the Sunbeam. It was a quarter-hour before Drummond came through the swing doors. He hurried round the corner.

Drummond's voice was strained. "She's there all right. But she's wearing the best part of twenty thousand pounds. That means we're going to have to wait up for her."

Fraser shifted gloved fingers on the wheel. "How do you mean, wait up for her?"

Drummond shrugged. "We're not going to leave twenty thousand pounds behind. We'll have to wait till she goes to sleep. Get it then."

He started peeling off his gloves. He shook his head as Drummond started to say something. "I can't do it, I tell you!" He spoke desperately. "It's been too long—I haven't got the nerve any more."

Drummond's head moved in understanding. "Listen," he said quietly. "When we've got what's there, I'll jam the lock. She'll be able to put her key

in—but not to turn it. Try to use your imagination constructively for once," he urged.

"She comes home. Up to that point there's nothing to disturb her. She puts her key in the safe—it won't turn. She thinks she's jammed it. That leaves only one place for her to put the stuff she's wearing. On the dressing-table. You don't even have to go in her room. I'll get it."

Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 77. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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Postage 4/6 extra.

Under the spell of Drummond's certainty, Fraser pulled his gloves on again. "Okay. Where do we go now?"

"The side entrance of the R.N.V.R. Club," said Drummond.

"See the churchyard wall?" Fraser nodded.

"First thing we've got to do is get the tools into the churchyard. Drive over by the wall and open up the hood. Make it look as though you're searching for a loose connection."

Fraser sent the car slowly forward until they flanked the churchyard wall. Drummond signalled a stop. Fraser switched off the motor, got out and put up the hood. As he leaned over the cylinder block he heard people passing on both sides of the street.

Drummond was out and walking around to the other side of the car. He opened the

door and pulled out the fibre-glass case. A post office van rounded the corner from South Street swinging wide to avoid the parked Sunbeam. As it passed, Drummond heaved the case over the wall two-handed. There was a thud, then the crash of breaking glass.

"Let's drive back to the club," Drummond said quietly. In the lee of the club offices, Fraser stopped the car.

"It sounded as if you hit a glass factory back there!" Drummond shrugged. "That's

wall and a dozen yards separated them from the backs of the South Street houses. In the church, the organist crashed to a loud finale.

"Five minutes," whispered Drummond. "Everyone will be gone by then." He nodded at the stained windows. "We may have to use the church door to the street. They always leave one window opened in the vestry."

The church lights dimmed one after another. A door banged. Drummond dragged the case to a stone slab and opened it. He looked up, handing Fraser goggles, a pistol.

"For heaven's sake, remember, there's a safety catch."

He pulled on his own goggles, light catching the amber glass. "You don't pull the trigger unless I say so. Is that understood?"

Fraser nodded. He rammed the weapon as far as it would go in his pocket. Drummond already had the ladder extended the length of three rungs.

He signalled up and followed, hauling the ladder after him. No garden faced them. There was nothing between the wall and the backs of the houses but a narrow strip covered with dying nettles. The only access to this no-man's-land was over the wall or through a window. Drummond counted the houses, waved a hand to the third to their right.

They kicked through the nettles, dragging the ladder. Curtains were drawn across the ground floor windows. Bars spanned the frames. Drummond inched nearer the curtains, his back flat against the wall. Holding the position, he craned towards the window.

He came back to Fraser. "They're eating," he whispered. "They've got the television going. The dog's sitting on the cook's lap."

Overhead, the windows to the servants' bedrooms seemed a hundred yards away. One at each end, they pulled the ladder to its limit. Drummond handled the light frame with ease, walking it to the wall and placing it carefully. The top rung was parallel with the bottom of the window. "I'd better go first," Drummond whispered.

Fraser leaned his weight on the ladder as Drummond went up, testing each rung carefully. High above, Drummond looked down. He waved and suddenly he was gone through the open window. After a second his head showed. He beckoned.

Fraser started up the swaying ladder. Every window he passed was a threat, till Drummond hauled him across the sill at the top.

They stood, immobile, listening. Then Drummond crossed the room and opened the door slowly. At the left was the staircase. The light from the hall filtered up, shedding some of its strength at each landing. Drummond first, they moved down the carpeted stairs, treading close to the wall.

Everything on the second floor was white. The walls and the three doors. One room, the width of the house, overlooked the street.

"That's hers!" mouthed Drummond. He opened the other two doors. "Both these must be guest rooms," Drummond said softly. His pencil flash picked out the empty dressing-table, the unused beds. He opened an inner door to a connecting bathroom.

"Couldn't be better," he whispered. "We've got the run of three rooms."

They padded across the landing. Drummond put his ear to the door of the master bedroom. Turning the handle he stepped back quickly. Satisfied, he waved Fraser in behind him. "Lock it!" he said. The thin beam held the door as Fraser turned the key. "Window!" said Drummond.

Fraser stood by the heavy damask draperies. Behind him,

the slender shaft of light flickered across the walls, the furnishings. Suddenly he heard Drummond's breath go—and the flat sound of metal on metal. A car's headlights gave the room brilliance. Drummond was standing in front of an open wall-safe. Fraser forced his eyes back to the street, watching each pedestrian pass the portico beneath.

A door banged in the basement. He kept his eyes on the gate atop the basement steps. A woman with a scarf climbed to the street. Beside her, the dachshund yapped excitedly.

Drummond turned. He was holding the leather key bag. Mouth slightly open, he raised his head in question. Fraser motioned safety.

Drummond was pushing something into the keyhole of the safe. He snapped the flash off. Fraser heard the door being unlocked. Then Drummond beckoned. They ran up the stairs.

In the servant's room, Drummond sat on a bed and pushed back his mask. "I've got the lot, Kit," he said softly. "Everything except what she's wearing." He dropped the leather bag in an inside pocket. "This ladder's got to be shifted before the maids come up," he whispered.

He stood at the window, looking at the quiet churchyard. "We'll collapse it and leave the case in the church." He walked back to the bed and straightened the covers carefully. "Who went out?"

"One of the maids with the dog," Fraser answered. He tried to hide his relief. "I think you're dead right not to wait. I never wanted a penny from this deal, Drummond. My share'll make up for whatever you're losing."

Drummond came over to stand close to Fraser. "I promised you two things," he said quietly. "Nobody's going to bother you and you get an equal share. What to do with it afterwards is your business."

Fraser moved hesitantly to the window. Drummond's voice stopped him. "You're not going down that ladder, Kit. Only me." He took off his goggles. "Hold these for me and wait in Mrs. Garrett's room till I'm back."

The street door slammed. Both men tiptoed to the landing. The maid was kneeling in the hall, unfastening the dog's collar. Drummond led the way back.

"There's only one lock being used: the Ingersoll. It'll be like that till she gets back." He grabbed Fraser by the shoulders. "I'll be fifteen minutes at the most. Don't move from her window. When you see me turn the corner into South Street, get down and unlock that door."

MARK went through the window backwards, legs dangling till his feet found the ladder rungs. "Fifteen minutes," he repeated.

Fraser watched as Drummond pulled away the ladder and collapsed it. He ran swiftly over the flagged paths, turning to wave from the shadow of the elm. Then he was gone.

Fraser crept out to the landing. The old fear was back with renewed intensity. This had the smell of a trap. Drummond with the bulk of the loot—for all he knew, the lot! Suppose Drummond didn't intend to come back!

Dry-lipped, he picked his way downstairs. Kline was capable of pulling a thing like that but not Drummond. Fifteen minutes, Drummond had promised. Okay, he'd wait thirty. A half-hour was fair—if Drummond hadn't shown by then . . . Down on the second floor, the noise of the television set was louder.

He opened Mrs. Garrett's

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Australia's First "Fashion-Collection" of Hosiery!

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TO PLEASE THE HEART OF EVERYONE ...

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 4, 1960



HOLEPROOF

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Isn't
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Ovaltine provides the best in vitamins and food nourishment so vital to your family's health

There is nothing more important to a mother than the health of her family. In providing for their well-being, she does everything in her power to give them nourishing food, but there is always the doubt in her mind that they may not be getting their full requirements of nourishment and vitamins.

To minimise the risk of nourishment deficiency, the wise mother gives her family Ovaltine every day. Experience has proved to her the wonderful benefits that Ovaltine gives her family. She knows that the nourishing goodness of malt, milk, eggs, essential vitamins and minerals in Ovaltine builds up and maintains abounding good health; and its rich, satisfying flavour delights the entire family.

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the food you drink for health and strength
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AW 160

Continuing . . . DANGEROUS SILENCE

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bedroom and locked the door behind him. Then stood stock-still. Someone had turned on a heater — the bed had been folded down. Shocked, he took his place by the window. If anyone came to the door, it would take only seconds to release the catch. The drop to the street was nothing. Ten feet only to the top step. On each side of the window frame was a small metal box bearing the word "Tectathief."

He looked for the switch that controlled the beam, groping desperately behind curtains, under the dressing-table. It was probably downstairs. One of the maids had the job of setting and releasing it. The moment he went through that window, Savile Row Police Station would erupt.

He checked his watch. Already twelve minutes had gone.

As he looked up, Drummond came round the corner. No one followed him.

Fraser unlocked the door to the landing. The baize door below seemed greener, bigger. He took the twelve stairs quickly. Unable to prevent himself, he crossed the hall and listened at the green baize. Then hurrying to the street door he pulled the catch. Drummond slipped in quickly. "Up!" he mouthed. They hurried up to the guest room.

THEY sat whispering in the darkness. "We ought to be able to see the hall from here," said Drummond suddenly. "Just the top of the stairs, no more." His hand tapped Fraser's pockets. "Where's your pistol?"

Fraser dug deep. "Here," he said.

"If anyone tries this door I'll open it. As soon as I do, pull your trigger," Drummond said evenly. "We go out the front way in a hurry."

They waited in silence. Drummond flitting from door to bed to window and back. Footsteps sounded outside. Someone opened the door to Mrs. Garrett's room. After a moment it was shut again. Footsteps started to climb the staircase.

"Two of 'em, Kit," Drummond's hand found Fraser's shoulder. "The fat cook and somebody else." He shone the tiny flash on his watch. "Eighteen minutes past eleven. The dog's down there with the maid who's left."

They sat till midnight sounded from a half-dozen churches. Suddenly the dog started barking. Drummond opened the door slightly. Voices sounded in the hall. A man's voice, quiet, respectful. Then Mrs. Garrett, making no concession to the hour. "Down, Andy — down! Has he been out?" The reply was lost.

"Take him as far as the garage," said Mrs. Garrett. "It'll be a run for him." The man answered her. As she started to cross the hall Drummond quietly closed the door. Her voice was muffled but still plain. "He'd better sleep downstairs tonight, Abbott. And don't disturb me in the morning. I'll ring for breakfast."

Mrs. Garrett was at her bedroom door. They heard the maid go in after her — water was running in Mrs. Garrett's bathroom. As the maid left the room the key turned.

Drummond waited five minutes before peering out at the landing. The lights were still

Enjoy Ovaltine's goodness at all meal times



BREAKFAST



LUNCH



AFTER SCHOOL



BEDTIME

Mothers can help their sons develop a manly yet chivalrous attitude to girls, and so destroy

THE WOLF MYTH

BY A PSYCHOLOGIST

● Modern life encourages boys to pretend they are "wolves", and crush their natural tender protectiveness towards girls. Mothers can help to correct this.

AS a boy grows up, he unconsciously acquires an idea of what is expected of him as a member of the male sex.

If the idea is founded in the real truth of what a man is, it will be a beacon for him by which to steer his life and, particularly, his relationships with the other sex.

The role of the mother in giving her son a true perspective of his manliness is of immense importance.

But today society is doing its best — or its worst — to mislead young men by suggest-

ing that it is a mark of true manliness to be sexually rapacious and, therefore, sexually irresponsible.

Such rubbishy phrases as "Men only want one thing!" are far too common — and are not true.

Even books purporting to guide the young in their sexual lives time and again make the same mistake, referring to masculinity as "ungovernable," and suggesting that any male over the age of sixteen will invariably behave with greedy selfishness.

This is dangerous nonsense. Certainly a man's sexual

desire is, and should be, strong. But to want to protect and cherish a woman is an equally strong impulse.

To put all the emphasis on the first impulse at the expense of the second is to present boys with a quite wrong idea by which to judge their virility.

This myth that all men are wolves can be seen in young males to an alarming extent.

Empty boasts

A friend of mine, somewhat aghast at the tales going around among a group of youths for whom he was partly responsible, gradually

probed what lay behind their sophisticated bravado.

He found that instead of the young men being the experienced Don Juans their conversation suggested they had had almost no experience with girls at all!

What is disturbing is that these young men found it so necessary to brag.

Yet none were boasting of their happy relationships with girls, or of occasions when they had helped or comforted a girl.

They simply wanted to appear successful seducers.

This is not natural to the male.

Indeed, I have met young men who are acutely unhappy because they find that their tender emotions towards girls prevent them from playing the part that their boastful friends appear to be playing.

Far more boys feel tender and protective towards girls than like to admit it.

The sad thing is that these feelings are often deliberately suppressed as unmanly by the boys who have them.

The wolf myth is so dominant that Sir Galahad seems "square."

How should a mother act to put this distortion right?

Certainly not by denying the power of the sexual impulse or ignoring its existence in her son.

The mother who succeeds in unsexing her son by possessiveness — "I am glad to say my boy is not interested in girls" — or the one who makes her son ashamed of his urgent sexuality, is doing more harm than the one who, by default, leaves her son to the myth.

A mother should welcome her son's interest in girls when it comes along, acting as his ally and being careful not to criticise his choice, however strange it is, until he develops judgment.

Nor should she tease.

Teasing can sour the first enthralling experience of a boy's sense of involvement with a girl.

By being welcoming in her attitude to his first loves, a mother will win her son's confidence and place herself in a relationship with him through which he can learn from her guidance.

This should be gently and sensitively directed to developing the boy's incipient tenderness and thoughtfulness towards not only the girl of his choice but all women.

It may be galling to a mother if her son is impatient towards her sometimes in his

absorption with his first love affair.

But if he treats his girl thoughtfully, a mother should smile in her heart, because it proves she has succeeded.

True insight

Of course, a boy will put his foot in it sometimes in the obtuse masculine way, and will sometimes be in the depth of misery at his girl's reactions.

If the mother is neither solicitous nor interfering, the boy will almost certainly share his setback with her.

This is her chance to give him a little real insight into the needs of women, and add to his natural tenderness.

This is the way he learns to become a man until, after many romances, and no little heart-searching, he is ready for marriage.

What of the physical aspect of masculine sexuality? The structure of our society offers little help with this. Officially a young man is supposed to have no experience until marriage, which will inevitably be much later than the development of his full potency.

In fact, many young men do have their first experience of physical love before marriage, usually late in the teens. What proportion of young men this covers no one knows.

In this area of sexuality, therefore, the present state of affairs is unhelpful, unsatisfactory, and uncertain.

A mother can do little except show by her attitude that she is free from shame or disgust about sexual matters and takes it for granted that her son will be, too.



IS HE TRYING to play the wolf, because he thinks Sir Galahad is just a "square"?

A WORD TO PARENTS

REMEMBER, when you are complaining about your children, they are largely what you make them. If you do not feel competent to deal with certain situations, seek advice.

You can often see posture defects; you can often hear language defects; but psychological defects are much harder to realise, and you are dealing with very sensitive material.

For instance: Stuttering is caused by a nervous shock or disorder, and the cause should be found, treated without comment or punishment. — E. LAKEMAN, supervisor of nursery schools for the Sydney-Day Nursery Schools' Association.

By request **CONTINENTAL** NOW MAKES FRENCH ONION SOUP



You'll love it as a soup

It was possibly centuries ago when some unknown, bonny French farmer's wife first got her inspired idea! Suddenly demanding the very best onions from her husband's barn, she peeled them, simmered them — added a sprig of this and a leaf of that, a pinch or two of pepper and spice — and voila! created the very first onion soup! It was too good a secret to keep. So now, this same onion soup

... thinnish, light, delicate and spicy ... is listed on the menus of celebrated restaurants throughout the world. And now Continental brand makes it available to you — French Onion Soup. Rich in onion, rich in colour (a shimmering dark onion brown) — Continental French Onion Soup will delight your whole family. It's light — spicy — magnifique! You'll try it soon? Ah — *bon!*

You'll love it as a dip

Here's the big surprise! With a packet of Continental brand French Onion Soup you can make the savoury Onion Dip that's all the rage in America. In fact, Onion Dip soon became as popular as the soup itself, when it was first introduced! Within hours of the recipe being read

on a national TV programme, shops all over America sold out of just about every pack of Onion Soup. When you buy Continental brand Onion Soup buy two packets, and try this exciting Onion Dip at your next party. The Dip recipe shown here is on every packet.



The recipe for a party dip is featured on the back of the packet. To serve a smaller group (6-8 people), cream one 4 oz. packet of Philadelphia Cream Cheese with 3 tablespoons warm water; sprinkle 1/3 packet Continental French Onion Soup into cream cheese and stir till evenly combined. Serve with crackers, potato crisps, etc. To measure the Onion Soup, empty contents of packet into an 8 oz. cup and stir well. Use one third of the mix for the dip as directed above and use remainder with one pint of cold water to make up soup.



Six miles of ironing —and a 5000-mile hike

● Did you know that a housewife's innumerable trips to the sink, kitchen table, and pantry add up to nearly 5000 miles' walking in a year? That her hands travel six miles over the ironing-board in an average weekly session?

THESE figures sound high, but are the findings of a careful survey.

As a result, experts on human wear and tear are now advising women to use their heads in the matter of housework, and save their hands and feet.

In the recent survey, pedometers were attached to 200 housewives to measure accurately the distance they walked in jobs about their houses.

It was found that in one day's walking to the sink, and between the table and pantry alone, 13 miles (or 23,000 steps) were covered.

This totals 4745 miles a year, or 8,395,000 steps, and excludes shopping, taking a child to school, and cleaning the rest of the house.

The six miles a woman's

hands travel over the ironing-board in an average session excludes all the effort her hands make in washing, rinsing, and hanging clothes.

Other statistics are interesting, too.

A recent study noted that the time women spend to establish and maintain the home has changed little in the past thirty years, in spite of a big increase in the purchase of labor-saving equipment, and decreases in the size of households and houses.

In certain households, it was found that, between 1936-1956, the amount of household equipment increased fivefold, but the time used for home-making activities fell only by about half an hour a day.

Detailed studies showed that women with no outside jobs spend approximately 7½ hours a day for home activities.

But those who are wage-earners nevertheless spend about 34 hours a week on housekeeping.

And as every woman knows, a great deal of her time goes on things that aren't counted as work at all—being nice to the neighbors, doing a good turn here and there, pausing to chat to the children's young friends, and so on.

A bigger wash

One reason why a housewife still works long hours in spite of labor-saving aids is that standards are higher.

For instance, the quantity of clothes washed at home each week, on a per capita basis, is greater than it was 20 years ago.

The popularity of nylon stockings and underwear, drip-dry cottons, wools that wash well, and "easy-care" materials all contribute to a bigger, if easier, wash.

Also, there's more household linen washed weekly when there's a machine to do it.

Conclusions reached by the experts include:

● While labor-saving equipment is a boon to housewives, it's not a good idea to buy so much that the family breadwinner becomes seriously crippled with debt. The worry can do more harm than the equipment does good.

One authority points out that the average American woman can expect at least eight years' widowhood.

He says high-pressure salesmanship induces women to buy many things they don't really need, so that debt-harassed menfolk work at an ever-increasing and harmful pace.

● Women should use their heads to see that work done in a home fits in with a pattern of happy family life.

Some women, the experts say, become so obsessed with cleanliness and tidiness that the home is not a happy place.

● Also, housewives should know what things are important to family health, and what are not.

One woman, for instance, washed and polished the kitchen floor daily, but dried her dishes on an extremely grubby tea-towel.

● One expert rates the housewife's physical health as the best piece of household equipment. Another goes further, and says her head-work is even more important.

Both advise that she plan her day's work to cut out unnecessary walking to sink, refrigerator, and garbage tin.

They advise her to apply commonsense organisation to cut down time-wasters like too many trips to the shop, the clothesline, or laundry.

Wawn's Wonder Wool BREAKS UP CHEST COLDS

BRONCHITIS, 'FLU, LARYNGITIS, MUMPS

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Harsh soaps were never meant for baby's skin! He has so much washing, so many nappy changes, that kindness as well as common sense demands the gentle, soothing care of Cuticura Soap. It actually contains the famous Cuticura Ointment, mildly medicated to keep him cool and comfy 'amidships'. The Ointment itself quickly soothes nappy rash, and a dusting of Cuticura Talcum between baby and nappy does a lot for his comfort—and your pleasure!

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Show your appreciation on Mother's Day with a beautifully designed Bank of New South Wales Gift Cheque. This Gift Cheque combines an appropriate greetings card with a personal cheque.



Gift Cheques may be obtained at any branch, whether you have an account or not. The cost is only 1/3d. (including stamp duty) plus, of course, the amount of the cheque.



On Mother's Day, give a

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MOTORING

By BETTY McKAY

● Many motorists these days know next to nothing about their cars. They rely entirely on the garage man.

EVEN if they get a puncture they prefer to call for help.

Here are a few hints about flat tyres:

● BEFORE you get a "flat" know (a) where your tools are (b) how to use them (c) how to get out your spare.

Nothing is worse than getting all set to whip on the spare and find it with about 10lb. of air.

So keep your spare inflated to about 30lb.—a few pounds above your road tyres.

Right — now you're stuck on a back road with a flat.

● Get as far off the road as possible.

● Pull handbrake on and put car into first or reverse gear. This prevents it rolling off the jack. Some quality cars provide a chock — very useful on hills when there are no suitable rocks around. (Don't forget to move the chock or stone from wheel and road before driving off.)

● Having got out spare and tools, prise off hub cap with screwdriver and

loosen holding nuts with wheelbrace. (For centre-lock wire wheels, loosen the locking hub cap with copper hammer.)

● Now jack up car high enough to allow fully inflated spare to be put on easily.

● Remove loosened nuts, carefully ease off wheel, and replace with spare. Screw nuts on again, tightening them in turn diagonally so that the wheel aligns itself correctly on the studs. But do not tighten finally yet.

● Lower car to ground, tighten nuts, replace hub cap and check tyre pressure.

● Stow away "flat" and tools. Keep rag and old gloves in the car so as not to get your hands dirty.

Safety Hint:

Smooth braking is a sure sign of above-average driving ability. Even in heavy traffic a car should tend to "flow" rather than move in fits and starts. Hard to do, I know, but you'll drive better if you can master the technique.

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BACKACHE?

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Can't move without agony?

Then start a course of MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

When your back feels in a vice—muscles stiff and sore—every move a stab of pain—it is often due to accumulations of uric acid deposits in your muscles and joints. The wonder-drug THIONINE, one of the therapeutic ingredients in Mackenzie's MENTHOIDS, helps your system throw off these harmful, pain-producing deposits.

If you or yours suffer rheumatism, aching muscles and joints, bad backs, neuritis, kidney and bladder weakness or constant headaches, start the MENTHOIDS treatment right away. MENTHOIDS, with helpful diet chart, are 15/-, 9/- or 5/- everywhere.

MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

Start the Weekend well with

Weekend

★

1/- from your Newsagents

Keep up-to-date... read

MODERN MOTOR

Every Month

2/6 from your Newsagent.

PRIZEWINNERS IN MUSTARD CONTEST



THE POT OF HAPPY SPICES — a succulent veal dish.

● Below are the £500 Grand Champion Prize recipe, and the £100 first and £50 second prize winners in each section of our successful £1235 Mustard Contest. Other prizewinners are overleaf.

GRAND CHAMPION PRIZE, £500

THE POT OF HAPPY SPICES

Two onions, 2lb. veal (1lb. minced finely, 1lb. cut in 1in. cubes), 4oz. butter or margarine, 1in. piece green root ginger, 1 small green chilli, 1 clove garlic, 1 dessertspoon coriander, 1 dessertspoon mustard, 1 dessertspoon salt, 2 cups yoghurt or sour cream, 1lb. white turnips, ½lb. carrots, 1lb. tomatoes, 1 green pepper, 1 cucumber, 1 cup water.

Chop one onion finely, mix with minced veal, shape into balls about 2in. in diameter, cook in melted butter or margarine until brown, transfer to plate, and set aside. Chop ginger and chilli (seeds removed) finely and mix with crushed garlic. Divide this mixture in half and mix one part with coriander, mustard, and salt. Cut second

onion in thin slices and put these, together with cubed veal, into pan used before and fry until meat is brown. Add veal balls, mustard-chilli-pepper mixture, and yoghurt or sour cream. Cook uncovered over a high heat for 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Toss in peeled, sliced turnips and carrots, and cook over gentle heat, still uncovered, for about 20 minutes or until the mixture is dry. Add skinned tomatoes, large slices of green pepper and unpeeled cucumber, second part of the chilli mixture, and water. Bring to boil, cover tightly, and remove from heat. Leave in warm place about 10 minutes before serving with fluffy white rice.

£500 Grand Champion Prize to Mrs. E. Sinclair, 23 Prince St., Cronulla, N.S.W.

SECTION 1: FIRST PRIZE, £100

SECTION 1: SECOND PRIZE, £50



BEEFSTEAK AND BURGUNDY

Two teaspoons dry mustard, 1 tablespoon butter, 1lb. topside steak, ½lb. fillet of veal, ½lb. raw ham (shoulder bacon), 1 glass burgundy, ½ cup chopped spring onions, ½ cup chopped pineapple, 1 14oz. tin tomato juice, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper.

Creamy mustard with butter. Cut meats into thin slices, then into pieces about 4in. by 2in. Spread each strip of beef with the mustard-butter, cover with strip of ham, spread this with mustard-butter, then cover with strip of veal. Roll up each "triple sandwich" of meat so the finished rolls are 2in. wide. Secure each roll with cocktail-stick and place in casserole. Pour over the burgundy and marinate 1 hour in refrigerator. Cover

This recipe can be served hot or cold.

rolls with chopped onion, then chopped pineapple. Pour over tomato juice seasoned with salt and pepper. Cover tightly and bake in moderate oven 1½ hours. Serve from casserole, piping hot, with potatoes, carrots, and green peas.

NOTE: If weather is very hot, stir in 1 tablespoon gelatine dissolved in 3 tablespoons water immediately casserole comes from oven. Allow to cool, chill in refrigerator until set. Unmould from casserole, serve with lettuce, tomato, and mixed salad.

Section 1. £100 First Prize to Mrs. A. Collinson, 63 Haldane St., Beaumaris, S10, Vic.



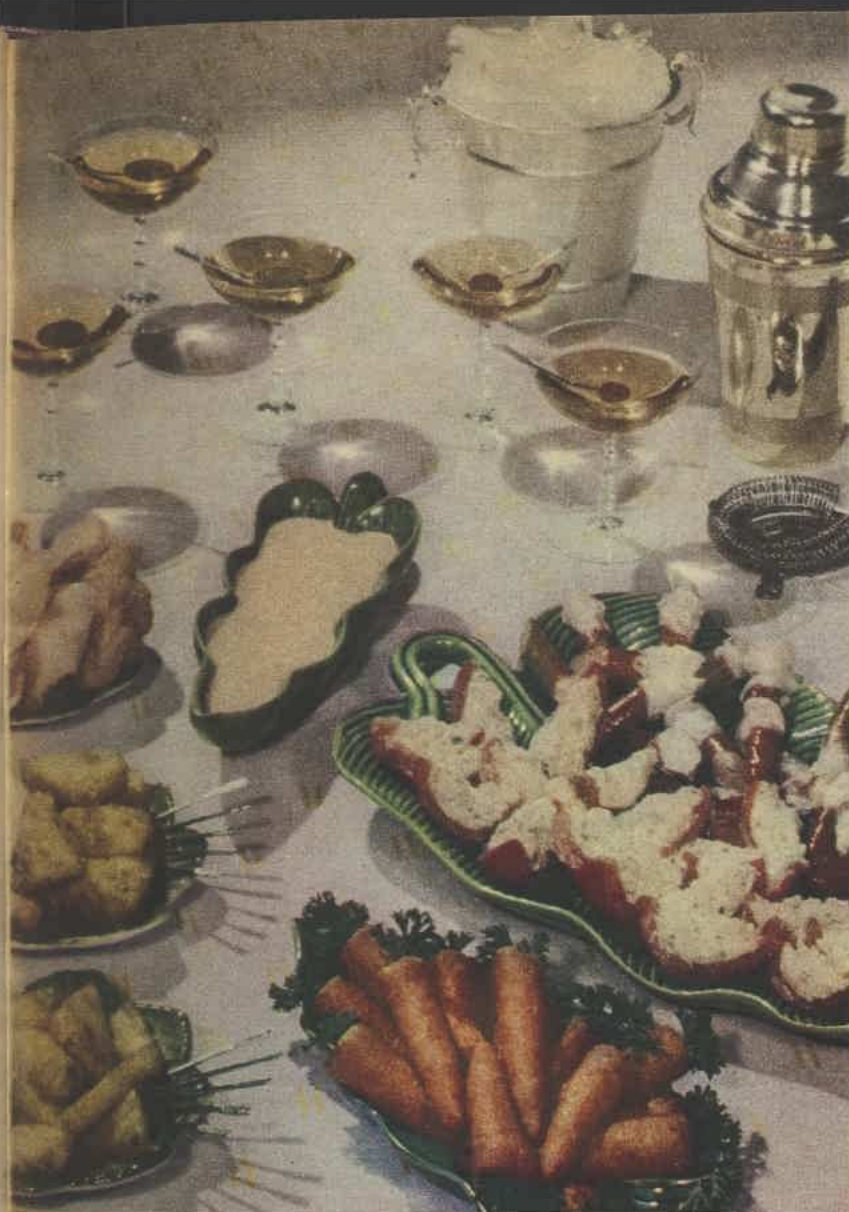
TRIPE ROLL WITH DEVILLED STUFFING

Two pounds tripe cut in one piece, salt, 4 large potatoes, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 onion, 2oz. cooked ham, 1 dessertspoon grated carrot, pinch paprika, 2 cups bread-crumbs, 1 dessertspoon dry mustard, milk, oil, flour, 3 slices bacon.

Blanch tripe by covering with water and bringing to boil. Drain, cover with fresh salted water, cook gently until tender. Mash boiled potatoes, add parsley, finely chopped onion, ham, carrot, salt, paprika, breadcrumbs, and mustard mixed with little milk. Mix all stuffing ingredients well together, adding more milk to bind if necessary. Place drained, cooked tripe flat on kitchen board, spread stuffing mixture over. Roll up firmly, skewer, or tie with string. Brush surface lightly with oil, roll in flour. Place in baking-dish, arrange bacon pieces on top. Cover with aluminium foil. Bake in hot oven 1 hour. Serve in slices with tomato sauce or mustard.

Section 1. £50 Second Prize to Mrs. H. Clay, c/o 138 Bransgrove Road, Panania, N.S.W.

TRIPE ROLL has a seasoned stuffing.



HORS D'OEUVRES and spicy mustard dip for cocktail time.

SECTION 2: FIRST PRIZE, £100

HORS D'OEUVRES VARIES

Mustard Dip: Blend $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup French dressing, 1 teaspoon mustard, and 1 teaspoon horseradish. Chill and use with the following:

Cheese Carrots: To $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft, sharp-flavored cheese add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mustard, 1 tablespoon margarine, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Shape like carrots. Roll in grated fresh carrot. Make small incision in thick end, insert parsley for "leaves."

Tomato Egg Boats: Cut medium-sized tomatoes into eighths. Scoop out centre pulp, leaving a wall $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick. Finely chop 2 hard-boiled eggs, add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt,

1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, and 1 teaspoon mustard. Fill tomato boats, garnish with parsley.

Spiced Pineapple Cubes: Saute pineapple chunks in little butter or margarine. Sprinkle with brown sugar, a little allspice, mustard, and dash of vinegar. Stir gently until glazed.

Frankfurt Ovals: Cut frankfurts on slant about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick. Cover one side of each piece with mixture of $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cottage cheese seasoned with 2 teaspoons each mustard, horseradish, minced onion, and minced parsley. Serve on cocktail-sticks.

Section 2. £100 First Prize to Mrs. E. Edwards, 100 Marius St., Tamworth, N.S.W.

SECTION 2: SECOND PRIZE, £50



CHICKEN LIVERS DE LUXE *An excellent appetiser.*

Six to eight chicken livers, 3 tablespoons dry mustard mixed to smooth paste with vinegar, 3 tablespoons minced olives, 6 to 8 slices bacon, cut in halves, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fine dry breadcrumbs.

Rinse chicken livers in cold water, dry on clean cloth, cut in halves. Mix the mustard paste with minced olives, spread on

each piece of liver. Wrap each piece in half strip of bacon, fasten with cocktail-stick. Roll in the crumbs. Place in shallow pan, bake 12 minutes in hot oven or until crisp.

Serve at once as cocktail savory or serve two rolls as luncheon or dinner appetiser.

Section 2. £50 Second Prize to Miss M. Grills, 21 Chester St., Subiaco, W.A.

SECTION 3: FIRST PRIZE, £100



SWEET INDIAN RELISH *A delicious sauce for cold meats.*

Two and a half pounds watermelon rind, salt, 3 sweet red peppers, 8 cups green cabbage, 5 brown onions, 2 cups brown sugar, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, paprika and mace to taste, 2 dessertspoons dry mustard, 2 tablespoons mustard seed, 1 tablespoon each curry powder and celery seed, 4 cups vinegar.

Peel melon rind. Use only white solid part, cut into pieces, cover with brine overnight, using $\frac{1}{2}$ cup salt to 4 cups water for

the brine. Rinse well in cold water, drain, wipe dry, and chop. Sprinkle finely chopped peppers, cabbage, and onions with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup salt, and leave standing overnight. Drain, place in cloth bag, squeeze out as much water as possible. Mix the chopped vegetables with all flavoring ingredients and vinegar, boil 1 hour. Fill into sterilised jars and seal.

Section 3. £100 First Prize to Mrs. O. Mariak, 47 Hartley St., Cairns, Qld.

SECTION 3: SECOND PRIZE, £50



MUSTARD MIX *This recipe keeps indefinitely.*

One cup dry mustard, 2 teaspoons concentrated yeast extract, 4 teaspoons salt, 2 teaspoons malt extract, 6 tablespoons lager, 6 tablespoons tarragon vinegar.

Mix mustard, yeast, salt, and malt together. Moisten with lager, stand 15 minutes.

Mix in tarragon vinegar until a smooth consistency. Fill into covered jar. Improves with keeping and keeps indefinitely.

Section 3. £50 Second Prize to Mrs. M. Grimsley, Flat 8, 53 Balacava Rd., East St. Kilda, Vic.

Third and fourth prize winners in each section are overleaf

Continued from previous page.

Prizewinners in Mustard Contest

SECTION 2: THIRD PRIZE, £25



Can be served at barbecues.

HONEY-MUSTARD-GLAZE KEBABS

Honey-mustard-glaze: Simmer and stir $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 teaspoons dry mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar and 2 tablespoons salad oil for 10 minutes, or until syrupy.

Kebabs: Six frankfurts, 6 bacon rashers, 6 thick slices onion, 3 small green peppers and 3 tomatoes (both cut in quarters), 6 mushrooms, 6 soft, flat rolls, toasted and buttered.

Cut frankfurts in halves, wrap each half in half a bacon rasher. Thread 6 greased skewers with an onion slice, then alternate piece of frankfurts, green pepper, tomato, and mushroom. Brush contents of each skewer with honey-mustard-glaze and grill, turning frequently and brushing with glaze until cooked. Serve with toasted rolls or on bed of savory rice.

Section 2: £25. Third Prize to Mrs. A. Holland, 80 Barton St., Mayfield, N.S.W.

SECTION 2: FOURTH PRIZE, £10



An attractive buffet centrepiece.

SALAD COCKTAIL CAKE

Six ounces good shortening, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups grated cheese, 2 small eggs, 3 cups self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoons mustard, pinch cayenne pepper, scant $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, savory fillings, 1 jar cheese spread, 1 teaspoon grated onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mustard, tomato, olive, and gherkin to garnish, butter.

Cream shortening with the grated cheese, add beaten eggs, add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Divide between 2 well-greased sandwich-tins, bake in hot oven 25 to 30 minutes. Allow to become cold. The shortcake is best made the day before it is filled. Cut each portion in halves crosswise, making four slices. Butter the three bottom

slices and spread with the three savory fillings. Place fourth slice on top, press firmly together. Beat the cheese spread to spreading consistency with grated onion and mustard, spread over top, garnish with tomato, olive, and gherkin.

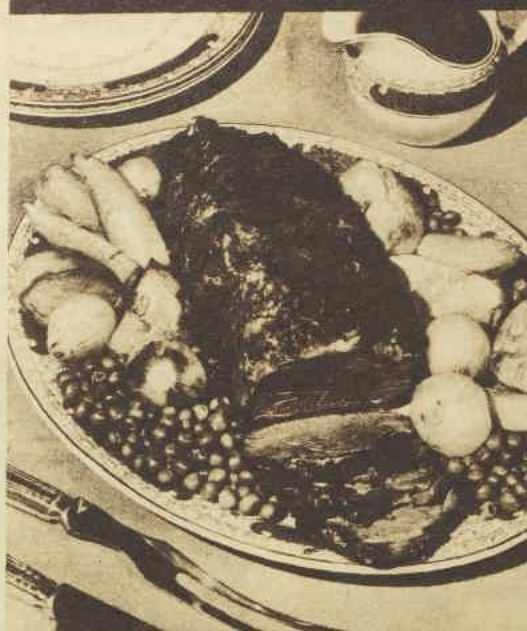
Fillings: 1. Four ounces minced corned beef flavored with mustard and moistened with mayonnaise.

2. Half cup grated cheese mixed with two finely chopped or mashed hard-boiled eggs moistened with mayonnaise.

3. One cup minced corned beef or ham mixed with chopped parsley, sweet pickle, and tomato sauce.

Section 2: £10 Fourth Prize to Miss P. M. Tankard, Sheffield, Tas.

SECTION 1: THIRD PRIZE, £25



An unusual roast dinner.

MUSTARD-CRUSTED BEEF

Three to 4lb. corner cut top-side, 1 tablespoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup plain flour, 2 tablespoons mustard, 1 scant teaspoon salt, red wine, extra flour, cooking fat, vegetable stock.

Beat meat thoroughly with steak mallet or rolling-pin. Mix sugar, flour, mustard, and salt to thick paste with red wine. Spread thickly over surface of meat. Sprinkle lightly with flour. Place meat in baking-dish with small quantity of heated fat and baste immediately. Bake in moderate

oven 2 to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours, basting so crust will not burn. Vegetables such as potatoes, pumpkin, sweet potatoes, or parsnips can be added for last hour of cooking. Take meat from dish when tender, handling carefully to keep crust intact. Keep hot while oven heat is increased to brown vegetables. Make gravy from pan drippings, extra flour, and vegetable stock, adding 2 tablespoons red wine just before serving with the hot meat.

Section 1: £25 Third Prize to Mrs. N. McLennan, 23 Waiwera St., Lavender Bay, N.S.W.

SECTION 1: FOURTH PRIZE, £10



Ideal as a luncheon dish.

CEYLON CHICKEN PIE

Crust: Quarter pound butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. desiccated coconut.

Chicken Filling: Two and a half cups cold minced chicken, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chicken stock, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 dessertspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated milk or cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, few drops green coloring, hard-boiled egg, green pepper rings, and parsley to garnish.

Crust: Cream butter until very soft, work in the coconut. Press into 9in. tart-plate. Bake 15 to 20 minutes in slow oven, allow to cool. Place in refrigerator until firm.

Chicken Filling: Dissolve gelatine in little hot water, mix with chicken stock, set aside $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of mixture for garnishing. Mix remainder with paprika, mustard, evaporated milk or cream, mayonnaise, pepper, salt, and minced chicken. Fill into coconut crust. Chill until firm. Add few drops green coloring to reserved gelatine mixture (if set, melt over hot water), pour over top of chicken mixture. Decorate with sliced hard-boiled egg, green pepper rings, and parsley sprigs. Chill.

Section 1: £10 Fourth Prize to Mrs. W. Barlow, 325 James St., Toowoomba, Qld.

SECTION 3: THIRD PRIZE, £25



Sauce recipe is at right above.

BARBECUE SAUCE

Two ounces mustard, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups vinegar, 1 jar gherkin spread or $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped gherkins, 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped pickled onions, 1 tin sweetened condensed milk.

Combine mustard (mixed smoothly with vinegar),

gherkin spread, paprika, salt, and pickled onions. Lastly add condensed milk and mix thoroughly. Store in screwtop jar in refrigerator. Serve with grills.

Section 3: £25 Third Prize to Miss N. Cawley, 93 Beaconsfield Terrace, Gordon Park, Qld.

SECTION 3: FOURTH PRIZE, £10



Good with hot or cold foods.

ORANGE GINGER CHUTNEY

Four oranges, 2 apples, 1 large onion, 4oz. preserved ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. brown sugar, 1oz. salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon black pepper, 1 tablespoon dry mustard, 1 pint vinegar.

Peel oranges, remove seeds and white pith, cut pulp into small pieces. Peel and core

apples, chop finely. Peel and chop onion, cut ginger into thick slices. Add with dry ingredients to saucepan. Mix well, pour vinegar over all. Simmer slowly $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Bottle and seal while hot. This chutney develops a unique flavor with keeping.

Section 3: £10 Fourth Prize to Mrs. R. Bamberg, 67 Francis St., Lidcombe, N.S.W.

£5 FOR CAKE RECIPE

THIS week's prize of £5 is awarded to Mrs. M. Garforth, 10 Walter St., Arncliffe, N.S.W., for a recipe for small cakes.

Spoon measurements are level.

CARAMEL NUT MUFFINS

Eight ounces self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1oz. white shortening, milk, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts, 2oz. melted butter or margarine, glace cherries.

Sift flour and salt into basin, add sugar. Melt white shortening (it should be barely warm), pour into measuring cup, then add sufficient milk to make up 1 cup of liquid. Add this to flour mixture, mix lightly. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly until smooth. Take small pieces of dough, make into 18 round shapes. Dip into melted butter, roll in chopped nuts and brown sugar. Place cherry in centre of each greased deep patty-tin, press dough on top. Bake in moderately hot oven about 15 minutes.



● Unusual weekender of two linked railway carriages belongs to Senator Nancy Buttfield, her husband, Mr. Frank Buttfield, and their two sons, Ian and Andrew. The carriages, bought for £50 each, were towed to a property acquired by the Buttfields about four years ago at Chain of Ponds, near Adelaide.

● Once a passenger compartment (below), now the main living-room. At the other end of the compartment is a kitchen-dining area. The carriages were decorated by Senator Nancy Buttfield, who is a competent amateur carpenter. Over the seat on the far wall hangs a painting by Sydney artist Rapotec.

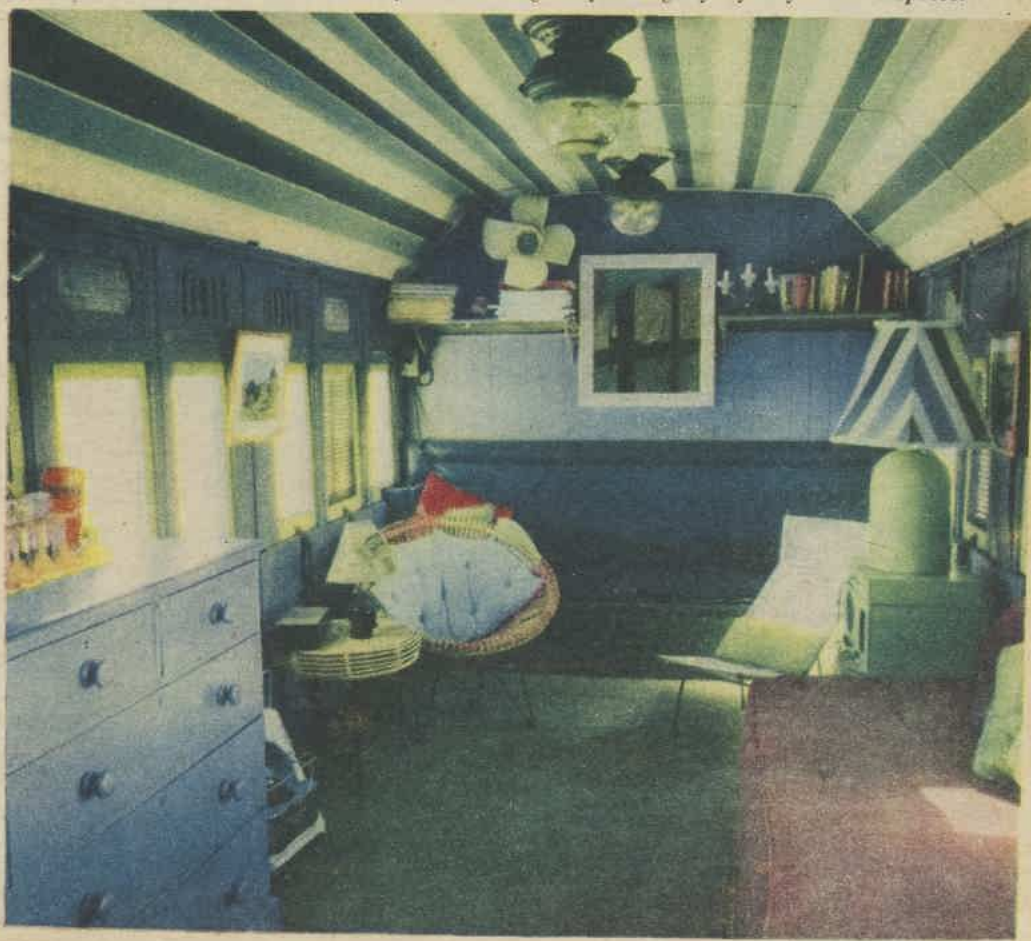
AUSTRALIAN

HOMES

TWO railway carriages bought from the South Australian Railways for £50 each provide an unusual weekend and holiday home for Senator Nancy Buttfield, her husband, Mr. Frank Buttfield, and their two sons, Ian, 22, and Andrew, 20.

The carriages stand on a hill on a 600-acre property at Chain of Ponds, near Adelaide. The property is used to fatten Shorthorn-Hereford cattle from the Northern Territory, and merino wethers. Senator Buttfield decorated the interiors. Seats were ripped out, walls painted in gay, modern colors, and electricity installed. But the original, amusing railway notices listing penalties for various offences were left intact. The compartments of the old carriages have been transformed into two bedrooms, a living-room-cum-kitchen and dining area, bathroom, and a storeroom. Eventually, Senator and Mr. Buttfield, who live in a delightful old home in the Adelaide suburb of Medindie, plan to build a house with a panoramic view of the property. Meanwhile the carriages are a delightful retreat.

[Pictures by David Brock, Adelaide.]



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Revolutionary cleaning head. You'll never change floor tools again! Constellation's new cleaning head glides over every type of floor surface. It's extra-wide to cover more floor area, and it cleans the biggest room with far fewer strokes.



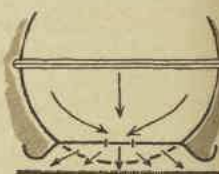
NEW

Telescopic extension wand. The Constellation's newly-designed one-piece extension wand opens out like magic to just the right length for high or low cleaning, telescopes to a compact 22 inches for easy storage.



NEW

Improved "walk-on-air" with specially re-designed cleaner base. New vacuum and dust seals mean stronger suction to lift out even the deepest dirt, the most stubborn threads and fluff.



NEW

Completely re-designed cleaning tools. There's even a new polishing mop that needs no assembling. All tools are plastic-covered, can't scratch furniture. And there's a spray gun for Dad, too!



NEW

Colour and styling throughout. From its finned handle to the tip of its radical cleaning head, this is the most exciting cleaner ever designed! You'll love its breathtaking colouring, too—antique gold and ivory.



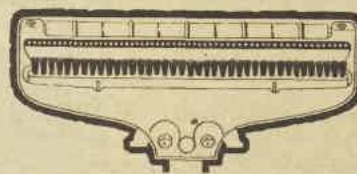
PLUS

these famous Constellation features. You'll clean right round the room from floor to ceiling with Constellation's double-stretch hose. Throw-away dust bag means your hands never touch dirt—can be thrown away or re-used.

this is the most advanced cleaning head ever developed

Hoover Constellation's entirely new cleaning head gives far greater cleaning efficiency. It glides over your carpets on nylon coasters and cleans by suction, brush and comb—it's wider too, covers more floor area to make cleaning far, far

quicker. But, best of all—this wonder cleaning head *cleans all types of floors!* You go straight from carpet to lino or polished wood and back again with just a touch of your toe—you'll never change floor tools again.



PRICE 42 GNS.

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ALL NEW HOOVER CONSTELLATION

HC.53.WWFFX

HOUSE WITH A SUN GALLERY

● A two-bedroom plan, No. 830 in our series, which has been designed for our Home Planning Service under direction of architects Borland and Trewenack.

THE sun gallery can be used as a study or playroom. It opens on to a paved outdoor living area.

"This plan," the architects explained, "has been designed to utilise the obvious disadvantages of a narrow suburban block. For this reason the main entrance is off the carport. The drive does not continue past the house, but ends in a screen wall. This then forms a large outdoor living area off the sun gallery."

The perspective sketch and plan for design No. 830 are shown at right. They illustrate a side view of the house.

The floor plan shows the well-designed division of the living and sleeping areas. There is a spacious living-dining room off an entrance hall.

The kitchen also has a dining section which juts out from the main body of the house (although it is still under the roof) to supply cross-ventilation.

A separate laundry incorporating a toilet is accessible from the gallery, the kitchen, and the outside.

The main approach to the bedrooms is along the sun gallery.

Cost of the house in timber is from £3300 to £3900, and in brick from £3600 to £4300. Area in timber is 10.9 squares and in brick 11.6 squares. Frontage is 47ft.

Plans for this house and other standard small Home Plans can be bought for £10/10/- a full set from any of our Home Planning Centres, addresses of which are given at right.

Under the direction of qualified architects these Centres give free advice on all aspects of home-building. They

will save you the hundred and one tedious worries that always seem to descend on the would-be home-owner when he decides to build a house.

All plans are available in mirror reverse position, and can be placed at any angle on the site. They can be built flat, on stilts, or on the side of a steep hill.

When ordering by mail from the Centres, please state the number of the plan you want, whether it is to be constructed in brick or timber, and the roofing material required. Please also state whether or not the site is sewered, and enclose a cheque, money order, or postal notes for the fee of £10/10/- for the plan.

Addresses of the Centres are:

HOBART: FitzGerald's. (Please telephone 27221 to consult architect at this Centre.)

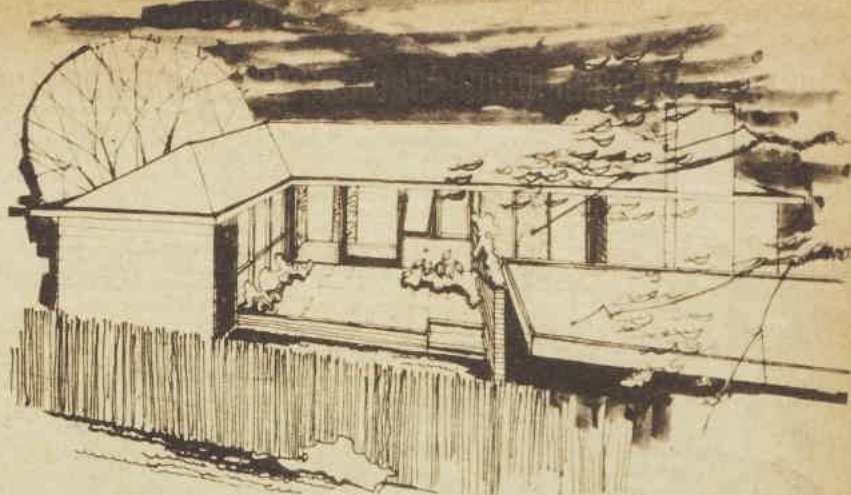
TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's. **SYDNEY:** Anthony Hordern's. (Please address all mail to this Centre to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.)

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's. (Please telephone J2311 to consult architect at this Centre.)

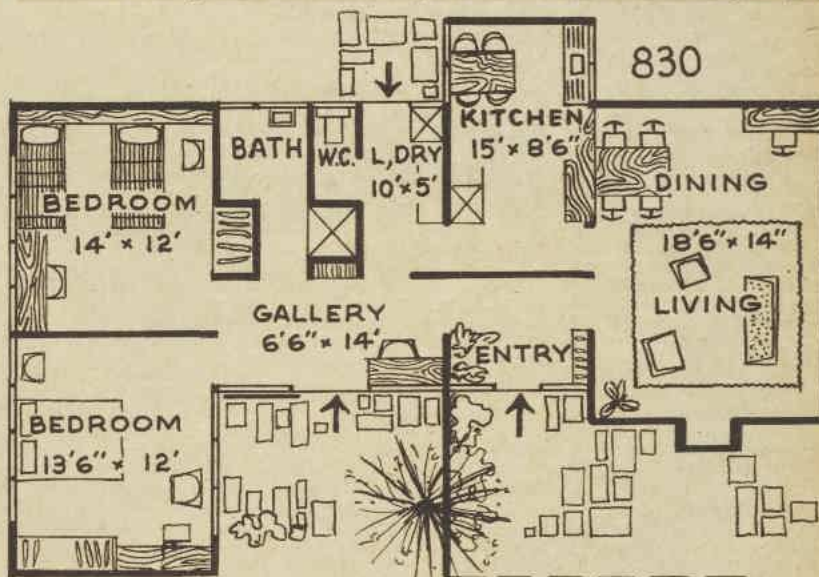
BRISBANE: McWhirter's. **MELBOURNE:** The Myer Emporium.

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium. (Please telephone X6111 to consult architect at this Centre.)

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH for Home Plan No. 830. This shows the view of the house from the side. Carport is in foreground. On the left is an outdoor living area overlooked by a bedroom and the sun gallery.



FLOOR PLAN No. 830 illustrates well-planned division of living and sleeping areas. Main room is spacious and the kitchen has its own meals section, which juts out from the house to supply cross-ventilation.



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from page 52

burning in the hall. A foot away Mrs. Garrett splashed in her bath.

Drummond nodded across the landing. "She's locked herself in," Fraser nodded.

Someone was climbing the steps from the street to the front door. Once more they waited in darkness. Minutes passed, then a stair tread creaked under the chauffeur's weight. Drummond bent at the keyhole.

"All the lights are out now," he whispered. "They've left the door in the kitchen."

Mrs. Garrett's bedroom was locked, Fraser thought. "I'll give her an hour," Drummond said softly. He left the door to the dark landing open. The house was completely still.

Fraser's mouth was dry, his hands wet. Drummond checked his watch periodically. To Fraser, time seemed to stand still. Suddenly he felt Drummond move on the bed beside him. "Okay," whispered Drummond. "I'm going in." On the landing he brought his mouth close to Fraser's ear.

"If you hear me shout, get that front door open as quickly as you can." He forced Fraser down on the top stair. "Don't move otherwise."

Drummond tiptoed to the door of Mrs. Garrett's bedroom, the pencil flash held in his teeth—forceps in his hand. He stood still for a second, listening, then bent his head, playing the beam on the keyhole. The end of the key barrel protruded an eighth of an inch on the outside. He fitted the nose of the forceps round it. Very slowly, he turned his wrists clockwise. Without haste, he pocketed the instrument.

Wiping the sweat from his face, he opened the door and glided into the room. Fraser sat on the staircase, staring into the darkness. Fascinated, he craned back at the open bedroom door. The tiny flash moved from dressing-table to wall and bed, hovering like a firefly. He willed Drummond from the room—blocking his ears against the scream he felt must follow.

Suddenly Drummond stood in the doorway. Under the goggle mask his mouth was smiling. He beckoned. Something stronger than fear took Fraser to the door. Mrs. Garrett lay on her back, her mouth sagging—the sound of her snores filled the room.

"Everything," mouthed Drummond, touching his pocket. He took the key and locked the door from the outside, then dropped the key in his pocket. "That'll give 'em something to think about," he said with satisfaction. He shut the door. "Come on," he said. "Out!"

They ran down the staircase without sound. The street door was bolted. Drummond had the top bolt off when the dog started barking down below. The bottom bolt—the two Bramah locks.

And suddenly, the cold night air was in their faces. As he shut the street door behind him, Fraser thought he heard a woman's voice call. They sprinted the seventy-five yards to the parked Sunbeam. Drummond stuffed goggles and guns under the back seat. "Quick—the church," he ordered.

Fraser slammed the car into gear. As they crossed South Street the lights came on in the Garrett house. Drummond had the door open. "Keep her running." He ran up the church steps, and came back carrying the fibreglass suitcase.

He settled back in his seat, turning up his collar. "Wilton Place. I'll tell you if anyone's on our tail. With any luck we'll beat the first lot of squad cars. Once past Hyde Park Corner, we're all right."

Thirty yards south on Wilton

Place, Fraser pulled the Sunbeam into the no-outlet street facing the church. Drummond's Jaguar was last in the row of parked cars. He flipped the lid of the second suitcase. "Get out of those things," he instructed. He threw slacks, shoes, a leather jacket at Fraser.

They changed quickly. In sweater and slacks, Drummond was slimmer—less sinister. He scratched the back of his neck, yawning. "I've got eleven miles to go to dump this lot." He indicated the car and contents. "And take a chance on how to get home. Don't worry. In a month's time you'll have forgotten all about it," he said tolerantly. His face was friendly. "So will I. I'll be on your side of the fence, Kit. I may even pay taxes." He grinned.

"I suppose you know what you're doing," said Kit. "Me—I don't trust Kline out of grabbing range."

To protect garden furniture from the weather, lightly rub the woodwork with linseed oil. It will prevent damp and rot.

Drummond considered what he had said. "Kline's been a necessary part of this scheme. Without him, the stuff could never have been sold with safety."

"If you don't trust Kline

...," Fraser started. "When I'm sure I like to be certain," said Drummond. "I'd be happier if I knew why Kline offered you that bed," he said.

"I thought it was your idea as much as his!"

Drummond shook his head. "You could help me find out why."

He told himself he owed Drummond nothing. "What sort of help?" he asked guardedly.

Drummond was quick to explain. "Kline's got a meeting with the buyer at eight in the morning. He's paid as soon as the bank vaults are open—that's ten o'clock. Will you phone me as soon as he leaves the flat?"

"Why?" asked Fraser.

LIGHTING a cigarette Drummond blew the answer with the smoke. "I know the bank he's going to. I'm going to make sure he gets back to the flat safely."

Fraser shrugged. "Okay. Where?" Drummond gave him a number. He pushed over the bag of jewellery.

"Take these to the mastermind," he said. "Don't forget, if you lose them we're all in trouble."

He groped under the bumper of the Jaguar. Car keys were scotch-taped to the metal. He handed them to Fraser.

Fraser put the grey car in gear. "I'll phone you." As he turned into Wilton Place, he saw the Sunbeam being backed out.

He drove carefully. At Pont Street he waited for the lights. The street was empty and he had the certainty that he was beyond the dragnet. He left the Jaguar parked in front of the tenants' garages.

The shoes Drummond had given him made no sound as he climbed back up the concrete slope. He looked through the glass pane in the service door. Passage and lobby were empty. He pushed the door open and locked the bar in place. His finger was barely off the door button when Kline opened. He followed Fraser into the sitting-room.

"Well?" he asked anxiously. Very slowly Fraser pulled the bag from his pocket. He tossed it on the table, Kline picked up the bag, making every movement with deliberation. "Splendid," he said softly. He spread a black velvet square on the table, set a jeweller's lupe and a handful of implements by its side. "Now!" he said, smiling, and emptied the bag, on the velvet square.

Fraser watched, fascinated, as Kline lined the pieces in front of him. Months before, he'd sat with Mrs. Garrett in a double-locked office as the Underwriters' valuer appraised the collection. He recognised each piece as Kline checked it against his list. The lupe in his eye, he weighed and inspected.

"Beautiful," he said reverently at Fraser. "Don't you see how beautiful it is?" he asked. He threw an Empire pin to Fraser's lap.

Fraser took the pin in his hand. It was old, certainly. And French. Yet, like the rest of the jewels, it had no meaning for him. He threw the pin back on the table, yawning indifferently. As Kline shook his head, Fraser snarled in anger.

"You don't want to know what happened in that house! All you're interested in is getting your hands on that jewellery." He grabbed the velvet square, the jewels hard against his palm. "You haven't a thought for me—for Drummond. Only for this!" He let the bundle drop under Kline's nose.

"I didn't have to worry with you and Mark on the job. You got everything!" Kline said softly.

"Everything," repeated Fraser. "Where do I sleep?"

Kline jerked his head at the sofa behind him. "On that. It opens up to a bed. You'll find blankets and sheets in the linen closet by the bathroom."

In the bathroom, Fraser scrubbed his mouth clean with the corner of a towel.

He went back to the stuffy room and lay down, watching Kline through half-open eyes. It was past two before the lawyer had finished. The pile of loose diamonds had been sorted into small parcels. Each was wrapped in blue tissue paper. All that remained of jewellers' artistry was a heap of gold and platinum mountings. Kline chopped these to bits with a pair of pliers.

As he turned, Fraser shut his eyes quickly, feigning sleep.

"Kit!" whispered Kline. "Better get some sleep—we've got to be up early."

When the bedroom door shut, Fraser drew shades and opened windows. As he climbed into bed, the key turned in the bedroom door.

He awoke troubled and confused. It was still dark outside but a light showed under the bottom of the kitchen door. He looked at his watch as the kitchen door opened. It was half-past six.

Kline was carrying a tea tray. He had shaved and washed and smelled of lotions. He gave Fraser a cup and sat on the other side of the table, sipping his tea noisily.

"You slept soundly, Kit. He seemed pleased with himself. 'I hope you rested; there's a lot to do.'"

"Not for me," Kit said. "I'm getting home as fast as I can."

"Not yet, Kit," said Kline. "There's some more driving for you to do this morning."

Fraser shrugged uneasily. He walked past Kline and bundled the bedding into the linen closet. The wire recording was safely on its way to Two Bridges by now. For a moment he thought of shocking Kline with

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For Winter Color

WINTER need not be entirely colorless in the garden. Many shrubs are noted for their winter blossom.

Several wattles (acacias) will bloom in winter, the best being *A. dealbata*, *A. baileyana* (Cootamundra wattle), *A. podalyriacifolia* (Queensland wattle), and, in mild winters, *A. myrtifolia*. Forsythia bears golden flowers in winter and *Azara microphylla* has scented yellow blooms. Both can be planted now. *Chimonanthus fragrans* (Japanese allspice) has small, richly fragrant flowers. *Cydonias* (flowering quince) includes some fine varieties. *Diosmas* usually flower best in winter.

Leptospermums (tea-trees), too, are hardy and wind-resistant, with winter flowers. *Cantua dependens*, a weeping shrub, flowers in late winter.

Advanced plants set out now will flower this year unless they have been late pruned. Violets should be planted out this month. Hardy annuals for winter are *linarias*, *Nemophila* (Baby Blue Eyes), *Livingstone daisies* (annual *mesembryanthemums*), *Bellis perennis* (English double daisy), cornflowers, pansies, dimorphothea, Iceland poppies, forget-me-nots, cinerarias, and sweet-peas.



FORSYTHIA, a deciduous flowering shrub. Does best in cooler and high areas.

GARDENING



ICELAND POPPIES make a splash of color. This variety, *Coonara giants*, photographed at Yates' trial grounds, Dundas, N.S.W.



PANSIES belong to the botanical family of *Viola*, which includes violets, viola, and pansy. They make a rich display in a winter's garden.

HELLEBORUS FOETIDUS are perennial plants valuable for their winter flowering. Plant in partial shade and water them well in summer.

Continuing . . .
DANGEROUS SILENCE

from page 62

the disclosure, but swallowed the threat. The lawyer probably wanted to be chauffeured to his appointment—to the bank—afterwards.

"What car are we going to use?" he asked casually.

"Mark's, I think. It's outside."

"I'll have to call my wife first," said Fraser.

Kline waved his hand at the telephone on the spinet. "By all means. Say you'll be back this afternoon." He glanced at his watch. "Seven-thirty. Will your wife be awake?"

Fraser gave his words the right amount of concern. "She thinks I'm lying," he said steadily. "She doesn't think I spent the night in that clinic."

"If she's tried to get in touch with me, heaven only knows the answer."

"Nobody called here last night. I never moved from the flat," Kline looped the extension cord and carried the phone to the window. "Phone her now," he ordered.

Fraser made no move to pick up the instrument. "I told you she thinks I'm lying. She's capable of getting the exchange to check this number. I've done my part in all this," he urged.

Kline rammed the mouth-piece back in its cradle. "Then go out and phone her. There's a box at the corner. And hurry back. Time's getting short." He held the front door ajar. "Use the side exit. You look like a tramp."

LEF and right, along the stretch of carpet, the apartments were stirring. He stepped out into the lower passage. The side door was no more than a dozen feet away. He had his hand on the bar to raise it when a voice echoed along the corridor "H-c-y!" He turned. A porter was running towards him from the lobby.

The porter was shortish—dressed in the brown livery of the building. He looked both zealous and alert.

"Good morning," said Fraser. The porter made no reply.

In the lobby, a squad of charwomen were attacking floor and windows. A second porter came over as the short one called. The two men turned in on Fraser, flanking him. He shifted feet, looking from one to the other. "Well?" he invited.

"You're not a tenant here, are you?" The short man seemed to consider the word "sir," then dismissed it.

"That ain't the way out!" added the second. He eased round to get between Fraser and the revolving doors.

Fraser stepped back. Fear and urgency hampered his judgment. "I know the way out," he said shortly. "Suppose you two sleuths get about your business. I stayed with Mr. Kline last night," said Fraser patiently. "Number thirty-nine. I'm going out for five minutes. If it's all right with you, I'll be coming back again."

The short porter was slightly discomfited, but he was dogged as well. "Mr. Kline? We've got orders about Mr. Kline. He's away. Be away a twelve-month."

"Why don't you ask him if he's there?" said Fraser sarcastically.

The man took the house phone—spoke for a couple of minutes. He turned to Fraser, his face strained with unwilling apology. "Sorry, sir. But we've got our instructions. Stands to reason in a place like this." He was watching Fraser curiously, taking in every detail of clothes and appearance.

Fraser walked back the length of the corridor, leaving the building by the side entrance.

Outside, he looked up at Kline's windows. There was no one there. He broke into a trot that took him as far as the empty booth.

Drummond's number rang without answer. Kit redialled. The earpiece clicked and Drummond's voice sounded wearily.

"We're just leaving the building," said Fraser. "Kline says I've got to drive him. In your car."

"Where?"

Fraser shrugged. "I don't know. You said he had an appointment at eight."

Drummond was thoroughly awake now. "He'd never let you within a mile of it. Listen, is there anything you've noticed about him—anything odd?"

"Well, the porters seem to think he's leaving."

Drummond's voice came and went as if he were dressing already. "I'm coming over right away. Can you leave the front door open?"

Fraser said, "Probably not. You know Kline."

Drummond's voice was sharp. "Then get it open as soon as you hear the chime. No matter what, get that door open."

His hand shook as he put down the receiver. He found more coins and called Two Bridges. Barby's voice answered, anxious and inquiring. "Thank goodness you phoned, darling. I was just going to ring the clinic."

"I don't think I'm going to be able to make it before this afternoon," he said. "Early afternoon."

She broke in quickly. "That's what I was going to call you about, Kit. Daddy was on the phone. He wants you to go to the office."

"The office!" he repeated. "What's he want me there for?" He was sweating.

"That woman was robbed last night." She gave him the news almost casually.

From police to insurance company before eight o'clock was quick work. "What woman?" he asked.

"Mrs. Garrett," said Barby. "She rang Daddy at home. At three this morning. Daddy wants you to meet him at Suffolk Street, as soon as you can after ten."

"Call him back," he said slowly. "Say I'll get there as soon as I can."

"You sound strange," she said suddenly. "Are you sure you're feeling well?"

"I'm fine. Everything's fine, Barby," he said vaguely. "I'll come straight home from the office."

He jogged back to the apartment building. The side entrance was shut. He walked round to the front of the building. The short porter took the elevator up to the third floor. He opened the gate with a gesture. "Thirty-nine's on your right, sir," he said, poker-faced.

Fraser followed Kline into the living-room. A coat hid the lawyer's grey suit. He was wearing thick-framed spectacles.

"You were long enough about it," Kline complained. His voice sounded casual enough. He had his back turned, searching the top of the desk, tearing up some papers, pocketing others.

Fraser sat on the end of the sofa. "She took a lot of convincing."

The last of the documents dealt with, Kline dropped the ripped papers in a fruit bowl and set fire to them.

"As long as you shut her up," he said shortly.

Fraser shrugged. "I'll find out whether I've shut her up."

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Wonderful! NEW Toni

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The MUSIC MAN

★ Melbourne critics are tipping at least a year's run for the Broadway hit "The Music Man," the captivating musical that tells the story of a slick, charming band-instrument salesman's foray into a small town in Iowa in the years just before World War I. The musical is packed with catchy tunes.

Entertainment ★



TO the background music of "Ship-oopii," the Music Man (American star Ted Scott) and Marian Paroo (American co-star Carolyn Maye) dance a romantic number.

"WELLS Fargo Wagon" is sung for the arrival of the Music Man's wagon. In the foreground are Ted Scott, Carolyn Maye, and Andrew Maver as Carolyn's kid brother.

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W1

New Films

★★★ Excellent
★ Average

★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

★★★ SLEEPING BEAUTY

A Walt Disney animated fairytale. In color. Metro, Brisbane.

TO the background of Tchaikovsky's ever-delightful "Sleeping Beauty" music Walt Disney has produced a Technirama-Technicolor version of the story.

As a baby Princess Aurora—the Sleeping Beauty—is cursed by wicked fairy Maleficent to prick her finger and die in her sixteenth year. But good fairy Merryweather, powerless to remove the curse, changes it to a long sleep.

The sleep, a hundred years in all traditional versions of the story, seems only a week-end in the film.

In his usual manner, Disney has heavily emphasised the distinction between "good" and "bad." Evil Maleficent, appearing and disappearing in clouds of green smoke, contrasts with Aurora's three fairy godmothers—Fauna, Flora, and Merryweather—who provide laughter and drollery.

The voice-dubbing is excellent. Soprano Mary Costa speaks and sings Aurora and

Bill Shirley the gallant prince. The old-world film will entertain both children and grown-ups of the Sputnik age. —M.F.

In a word . . . **MAGICAL.**

★★ DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP

Naval comedy, with Jerry Lewis, Dina Merrill, Diana Spencer, Mickey Shaughnessy, Robert Middleton. Wintergarden, Brisbane.

JERRY LEWIS film stories are all zany, but this is zanier than most.

As a young lieutenant, Jerry is about to leave on his honeymoon when the Navy orders him to find Kornblatt—a destroyer escort he's accused of having "lost" after the war.

Desperate to find Kornblatt before his bride's waning ardor becomes a permanent freeze, Jerry complicates his life in an hilarious way.

Diana Spencer, a newcomer to the screen, is convincing as the impatient bride.

As Ensign Benson, Dina Merrill is assigned to give Jerry "psychological" assistance. Being an attractive woman, she also succeeds in



WITH his regular "mystery girl," petite blonde Pat McCallum, Rock Hudson arrives at a Hollywood all-star affair.

WHILE Ava Gardner vacationed in Palm Springs, she stayed at former husband Frank Sinatra's desert home. However, Frankie was nowhere around. He was at Miami Beach, Florida, taping a TV show with Elvis Presley. When he heard Ava was com-

leading him into further trouble.

But there's enough Lewis-lunacy to thrill his fans. —M.F.

In a word . . . **CRAZY.**

ing to Hollywood he phoned her in Rome and offered his house—and she gladly accepted.

★ ★ ★
DESPERATELY trying to lose the weight she gained for her Academy Award winning role in "The Diary of Anne Frank," Shelley Winters has managed to drop 30 of the extra 50 pounds. The last 20 pounds is a different story. Shelley has collected diets from everyone she knows, but none is successful.

Continuing . . . DANGEROUS SILENCE

from page 63

smile. "Kit's driving me to the buyer's."

Without taking his eyes from Kline, Drummond walked over to the bedroom door—jerked it open. Two packed suitcases stood by the bed. As the lawyer turned, Drummond jumped him with a half nelson. Suddenly the two struggling men were on the floor.

"His pockets," gasped Drummond.

Fraser ripped out papers, ticket folder, and passport. Kline's spectacles had shattered against a chair leg. Eyes half-closed, he was pawing feebly. One after another Fraser searched the pockets.

Something moved beneath the lawyer's shirt. Fraser tore it open. The leather bag hung suspended by a cord from the lawyer's neck. Drummond pulled a handful of blue paper packets from the bag. He opened four or five. "Get up," he said quietly.

KLINE climbed up laboriously. "You're insane," he croaked. "If you'll let me explain . . ." he looked past Drummond to Fraser. "Trust him and we're all sunk, Mark," he urged. "I never knew till late last night, but he's been acting under police instructions from the beginning!"

Drummond swung the bag calmly. Left, then right. Blood welled from the corner of Kline's lip. "You swine," said Drummond with feeling.

Fraser recovered ticket and passport. He read aloud: "El Salvador. First class flight. One way."

Drummond took the voucher. "Ten-twenty this morning. That's where you were going to drive him—the airport.

There wasn't any buyer — no trip to the bank."

Kline leaned against the desk, dabbing his mouth ineffectually. "Let me go, Mark," he pleaded. "With no more than one decent-size stone."

"I'm going to see that you go," said Drummond suddenly. "But you go with what's in your pockets. Nothing more. If ever you come back to England, I'll have a surprise waiting for you."

Kline's hand slid under the desk top. It came up holding a nickel-plated revolver.

"Give me that bag, Mark," he said unsteadily. "And the ticket and passport." He stretched out his free hand. Fraser gulped. He was near enough to the gun to see the bullet ends in the cylinder.

Kline was watching Drummond. The blond had not altered his position. "Dramatic!" he said contemptuously. "Put it away, Kline. We know one another too well."

As Drummond spoke, Fraser dived at Kline's legs. The gun wavered and Drummond sprang, arms outstretched. The shot reverberated around the closed room. Drummond stumbled against Fraser, then fell heavily on his face. Fraser knew he was saying something—he wanted Drummond to get up. He hauled the blond man over.

The shot had taken Drummond a fraction above the left eye. His mouth sagged—his nostrils dribbled blood. Fraser touched both wrists, then lowered an ear against Drummond's chest. He looked up at Kline.

The lawyer's face was ex-

pressionless. "Throw the bag over, Kit," he whispered. He pushed the pistol a fraction in Fraser's direction.

Fraser threw the bag across the floor. "He's dead," he said flatly.

Kline pocketed bag, passport, and ticket. "You damned fool!" His voice was shaking. Gun in his back, Fraser walked to the bathroom. Kline found a roll of adhesive tape. He marched Fraser back to the living-room. "Face down on the floor—arms behind your back."

He went down slowly. He could no longer think. Tape locked both wrists in the small of his back. Next his ankles were fastened. There was the sound of ripping material. The lawyer knotted a strip around Fraser's hands, hauled its length over Fraser's shoulders and between his legs. Fastened the free end to the bound wrists. He searched Fraser's pockets, leaving nothing—taking the keys to the Jaguar, Fraser's money.

He bent away, looking at Drummond's body. A patch of blood was spreading, seeping into the carpet. Kline brought a rubber mat from the bathroom and placed it under Drummond's head.

Fraser put the whole force of his lungs into one loud shout. As he strained for the second yell, Kline rammed a balled handkerchief into his mouth. Lodging the linen between Fraser's teeth, he strapped it firmly with tape. Next came a crisscross of plaster that covered Fraser's eyes.

Somebody rapped on the door; then the chimes sounded. Fraser heard Kline walk to the hall, the door close. A woman's voice was curious. Then

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BRONCHITIS

BRONCHIAL ASTHMA, SINUS
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RECURRENT COLDS

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Lantigen 'B' treats you first—then immunises you by stimulating the production of antibodies, your body's natural infection fighters. So, Lantigen 'B' builds a natural, long-lasting immunity and not just a temporary effect. Being an oral vaccine, specially formulated to be taken by mouth, no needles, no injections are needed. Just a daily dose of Lantigen 'B' in water will aid your body to combat catarrh, bronchitis, bronchial asthma attacks, sinus and antrum infections and recurrent colds.



Lantigen 'B' neutralises germ poisons, destroys the germs, eases congested accumulations and stops pain so that you feel well and fit. With Lantigen 'B' thousands of people have found that life becomes wonderful again through dramatic relief of suffering.

FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD DRAMATIC REPORTS TELL OF LONG-LASTING RELIEF



AUSTRALIA: Since taking LANTIGEN 'B', my general health, which has been undermined with catarrh for a number of years, has improved considerably; I find LANTIGEN 'B' tones up the system and imparts more vigour into everyday activities. — D.A., Galston, N.S.W.

ENGLAND: Thanks to two bottles of LANTIGEN 'B', this is the first winter for many years I have not had acute bronchitis. I am 38 years old and ever since childhood have suffered every winter from it.—W.S., Bournemouth.



CANADA: I have been a victim of catarrh. Nothing benefited me and was gradually growing worse. LANTIGEN benefited me from about the first dose. Am on my fifth bottle now and I find it is really wonderful. Never had any severe attacks of head colds since I commenced taking marvellous LANTIGEN 'B'.—M.R., Ontario.

NEW ZEALAND: I can hardly thank you enough for this wonderful relief that I have been afforded through this medicine. I was very subject to colds but since I have taken LANTIGEN 'B' I have only had one which was slight and of short duration. —W.F., North Auckland. (Originals of all testimonials are on file and available for inspection.)

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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

TO celebrate his coming of age, John Earwaker will have a party at the Royal Queensland Golf Clubhouse on May 6, when more than a hundred young people will gather for dancing.

John is a fourth-year medical student. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Earwaker, of Clayfield, will be hosts at the party. Among those who have accepted invitations are Bettina and Rosemary Blomfield, Margot Sale, Rosemary Moore, John Walsh, Geoff and Donagh Pie, Robin and Jan Nicholson, Jan Cowlshaw, Rachael Mansfield, Ann White, Rod McLean, Donald Mort, Jonathan Way, and Barton Clarke.

ON July 16 Jeanette Byrne, second daughter of Mrs. Jim Byrne, of Ascot, and of the late Mr. Byrne, will marry John Moore, of Chinchilla. Jeanette, who will wear a traditional white wedding frock, will be attended by Margaret O'Flynn and Doreen Moore. After the ceremony, which will be at St. Agatha's Church, Clayfield, Mrs. Byrne will receive the guests at a reception at Twenty-nine Murray Street.

STAYING a fortnight with Mrs. Nugent Willis, formerly of Mooloolabah, who now lives in Melbourne, is Mrs. Monica Barry, of Clayfield. On her way home Mrs. Barry plans to break her journey in Sydney, where she will spend a week.

WHILE on a southern holiday Mrs. Alf Cumming, of Ascot, is staying with her mother, Mrs. G. Turner, of South Yarra. Mrs. Cumming has also visited the Victorian countryside, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce McLean, who were once resident in Brisbane. An interesting sidelight of Mrs. Cumming's holiday has been the viewing on television of her sister Joy—who in private life is Mrs. Race Godfrey and a well-known Melbourne television personality.

FLAME-RED shot-taffeta gown will be worn by pretty Faye Warren at the twenty-first birthday party Mr. and Mrs. Adrian White are giving for her at their lovely home at Hamilton on April 29. Young friends who'll be present will include Jacqueline Jorgensen, Arlene Davis, Joy Warren, Gail White, Arnold Lambert, Peter Stringfellow, Dick Pym, and Greg Franklin.

GUESTS from many parts of Queensland will attend the wedding of Dr. David O'Sullivan and Janet Ryan at St. Mary's, Warwick, on May 7. Janet's attendants come from far afield, too. They are Jennifer Clayton, of Brisbane, Mrs. Nick Ferrier, of Blackall, Helen Mansfield, of Brisbane, and Jan Douglas, of Mitchell. Following the wedding ceremony, Janet's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Ryan, of Warwick, will entertain at a reception at Mr. and Mrs. George Clark's property, "The Glen," Warwick. David is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Brian O'Sullivan, of Ashgrove.

HEAR Mr. and Mrs. H. F. B. Tomlinson have left Innisfail to make their home at Longreach. Mr. Tomlinson, who was principal of the Innisfail State High School for three years, has been appointed Regional Director of Education for the North-West.

NOW that all the bon-voyage parties are over for their daughter Elizabeth, who sailed aboard Fairsky on April 16, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Thomson, of Toowoong, will soon be caught up in a whirl of farewells themselves. They sail in Helenus on May 14 for a six months' holiday abroad, and plan to join Elizabeth in London about June.

HOME again after a flight to New Zealand is Mrs. E. M. Spence, of Red Hill, who, after visiting Lake Taupo, holidayed with Mr. and Mrs. George Mackenzie, of Palmerston North. Mrs. Spence also visited Mrs. Andrew Roberts, of Pohangina Valley, a New Zealander who made many friends when visiting Brisbane two years ago.

SOON to reach his majority is Greg Regan—a master at Brisbane Boys' College. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Regan, of Coorparoo, and recently of Bundaberg, are holding a supper dance at Q.L.T.A. clubhouse in his honor on April 28. Greg says he's expecting about seventy guests to attend the party, including Mary and Norbury Rogers, Jill MacDonald, June Houghton, Glenda Edwards, Ian Mayes, Ian Cook, and Bob Henszell.

FRIENDS of pretty, fair-haired Marilyn MacCarthy are admiring her solitaire-diamond engagement ring, presented by her fiancé, Bill Carseldine. Marilyn is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. MacCarthy, of Rainworth. The couple, who announced their engagement at a champagne dinner at the home of Bill's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Malcolm Carseldine, of Clayfield, plan to marry next year.

Jane



AT LEFT: Olympic runner Dr. Tony Blue and his fiancée, popular, Susan Dods, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Espie Dods, of Indooroopilly. Tony, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Blue, of Clayfield, is Australian half-mile running champion and will represent Australia at the Olympic Games at Rome in August. The young couple plan to marry early next year.



ENGLISH VISITOR Mr. W. J. Stick (second from right) and Mrs. Tim Boydell (left) with hosts Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Macdonald when the P. & O. Company entertained at a buffet dinner at Lennons Hotel in honor of Mr. Stick on his first visit to Queensland. Mrs. Macdonald wore a coffee-cream patterned frock, Mrs. Boydell chose black.

People and Parties



CHEERY GROUP. From left, Ron Adam, Tasmanian visitor Angela Dick, Robert Wainwright, Max Weaver, Margaret Maunder, and Frank Nixon at an informal party held at the Yeronga home of Margaret's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Maunder. While in Brisbane Angela is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Weaver.



AT LEFT: Guest of honor Jenny Quodling (right), snapped standing next to her brother John and chatting with Glen Cornish and Peter Grant (left) at her twenty-first birthday dance, given by her mother, Mrs. Jack Quodling, at Q.L.T.A. clubhouse at Milton. John was holidaying in Brisbane from Longreach.



INTERSTATE INTEREST. Kevin Tobin, of Melbourne, and his bride, formerly Lorraine Fry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Fry, of Everton Park, leaving Toowong Presbyterian Church after their marriage. They will make their home in Melbourne. Kevin is the son of Mrs. V. M. Tobin, of Camberwell, Melbourne, and of the late Mr. Tobin.

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OBTAINABLE ONLY AT ALL COLES STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

Viewers' firm friends make ratings soar

By NAN MUSGROVE

● One of the most fascinating effects of television is the relationship that grows between the viewer and the actors and actresses who appear each week in regular shows. It's a very strong personal feeling of like or dislike.

IN the form that sends the ratings soaring, it's real, solid friendship.

And, like solid friendship, it's something that doesn't grow overnight.

Best friends of mine at present are the McCoy's of "The Real McCoy's."

I had my reservations about them at first, but they've proved to be really such nice people over weeks of viewing that I now look forward to seeing them.

The McCoy's are a Virginian hillbilly family who inherited a Californian farm and moved into civilisation. There is Grandpa (Walter Brennan) and a clutch of assorted grandchildren, Big Luke (Richard Crenna), and his wife, Kate (Kathy Nolan), Little Luke (Michael Winkelman), and Hassie (Lydia Reed).

Their adventures, week by week, are very homy; they're very real, too.

The McCoy's are a big success in America and a big success in Australia. But in America their success was unexpected.

While the producers thought the show would be popular, they didn't expect it to do what it has—reach top rating almost overnight and consistently topple competitors.

The outstanding reason for the show's success, I think, is the fabulous character Grandpa McCoy, played by that old charmer Walter Brennan. But close on his heels is another reason, Miss Kathy Nolan.

Kathy, who plays Kate with a West Virginian drawl, is one of the most winsome TV characters you could meet.

Kathy, a redhead, photographs blond on TV and photographs much heavier than in real life. Experts say the camera adds 10 pounds to her shapely figure and that she doesn't photograph nearly as pretty as she is.

She doesn't mind, because it makes her hard to recognise off camera.

"I don't mind not being recognised when I'm out in my city clothes," Kathy said.

"I know I look different off camera."

"I never get to wearing anything but heavy petticoats and country dresses in 'The McCoy's,' but I love the show—I really do."

"The part is right for me. If I didn't think so I wouldn't have taken it in the first place. I mean that."

"I liked the idea of doing a featured character."

"The show was a kind of challenge to me, what with the concept of the thing and the accent called for from me."

"I think of Kate as a different person altogether from me, but she's a person I've come to know and love."

Kathy measures the success of the show by her shoes. For



REDHEAD Kathy Nolan, in her role as Kate of "The Real McCoy's," gives Grandpa McCoy (Walter Brennan) a hug with his morning coffee.

Kathy's wardrobe for "The McCoy's" is one of the real things about the show. When it first started she was outfitted with an expensive ward-

robe—eight cotton dresses that cost about £250 and turned out, generally, a mass of blue check gingham that looked as if it was made in Paris.

It didn't match up to Grandpa McCoy's frayed cuffs, so Kathy and the wardrobe man went searching. They went through catalogues and thrift shops, and finally found what they wanted.

Kathy's most expensive McCoy dress cost just under £A2, her cheapest morning dress 5/- at a second-hand sale. She has more aprons than anything else in her wardrobe—11.

"They're stolen, traded, or borrowed from friends," she said. "When I visit friends I snoop looking for aprons."

I don't wonder Kathy has such a collection of aprons, for I'm sure some of her winning TV ways must spill over into her private life.

TELEVISION PARADE

hard general wear in "The McCoy's" Kathy wears a pair of black wedgies. This year's wardrobe expenditure includes two dollars for resoling them.

"They certainly needed it," Kathy said. "I've been running around in those shoes for two years now."

rob—eight cotton dresses that cost about £A250 and turned out, generally, a mass of blue check gingham that looked as if it was made in Paris.

It didn't match up to Grandpa McCoy's frayed cuffs, so Kathy and the wardrobe man went searching. They

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BRISBANE'S GAY KITTEN

● Brisbane TV has discovered a kitten who sounds as if she may rival famous Mehitabel, the worldly cat Don Marquis wrote about in his book "Archy and Mehitabel."



FLORRIE JOHNSON, of Brisbane's Channel 9, is busy making a big TV name for herself.

MEHITABEL was a great one for being "tousjours gai" at all times.

The Brisbane kitten seems to be the same. She has the down-to-earth name of Florrie Johnson, but she is a TV personality in her own right, has a daily haul of fan mail, and has begun a VIP social life.

Florrie Johnson makes her scheduled appearance every Saturday afternoon on Hugh Cornish's Sports Programme on Brisbane's Channel 9.

While Hugh reads the racing or the athletic results for the day, Florrie stretches out comfortably on his desk, sometimes sleeping contentedly, but more often putting on her act.

The kitten's playful antics before the cameras make entertaining TV.

"There's no doubt about it," said Hugh Cornish, "Florrie is really television-mad."

"She knows exactly when she's being televised and always puts on an act."

The staff at Channel 9 say she's so conceited she makes unscheduled appearances before the cameras whenever she gets a chance.

Florrie Johnson's TV career began unscheduled.

She hopped up on to Hugh's desk when he was in the middle of his session and curled up for her afternoon nap and nobody had the heart to move her.

She proved to be so popular with the viewers that it was decided to star her.

Recently Florrie was invited by the Queensland Cat Club to open the Cat Champion Show at the Brisbane Exhibition Grounds.

The official opening over, Florrie took part in the show and also won the prize for the best decorated cage.

Channel 9's staff realised that Florrie, who off-camera is just plain cat — would feel out of things surrounded by high pedigree, pure-bred cats — so they gave her an ornate card to identify her.

It read: "Florrie Johnson of Channel 9, tortoiseshell, short-haired domestic cat."

Sure relief in no time from Hacking Coughs and Catarrh

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ONE OF THE OLDEST BUT STILL THE BEST FAMILY REMEDY

Kline's familiar boom, reassuring. Fraser's scream was no more than a muffled groan that tortured his eardrums. He could neither see, speak, nor move. Only hear.

A board in the bedroom creaked. Kline was closing windows. The front door opened and shut. He heard Kline fastening the Bramah locks. Fraser counted till he heard the elevator gate slam. The apartment was quiet.

He lay like a blinded and half-trussed hen, fighting the growing terror. The handkerchief in his mouth was already sodden. The effort to shout through the gag had brought it back nearer his throat.

He lay still for a long while, recreating the room in his mind. To his right was the door to the hallway. To his left, the sofa and Kline's bedroom. Beyond, the kitchen. There'd be knives in the drawers if he could roll that far.

Drummond's legs sagged as Fraser rolled over them. The electric heater. If he could only reach the heater! Writhing desperately, he inched towards the wall. Keeping his scalp against the wood, he explored to the left. The cord ran into its socket, six inches away.

KIT pushed his face over the switch and jerked his head down. He felt the warmth of the heater and crawled towards it — toppled it with his knee. He wriggled the small of his back on to the heater. As the warmth reached the bare skin on his wrists, he bore down, pushing between the guard struts.

He bit into the rag in his mouth, groaning with the pain underneath him. As the element seared his jacket he smelt burning leather. He twisted his body and felt the tape loosen on his wrists.

Suddenly his right hand was free. Nails scrambled the charred tape from his hands. He tore the strips from his eyes, mouth, and ankles. His first move was to crawl to the switch.

The room was still dark. The curtains were drawn. The face of his watch was cracked but it ticked. Ten minutes to eleven. With an effort he got up and pulled back the shades.

The skin on his wrists and forearms was angry — here and there a white pattern showed where the elements had touched flesh. In the bathroom he dressed the burns.

He stared down at Drummond's sprawled body. Fraser couldn't touch him any more. He stripped a blanket from Kline's bed and spread it over the body. His jacket was burnt through at the back. He found one of Kline's sweaters in a closet — put it on and groped in empty trouser pockets. The stub for his car was gone — his money — even Barby's picture.

From the kitchen window



GIVE YOUR BABY LOVELY CURLS

A proud mother praises Curlypet... Baby's hair used to be straight, but after Curlypet she now has a healthy head of pretty curls. At Baby Shows judges always comment on her lovely curls.

Curlypet is good for cradlecap, too, soothes scalp irritations and leaves baby's tender scalp clean, healthy and fragrant.

4 weeks' treatment, 4/10

Curlypet

Page 72

Continuing ... DANGEROUS SILENCE

from page 66

he looked down at the row of garages. The Jaguar was gone. He sat down, holding his head in his hands. By now Kline was three hundred miles over the Atlantic.

He went back to the kitchen. There was a little milk — some bread. He washed the dry slices down with the milk, tasting nothing.

In the living-room he lifted the phone from its rest. It buzzed. He replaced it quickly. No police — not yet. He said the words aloud very softly. No call from here. Later maybe — in time for the Yard to have Kline grabbed as he stepped from the plane. He felt bandaged wrists nervously.

He still had a chance if he could get out of this place unseen. There wasn't a single witness to put him anywhere near the Garrett house. After a while Drummond's body would decompose — tenants complain. The smell would be traced to Kline's flat. Medical evidence could easily establish the time of Drummond's killing. The porters would be able to identify first Drummond, then himself. Identify whom? His was one unknown face in seven million.

And Kline... Reason fought impulse. Nothing he might do would give Drummond back his life. Above all, he had to get out of the building.

He stepped into the hall and slid a folded piece of paper down the crack in the door. Its progress stopped at the level of both Bramah locks. He'd heard right. There was only one way through that door — with a crowbar.

Now that he had some sort of plan, muscles obeyed brain promptly. He went into the bathroom and pried the window ajar. Three feet away, a second window was open at the end of the corridor. A drain pipe inches to his right offered purchase. He put one foot on the lavatory seat — the other on the sill. Turning in the window space he caught the drape with one hand — the open bathroom window with the other.

As he made the long step across, he noticed the faces peering up at him. Two floors below, one of the porters was polishing windows. Fraser hauled his other leg over and dropped into the corridor. Kline's front door was on his right. A card was tacked above the mail box.

All inquiries should be made at the desk downstairs.

He ran the thirty feet to the pass door and pounded down the stone staircase. Both porters were waiting for him in the corridor. As he came forward they retreated.

Fraser found his voice. "Get out of the way."

"Mr. Kline's been gone two hours and more," the short man said warily. "Nobody's got authority to be in his flat." He yelped as Fraser's shoe cut into his shinbone. "Police!" he bawled. "Stop thief!"

Fraser was a yard beyond when the porter darted behind the reception desk. The man had a police whistle in his mouth. As Fraser went through the revolving doors, the whistle shrilled. He ran out to the forecourt, circling a milk van there. The driver lowered his cage of bottles to the ground.

"Thief!" gasped Fraser. "Stop thief!" Pointing across the street, he ducked between a truck and cab. Fixing his eyes on the green of Cadogan Square, he pumped his leg till tired muscles could no longer stand it.

As he slowed, he looked over his shoulder. A group of people milled in front of the apartment building. The summons of the police whistle was insistent.

Instinct told him to get off the streets and stay there. He was walking out of the square into an Edwardian terrace.

He moved as quickly as he could without attracting attention. He was a hundred yards from the crossing when the prowling car turned into the terrace.

Without hesitation, he ran up the flight of steps on his right. The hallway was dark. In front of him carpeted stairs led to the upper floors. The heavy street door was caught back on a hook. He slipped behind it, dropped on his heels looking through the crack at the street.

The police car drove by slowly. A couple of uniformed

ating an uproar. She's phoned three times since ten o'clock. I've had to give instructions not to put her through any more. She's been complaining to me about the security measures."

"They aren't our security measures," Fraser said carelessly. "The underwriters' man simply okayed her installations."

"Exactly," Patterson's voice was suddenly faint — as if his hand were cupped over the mouthpiece. He ordered someone to leave the room. "It's your account, Kit," he went on. "I want you to have a word with the underwriters. How soon can you get over here, Kit?"

Someone had come down the steps into the hall. Yet he could see no one in the mirror

FOR SPRING COLOR

LACHENALIA (Cape cowslip) is a common or bulbous plant that flowers early in spring or late winter. It makes most decorative tubs, troughs, or large pots. Corms should be planted about 1-inch deep in good loam. The flowers last for several weeks and make an ideal border to taller bulbs or low shrubs.



men sat in front. In the back, the short porter sat between two detectives.

He slipped out to the hall. Three window mail boxes hung on the wall. The door on his right had to lead to the bottom flat. Ahead was a second door with old-fashioned stained glass panels. He turned the key. Steps led down to an unkempt patch of grass with a wooden shed at its end.

He went back to the foot of the staircase — stood with a hand on the banister, listening. He went up cautiously, testing each tread. Behind another door on the second storey, a child was calling.

The shed was a possible hiding place till darkness came. But no place to be trapped. He went into the phone booth in the hall. He dialled 0. When the girl answered, he made his voice testy.

"I've had a wrong number twice. Each time I pressed button A. Now I'm out of pennies."

"What number are you calling from?" He read from the printed notice before him. "And what is the number you're calling?"

He gave Patterson's private office number. "Hold the line," she said, "and I'll try to connect you."

Patterson answered immediately. His voice was anxious. "Where on earth have you been, Kit? Didn't you get my message?"

He set the hands of his watch mechanically — gave the winder a few turns. "I couldn't get away, sir. I..."

Patterson interrupted him. "This Garrett woman is cre-

in front of him. He took the plunge. "I can't come, sir. I'll have to explain later. I'm still with the doctor," he finished weakly. He heard his father-in-law sigh.

"You may as well know, Kit. I telephoned Dr. Landers' Clinic an hour ago. He told me he'd never heard of you. What on earth's possessed you, Kit?" His voice was gentle. "You're worrying us all out of our minds."

"You'll know, sir," Fraser started slowly. But there was nothing to say any more. He replaced the receiver and turned.

A small girl in buttoned gaiters was looking up at him. She whispered in the ear of the battered bear she was holding, then spoke politely to Fraser. "Hello!"

He looked over the top of her head to the door of the bottom flat. It was shut. "Hello!" he said cautiously.

"I live here," she volunteered. "Where do you live?" "A long way away. I'm just visiting."

"Mr. Keeble?" Her small face was triumphant when he made no reply. "Mr. Keeble's in Scotland. With his auntie." Her interest gone, she walked up the stairs.

Keeble was written above one of the mailboxes, a pile of letters jammed it. He read the address. Peter Keeble, Flat A. A brass "A" was nailed on the door to the bottom flat.

There were two locks on Keeble's door. A Yale and a mortise. He tore a strip from the phone directory, slid it down the door crack. The mortise was unused. He leaned his weight against the door. There was play between tongue and box of the Yale. With a piece of celluloid he could get in there. Once in he'd surely be safe till nightfall.

He went back to the phone booth and reversed charges to Two Bridges. As soon as he heard Barby answer he started to speak slowly and distinctly.

"Don't ask questions, Barby. Just do what I tell you. Take the first train up to town. Bring the car insurance — the log book

and the receipt. The car's in the Aldford Garage, Park Lane. You collect it — tell them the ticket's lost. As soon as it gets dark drive over to Cadogan Terrace. Park opposite 430. Not outside, opposite!"

"What's happened, Kit?"

"Bring a change of clothing for me, and my passport. Some bandages."

"What's happened?" she repeated. "Please, Barby!" he pleaded. "I'm in real trouble. I can't tell you till I see you. Will you do it, Barby?"

"I'm going to telephone Daddy immediately," she said. His voice was hopeless. "If you do that, I'm finished, Barby. I'm in trouble with the police. I've only got one chance."

She was suddenly calm. "I'll do whatever you say."

"If the phone rings before you leave the house, don't answer," he instructed.

"I'll be there. I love you," she said quietly.

He looked Keeble's door over again. The play at the lock was definite. Enough force applied would drive the tongue of the Yale against its cup and tear out the screws that held the cup to the door jamb. That would mean noise, though.

He went down the steps to the sorry garden. The windows to the Keeble flat were shut tight. He pushed open the shed door and searched the shed for a piece of celluloid. There was none.

Under the bench at the far end of the shed he found an old hunting mackintosh. He hid the black sweater under the newspapers and donned the mac. This place was no good to hide. Hours of daylight remained for the child to play in the garden.

He went back to the house. Somehow he had to find a piece of celluloid. Sloane Square was less than three hundred yards away. He tore some of the plaster and cotton from his wrist — used it to cover the bearded side of his face. The upturned mac collar helped cover his jawline.

He took a careful look at the street, stepped out and walked briskly towards Sloane Square, hugging the wall. At the cafeteria, he turned in. A railed walk curved in front of the steaming food counter. Ignoring the line of customers, he took a chair near the barrier. An old man sat across from him, drinking tea noisily.

Fraser spoke impulsively. "Have you got a cigarette to spare?"

THE old man put his cup down and wiped the fog from his steel-rimmed spectacles. "A fag, mate?" He groped for a creased package of tobacco-cigarette papers. He watched as Fraser tried to roll one with unskilled fingers. "ere, I'll do it," the old man offered. He packed a fat cylinder with dark shag.

As the younger man took the cigarette, the sleeves of the mac slid back. Patches of raw skin showed where he had ripped off the plaster.

"Burn?" said the old man curiously.

Fraser touched his face self-consciously. "I'm going to the doctor."

The old man watched Fraser, bleary-eyed. "That's right, boy. Wants seeing to, a thing like that."

Fraser nodded. The menu card was in a frame at his elbow. A thickness of celluloid protected it from greasy fingers.

The old man finished his tea and creaked up. "Good luck, mate," he said and shuffled away. Holding the menu under the table, Fraser pulled the sheet of celluloid from the frame and started for the door.

The fresh air was good after the humidity of the cafe. A

dozen yards away, a news vendor was fitting a poster into a wire cage. West End Jewel Robbery.

Fraser walked by the stacked newspapers, reading the headlines as he passed. He was halfway to the other side of the street when he saw the two men standing there.

Both were tall and carried raincoats. They had half-turned and were staring in his direction. He pushed out of the crowd and ran round a bus to the footpath. As he scrambled through the bus queue, he saw the two men sprinting after him.

The swinging door of the department store was ten feet away. He hit its middle with his shoulder, scattering the people in the lobby.

He ran for the stairs, sidestepping the advancing sales clerk. The hall of the store was open to the roof — each floor a gallery served by both staircase and elevators. As he turned the first corner, he saw the men from the street below. They were sprinting up the stairs, thirty feet behind.

He took the next flight, two steps at a time. Swerving left through racks of dresses, he broke for the rear of the building and a fire exit. Shout and a woman's scream followed him.

An office door opened immediately in front of him. A man came out, his face indignant. Seeing Fraser, he made a half-hearted attempt to block the fire exit. Fraser straightened him with a Rugby hand-off and ducked into the empty office and locked the door.

The room was small. A desk and chair under the window. He dragged the desk and chair across the floor — jammed them end to end from door to window. The door handle turned, then the whole frame shivered under the impact of somebody's weight. A man's voice cut through the shouting with authority. "Is there any other way he can get out?"

He tried the window catch. It did not move. He gripped it with both hands, straining till the vein in his forehead stood out. As the catch gave, the window swung in, crashing against the wall. He craned down at the street.

Twenty feet below, pedestrians were passing by, window shopping. He wrenched the curtains down and knotted them to the radiator.

Climbing out to the sill, he lowered himself hand over hand till he swung suspended, legs dangling, four yards above the footpath. He dropped, sprawling on the cement. Somebody helped him from behind. He shook himself free and ran across the street.

He turned blindly into a row of tall houses. A few yards away a boy carrying a basket mounted the steps. His bicycle was propped against the kerb. As Fraser climbed to the saddle the boy turned his head. His shouts followed the bicycle.

Fraser pumped desperately — head down, standing on the pedals. Racing round the square he swerved erratically as he braked for the turn. Cadogan Terrace was empty. Wobbling to a stop, he took one last look at the street.

Then he hauled the bicycle to the shelter of the hall. When he'd propped it out of sight from the footpath, he ran upstairs. There was no sound from either flat. In the garden shed, he stripped off the mac.

Using the rusty shears, he trimmed the celluloid to a rough oblong, two inches by six, the corners rounded at one end. It was a quarter past three. He stood at the shed window, watching the backs of the neighboring houses. It all looked safe enough. He ran up the steps to the hall.

Left hand flat against the

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Continuing ... DANGEROUS SILENCE

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top of Keeble's door, in his right, the celluloid, he forced the strip down the crack to the box of the lock, pulled it back fractionally, then in. The tongue of the lock retracted slowly under pressure from the pliable celluloid. And suddenly the door was open.

The flat was dark and needed air. Three doors on his right were closed. He wheeled the bicycle in.

He opened the first closed door. Bay windows overlooked the terrace. This was a big room—well-furnished as a man living alone might want it. A desk with telephone stood on one side of the windows—on the other, a clothes closet and tallboy. Lighted and with the enormous heater going, it would be a cheerful room.

The other two doors opened on a kitchen and bathroom. Originally, this had been one room, overlooking the garden. Now a partition divided it. He searched the wall cabinet in the bathroom. There was everything there that he needed. A couple of old safety-razors—blades to fit them. Behind a pile of bottles was a small first-aid kit.

A turn of the hot water faucet, and in five minutes the tub would hold steaming relief. But the sound of a bath filling would carry. The neighbors might well know of Keeble's absence. He had to keep the flat free of flushing cisterns—banging doors.

He heated water on the kitchen stove and scraped his face clean. Then he dressed his wrists.

Back in the bedroom, he went through Keeble's correspondence. Most of it was from a firm of Calcutta jute brokers. He ploughed through it till he found the Edinburgh postmark. He took it over to the light. The writer had little to say beyond offering to put Keeble up for two weeks before he left for the Orient.

Fraser pulled out the desk drawers. In the bottom drawer he found a passport tucked in a leather case. The face on the picture was solemn—caught in the stiff pose favored by passport photographers. The man wore spectacles.

He carried it to the end of the divan and sat down, turning the pages of the folder.

Profession, jute importer; place and date of birth, Edinburgh, January 18, 1918; height, 5ft. 11in.; color of eyes, blue; color of hair, brown; special peculiarities, none.

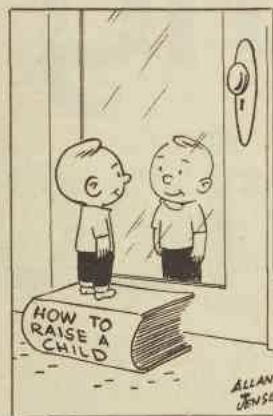
Keeble's signature was neat underneath.

He rifled the pages. The

document was valid for three years more. A block of Far East visas covered four of the pink sheets. He took a pair of sunglasses from the desk. Putting them on, he stood in front of the mirror.

The shape of his face wasn't unlike that on the passport photograph. With a hat and the right sort of spectacles he could get by. Age and description fitted him as well as Keeble. There was another document in the leather holder—Keeble's birth certificate. These papers could take him round the world if he handled them right.

Now that the shock of Drummond's death was over, the im-



plications were clearer. He was more than a thief—he'd witnessed a murder. The two things were inseparable. Escape was the only answer to both predicaments. Somehow, he had to get out of England quickly. But before that he had to phone Scotland Yard.

He sat still, staring at the phone on the desk. Not here—nor the booth outside. His message would send fifty police cars to its source. He had to wait till it was dark. This flat had to be left wrecked. He'd take the sort of things a chance prowler might steal. Clothes, the cheque book in the drawer—the camera.

The police had to be stopped from identifying the house-breaker with the man from Kline's apartment.

Keeble's passport would take him out of England. Between Hamburg and Ostend a dozen ports of call for freighters offered safety. Waterfront bars, where the only passport needed was the price asked.

He started prowling about the flat impatiently. The sun had vanished behind the roofs opposite. Already the sky was darkening. To kill time he set the scene for the police. Pulling out drawers, rifling cupboards. When he had done, the room was a jumble.

It was almost six. A man with a briefcase hurried into the house. Another ten minutes and a girl followed. Top flat, he thought.

He switched on the radio by Keeble's bed, throttling the volume. Ear close to the speaker he listened to the emergency calls. The police messages. They were meaningless. The announcer's tone was brisk. "And now for the news!" Fraser silenced the set.

Where on earth was Barby? He padded about the room nervously. On an impulse he sat down at the desk, addressed an envelope to Keeble, disguising the handwriting. A blank sheet of notepaper completed the letter. He put it in his pocket.

At the window again he dragged the minutes out. Suddenly the familiar shape of the Buick brought him to his feet. Hatless, Barby leaned out scanning the house numbers.

Obedying his instructions, she was parked on the opposite side of the street, facing north.

He waited a full five minutes, watching both car and street.

Then he ran to the flat door—opened it—leaving the catch up on the Yale lock. Cautiously, he wheeled the bicycle into the outer hall. As he carried it down the steps to the street, Barby touched the horn. He pushed the machine across the road.

"Give me the car keys." Unlocking the big trunk he pushed the bicycle in. With a last look at the windows of 430 he climbed in.

"Make two left turns, then into Cadogan Square," he ordered. The car jerked forward, transmission sputtering as she fumbled the clutch. His hand gripped her knee. "Easy, darling, easy!"

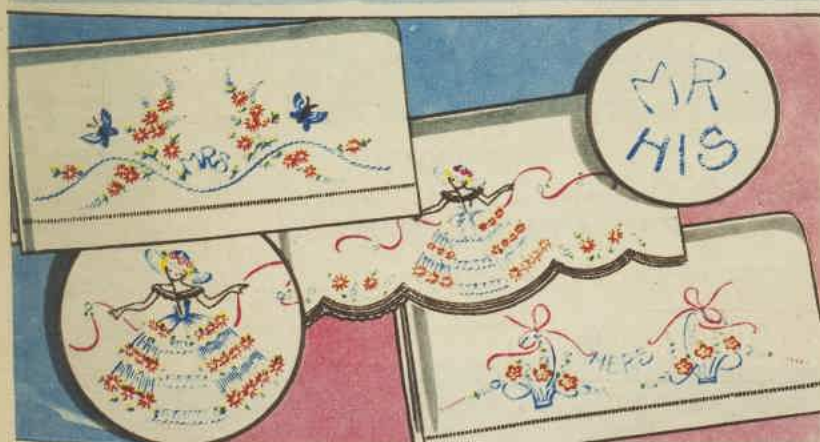
Two hundred yards north, she manoeuvred the nose of the Buick towards the railings. She killed the motor and sat with hands folded in her lap. Her whole body was trembling.

He caught her close to him, holding her till the shaking subsided. Beyond words, he kissed her roughly. They sat in silence till he touched her cheek. She took his wrists in her hands.

"For heaven's sake tell me, Kit," she pleaded.

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Continuing . . . DANGEROUS SILENCE

Very gently, he unfastened her fingers. "It'll have to wait till later, Barby. Has anyone been to the house since I left, or phoned?"

"No. Only Daddy. He phoned three times today. The last to tell me he'd spoken to you. Kit . . ."

"Wasn't there a package for me?"

She nodded. "It's there." She pointed to the back seat. "I brought it with me."

"Did you bring the clothes?" he asked.

She nodded, her face fighting the tears. A soft-topped bag lay on the back seat. He leaned over and opened it. Suit, shoes, shirt. An overcoat. Wrapped in brown paper, the wire recorder and reel. He pulled on the overcoat.

"I've got to make a phone call," he said quietly. "Once I've done it, the police are going to be looking for a murderer."

Her breath caught. "Oh no—Kit!"

"I've seen a man killed," he said. "I've got to phone out of this district. Drive towards Kensington. We'll find the right place to phone. As soon as it's done, drive back here as fast as you can."

THEY were almost at Pont Street. "Turn left," he said quietly. As the car passed the apartment building, he looked up at the end of the wing. Someone had shut Kline's bathroom window.

They drove in silence till the vast stretch was in front of them. A hundred yards on, he touched her arm. Two phone booths stood back to back at the entrance to a mews. He nodded across the street. "This'll do. I'm going to be two minutes. Keep the motor running. As soon as I'm back in the car, head for Cadogan Square . . ."

"Be careful," she whispered. He walked over to the booth, his footsteps echoing down the mews. Pulling on gloves, he opened the door. For a second he hesitated, finger over the dial, then spun it. The answer came almost immediately. A calm authoritative voice. "New Scotland Yard."

The words he'd rehearsed were gone. He tried desperately to remember them.

"New Scotland Yard," repeated the voice patiently.

He cleared his throat. "Four hundred Pont Street—Tower Lodge. There's a dead man in flat thirty-nine. The man you want is on a plane for El Salvador." He spelled Kline's name. "Flight 703 Central American Airlines."

The voice at the other end was unhurried. "Where are you speaking from, sir? Will you repeat that address again?"

He put the receiver back on the rest and hurried up the mews. The car moved off as he took his seat. No one had seen him leave the booth.

In the quiet of the square, he took both her hands. "Listen, darling. We're going back to the house where you parked. When we get there, we go straight up the steps and through the first door to the right. If we meet anyone on the way in, I'll drop this in the mailbox."

He showed her the dummy envelope. "We'll have to come straight out, circle the block and try again. We've got to get inside that flat. Let's go."

Carrying the suitcase in his left hand, he held her arm tight with the other. They walked away from the car quickly, heads down. At the steps to the house, he pulled his arm free and found the dummy envelope. The hall light had been lit

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but Keeble's door was as it had been left. He shut it behind them, fastening the flimsy bolt. "I can't see," she whispered. "Put on the light!"

He found her hand and led her into the bedroom. "This flat's empty," he said quietly. "But I had to break into it to get away from the police."

She looked round the dim room, shaking her hair back mechanically. With a quick movement, he took her in his arms, blotting out everything except the feel of her. Her voice was soft with understanding.

"Whatever it is you've done, Kit, I'll help you. But I've got to know what it is." She pulled his head up so that she could see his eyes. "I'll help you, darling," she repeated.

They sat close together, lost to the sound of the music upstairs—the danger outside. He told his tale without emotion. From the meeting with Kline in the inn. He offered no excuse nor did she move to question till he was done.

Suddenly she looked up, her hands touching her forehead. "I can't seem to think for the moment. It's all too horrible. Worst of all—I feel I'm responsible."

He shook his head. "One way or another, we're all responsible, Barby. The only way out is to run. As fast as we can, but run!"

"I don't believe that," she said fiercely. "People—even the police—aren't as stupid or heartless as you think. You've been blackmailed, Kit. Don't you see?"

Bitterness seeped into his voice. "There isn't going to be charity in this deal, Barby. There's a dead man in Kline's flat. For the police that's all that matters."

"But you didn't kill him, Kit!"

"I didn't kill him," he repeated. "But people will say I had every reason to." He turned to face her. "I'm in too deep, Barby. All that's going to count are the facts. The facts as the police will see them."

"No!" she whispered.

"Yes," he insisted gently. "You know the one thing nobody will forget. I could have said 'no' to Kline back in the inn in Two Bridges. But I didn't."

She said his name softly. "We've got to go to Daddy at once. He'll know what to do and he'll help."

He found her bag, cigarettes—lit two. "Help!" he repeated. "You're out of your mind! What can he do, Barby? He'll go to the police as soon as he knows the truth. Do you realise what this means for him—not just for me but him?"

He was shaking. "Barby . . ."

She hunched on the bed, small and miserable. "It's no use, Kit. I . . . I can't even think . . ."

He put an arm around her. "I've got a plan that gives us all a chance. But you've got to be with me, Barby. Not against me."

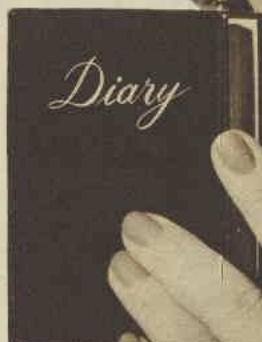
She moved her head impatiently. "How can you say that! I'm your wife, Kit. That means more to me than you'll ever know."

He pulled her down beside him, his mouth against her hair. "We've got to get out of England. Before Kline has a chance to talk. He's going to try to bluff his way out of all this. That's going to take time," he urged. "Enough time for us to be somewhere they'll never find us."

She moved restlessly. "What

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I had that awful "can't face it" feeling



TUESDAY. Getting the family away this morning was such an effort. Was so nervy and irritable. Felt like I was coming down with the 'flu . . .



All the housework to do . . . I just couldn't face it. Then Helen rang up asking me to make cakes for the church fete!



Told her I just didn't feel up to it. The way I was feeling, I'd be in bed with the 'flu.



Then Helen said, "My dear, you should take Waterbury's. It's not only the best thing to prevent 'flu, but it's a health tonic that really bucks you up!"



WEDNESDAY. Yes, I took her suggestion. Incidentally, my chemist highly recommended Waterbury's—says there's nothing like it for all the family.



SATURDAY. Well, I certainly feel loads better and cheerier . . . thanks to Waterbury's. Baked a big batch of cakes for the fete—a roaring success!

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Continuing . . . DANGEROUS SILENCE

[from page 75]

about Daddy? This man's going to tell the police everything—lie to protect himself. And you'll have run away. You're going to leave Daddy to face all that on his own?"

He stared at the ceiling. "Supposing I was dead?" he said quietly. He felt her body stiffen. "Supposing everybody thought I was dead? Whatever Kline says, it'll leave your father a victim of circumstance. The police will know that I fooled him all these years. Maybe it will mean retirement. But he's respected, Barby. They'll make it easy for him."

She broke his hold to lie silent, head averted. "How could people think you were dead?" she asked finally.

"It's easy. We'll drive down to the coast in the morning. I'll rent some sort of sailing-boat. I'll go out in it and never come back. And make sure they know who I am."

He tried to impart some of his own confidence. "I'll take a lifebelt with me. Check the right places for currents. There are spots where chances of a body being found are one in twenty. Either it drifts out to sea or the tide and the rocks finish it."

"And what do we do for the rest of our lives—run?" Her voice rose. "That's not escape, Kit. It's worse, far worse than anything that can happen to you here." She propped herself on an elbow. "I'll never leave you," she said solemnly. "I just want you to do the right thing."

What did she know of right and wrong! "I'm going, Barby," he said deliberately. "You'll have to make up your mind whether you come."

"Well, Barby?" he said gently.

Her head moved on the pillow. "I love you, Kit." She said no more.

He dozed off with his arm dead under her weight. Twice during the night he woke to startled recollection. She was watching him. "Go to sleep," she whispered. With the sound of her voice he was able to forget and closed his eyes.

Far over the roofs, the dark sky was streaked with violet. Barby sat up, taking in the tumbled bed, the chaos of the room. He slid an arm around her. "It's still early—not yet seven. Try to get a little rest for another half-hour."

He fumbled his way round the tiny kitchen, boiling water. He shaved by the flare of the gas burners. The feel of fresh linen—his own clothes—was reassuring. He went back to the bedroom. Barby had dressed. She was kneeling by the desk, sorting order from the strewn papers.

"Leave it," he said. "Just get yourself ready to go."

He opened the window nearest the street door. A long stride would do it. From the steps to the windowsill. It would be no trick for a prowler, satisfied the flat was empty. Barby was behind him, her face almost hidden in the big roll collar of her coat. He gave her the suitcase she had brought, now empty. "You wait in the car," he said. "I'll be twenty minutes."

He led her out to the hall—listened by the stairs, then opened the street door. "Twenty minutes," he whispered. He ran back to the bedroom to watch till she had turned the corner.

He found the passport and birth certificate. Then, wrapping his hands in two of Keeble's shirts, he went round the flat wiping and polishing every surface that Barby or he had touched. Taking Keeble's suitcase from the passage, he shut the front door after him.

Leaves littered the top of the Buick—the windows were clouded with frost. He opened the trunk and wedged the suitcase on top of the bicycle. Barby had the motor running. She waited for the wipers to clear the windshield. The strain was showing in the set of her mouth—the nervous snatch in her fingers as she tried to light her cigarette.

He took the cigarette from her mouth and kissed her. "Scared?" he said softly.

She nodded. "I'm worried about Daddy, Kit. He'll be frantic."

He thought for a moment. "You're right. You'd better go to see him right away. Tell him anything you like—anything that'll hold him for one more day."

She stopped the motor and sat with her hands in her lap. Very slowly she opened her bag. There was a letter in an inside compartment. "This came for you yesterday morning," she said quietly.

The Reading Room in Canada was a lifetime away. He reached to take the letter.

She stopped him. "It's really to me—isn't it?" He moved his head. "Then let me keep it," she said. She put the envelope back in its place—unopened.

She worried her lip. "You realise Daddy's going to wonder why you haven't gone to see him. It isn't too late."

"Tell him I've been acting strangely ever since I got home. You're going to take me to see a doctor. No! Say I've got to see some people—you're driving me there. We'll both be round this evening."

BARBY pulled her gloves on. "Whatever you did, he'd forgive, Kit. But you're not even going to give him a chance."

He sat up, his face hard. "Have I had a chance?" he asked bitterly.

The fight seemed gone from her. She started backing out the car. "I'll go there right away, before he leaves for the office. Where are you going?"

"Drop me at Piccadilly Circus. I'll be waiting in the lobby of the Tate Gallery at eleven."

She backed to the kerb. She forced his head round so that she could see his face.

"Will you be there, Kit?"

"If I'm not," he said steadily, "it'll mean that the police have got me. But I'll be there, Barby," he repeated. "It's a promise." Memory prompted. "I've got no money." She gave him her wallet.

At Piccadilly Circus he slipped from the car to join the crowd at the subway entrance. Downstairs, he checked Keeble's suitcase, threw away the ticket. He climbed the steps to Shaftesbury Avenue. Fighting his way through the crowd of office workers, he bought a paper.

The bald account was on the front page. Man Found Shot in West End Flat. No names were mentioned—nothing but the address and a description of Drummond. The last sentence was cryptic. "The police have not ruled out the possibility of foul play."

Every cop in uniform would have a description of the man who had left Kline's flat. It was fourteen hours since he'd phoned the Yard. Kline could have talked. He turned back into an optician's doorway.

"I want a pair of glasses—plain lens. Something that will keep the wind from my eyes. They water."

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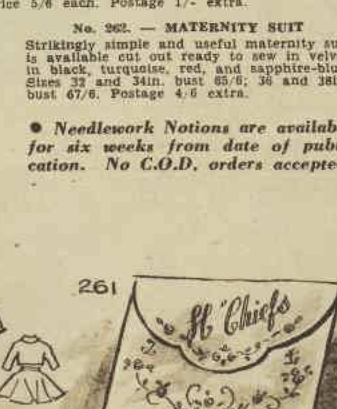
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AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning May 2



ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21 - APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, navy-blue.
★ Gambling colors, navy-blue, red.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
★ Luck in a budget.

★ That savings campaign means a holiday later on, a new carpet, a labor-saving gadget, a present for one you love. Set yourself a target, decide how much you can put into the fund regularly after deducting essential expenses, then kick off. There are sure to be temptations all along the road, but you have the willpower to stick it out. Make a game of it.



TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21 - MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, light blue.
★ Gambling colors, light blue, silver.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ Luck in a magnetic personality.

★ If you've been below par recently, health should now improve. Vitality should be high, so you can tackle tough jobs you would otherwise hesitate to attempt. Physical exercise is a must; you can now wear new clothing which enhances your appearance. You can win friends and influence people. If eligible a friendship gradually blossoms into love.



GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21 - JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, mauve.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, gold.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday.
★ Luck in independence.

★ Do not rely too much on other people who may be unable or unwilling to carry out their promises. If you have an errand of any importance, go in person, avoiding delays and misunderstandings. Keep your financial affairs to yourself; would-be partners or advisers will either have an axe to grind or are given to muddled thinking.



CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22 - JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, red.
★ Gambling colors, red, black.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
★ Luck through organisations.

★ If you're lonely, join a club, whether for fun, sociability, or community welfare work. The busy voluntary worker has no time to brood over disappointments, trouble, past mistakes. The teenager whose family has moved to a new district soon finds companions through local youth clubs or sporting organisations. A few of you act as leaders.



LEO The Lion

JULY 23 - AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, yellow.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.
★ Luck in leadership.

★ You may be called upon to preside over a meeting, serve on a committee, appear before the public, agitate for a good cause. You might be asked to arrange a programme, take charge of a special occasion. If you are new to this, consult experienced people. Others look to you for original ideas, which can be easily carried out.



VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, green.
★ Gambling colors, green, white.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
★ Luck in planning ahead.

★ Foresight can save you time and money. Try making menus for a week in advance, check with grocery lists, gain in variety with no time wasted through indecision. Decide what you'll wear to that oh-so-special party; pressed, with accessories ready, you can dress in a few minutes. You can accomplish far more if you work according to plan.



LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Lucky color for love, black.
★ Gambling colors, black, light blue.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
★ Luck in recognition of effort.

★ There could be a slightly fatter pay envelope or promotion to a more important post. If you have been active as a voluntary worker you may receive a presentation. You may listen to flattering remarks about your achievements on an official occasion, or a distinction may be conferred on you. In some cases this could apply to the man in your life.



SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, any pastel.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ Luck in a partnership.

★ If you wish to indulge in a speculative flutter, pick a partner. If competing in a tournament partnerships will be all important. A new neighbor may have similar interests and you team up, possibly exchanging services such as baby-sitting. If a teenager, a new friend of your own sex could prove a loyal partner for outings and pictures.



SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 24 - DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Lucky color for love, orange.
★ Gambling colors, orange, black.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
★ Luck in conscientious effort.

★ You won't reach your goal through luck this week; you'll have to work hard and stick at it. You'll have to carry on with grim determination if you hope to make the grade. You are not by nature a plodder, yet that is what is required if your dreams are to become concrete facts. Keep your work up to date; don't rely on a last-minute rush.



CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, silver.
★ Gambling colors, silver, gold.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
★ Luck in gay adventure.

★ A glamor date could bring an extraordinary adventure; you may board the wrong bus, divide your attention between two famous escorts, fall into the arms of a stranger. The episode may have no sequel, but it is bound to be a pleasant memory. A mild speculation in connection with a business matter might bring a modest victory.



AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Lucky color for love, white.
★ Gambling colors, white, black.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.
★ Luck through an elder.

★ If quite young, parents may see their way clear to gratify a long-cherished wish. If in the twenties, an older person may help your romance or wield influence which assists your beloved in his career. If a young married, elders volunteer as baby-sitters. A business deal could be speeded up through the efforts of one older than yourself.



PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, brown.
★ Gambling colors, brown, orange.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
★ Luck in a communication.

★ Whether this is an advertisement, a wedding invitation, an official announcement, or merely a private letter, possibly from overseas, it is likely to lead to interesting developments, emotionally, mentally or financially. A few get an offer of marriage through the post. A communication sent to the man in your life could mean changes.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Continuing ... DANGEROUS SILENCE

from page 76

The salesman was professionally wise. "You probably need something a little stronger than plain lens, sir. We'll soon tell."

"Plain lens," said Fraser definitely. He chose thick frames, and put them on. Outside, he stopped a passing cab. It was nine-fifteen by the Public Library clock when he climbed the steps. The subdued assistant was helpful. After a while she struggled across the empty Reference Room. Her arms held a pile of books—Admiralty Charts. He read steadily for a half-hour.

He knew exactly where he must hire a boat. The charts made it clear. Somewhere just north of the Dover-Cap Gris Nez line. A body three miles out in the main Channel Stream would be washed up either on the Dutch, German, or Norwegian coastline. Never on any English shore.

He left the library. As he stepped from the kerb, the deep voice boomed behind him. "Police Officer. May I have a word with you?"

He turned, sick with sudden nausea. It was Bannan, the phony cop, showing large teeth in a grin. "Gave you a start," he said knowingly. "You're a godsend." He propped a foot on the kerb, blocking Fraser's way.

"I've been phoning Kline for a day. The swine's either dead or drunk. He owed me a tenner from the other day. How about letting me have it? You can get it from Kline when you see him."

He watched Bannan appraisingly. The man couldn't have seen a morning paper yet. "Go round to Kline's flat at twelve and you'll find him in. Whether he answers the phone or not, he'll be there." Without waiting for an answer, he walked over to the cab at the head of the line.

The bank fronted the sweep of Cockspur Street. A few anxious-eyed customers pushed their way in before him, cheques in hand.

He chose the cashier he did not know. "Let me have a credit balance, will you?" The man came back to slide a folded slip across the counter. Fraser read the paper as a man does bad news. £637/15/2.

It was better than he had expected. He wrote a cash cheque for six hundred pounds. "Fives," he told the cashier. "As new as possible."

The money made a wad less than an inch thick. He divided its bulk between hip pockets. "Ask Mr. Bryant if he can see me for a moment," he said.

The manager's welcome was warm. "Morning, Mr. Fraser. We see too little of you these days!"

"I want you to sell out whatever stock you're holding for me," Fraser said. "I'll sign the papers now."

"Sell?" Bryant repeated dubiously. "I'm not sure it wouldn't be better to take advice before we commit ourselves. It's not the moment for marketing Industrials."

"I want them sold today," repeated Fraser. "And the yield transferred to my wife's credit. Have you got the address of her bank?"

Bryant touched a button—gave the girl who answered it an instruction. He went back again to Fraser's file. "Yes, we have a note of it here. Mrs. Barbara Fraser. It's still the Two Bridges address."

Fraser leaned over the desk, signing where the manager's finger pointed. Bryant came to the door of the office with him. "You're not thinking of closing your account, are you, Mr. Fraser? There's nothing the bank can do..." he shrugged "...or should have done?"

Fraser hesitated, then gave a hand to Bryant. "I'm having a trip," he said. "You can't always be certain of coming back."

It was a short step to the travel agency at the bottom of the Haymarket. A girl at the end of the counter was unoccupied.

"I want a ticket on this evening's ferry from Folkestone to Boulogne," he said. "Is there any difficulty getting on?"

She smiled, shaking her head. "Not at this time of the year. First or second class?"

"Second," he answered. He'd feel safer in a crowd. There was still the problem of Barby's ticket to be solved. He dared not risk travelling with her.

Our new serial by Patrick Quentin is a sophisticated mystery

NEXT week we present the first long instalment of a new mystery serial by Patrick Quentin, one of the greatest authors of detective novels of today. "SHADOW OF GUILT" keeps the reader gasping, as again and again comes the shock of deception, but with the final disclosure there is the feeling—of course, what else?

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George Hadley, successful business magnate, married to the cold committee-loving Connie, a millionairess in her own right, finds himself caught in a whirl of suspicion and deceit as his ward and wife are both trapped in the blackmailer's web. However, George is mainly concerned in protecting his secretary with whom he is in love.

Lieutenant Trant, of the Homicide Division, quietly but with unrelenting persistence has the Hadley family and their friends and relations all frantically worrying until his surprising arrest.

Don't miss next week's long opening instalment in this sophisticated detective serial.

"And your name, sir?" "Peter Keeble," he said evenly.

He hurried across the square to the lower end of the Strand. He found what he wanted in one of the Government Surplus stores. A seaman's sweater, thick serge trousers, an ex-navy life-jacket. It was twenty to eleven when he hailed the cab and told the driver to take him to the Embankment.

The driver took him through the park. Wedged in the corner of the back seat, he watched. The wide Mall, its trees black in the wintry sunshine. The man was driving fast, wheeling his cab through the back streets to the river front. As they neared the pile of the Tate Gallery, Fraser stopped the cab.

"This'll do!" He gave the man some coins and climbed the steps to the main entrance.

IT was past eleven when a cab pulled into the forecourt and Barby got out.

In spite of himself, his mouth was acid with fear. Why had she come in a cab? There could only be one reason: she was afraid of being followed.

As she came through the door he took her arm, guiding her through the turnstile. They found a bench in a room hung with modern paintings.

He locked both hands on his knees, tightening his grip till the blood left his fingertips. "What's happened?" he whispered. "Where's the car?"

She lifted her head slowly. "Kline's dead," she said deliberately.

His voice cracked, incredulous. "Kline!"

She answered him quietly. "He was arrested leaving the plane in El Salvador." Her hands moved in nervous explanation. "He shot himself at the airport. They found

Mrs. Garrett's jewellery in his luggage. That's why they phoned Daddy. They told him they'd had a telephone call about Kline last night—an anonymous one."

He slouched, weak with relief. When he was sure of himself, he looked up at her. "Kline's dead, Barby! And without talking!" His voice broke. "You know what this means! Nobody'll ever know," he said softly. "Not even your father." He wanted to hold her. The look on her face stopped him.

She chose her words carefully, keeping her eyes on his. "Daddy does know, Kit. I told him."

Shock brought him to his feet, his mouth thin with anger. After a moment he slumped back on the bench. He was

finished. Yet he had to know why she had done this to him. She made no move to touch him. It was as though she must deny herself all vestige of appeal.

She spoke unevenly, fighting the shake in her fingers. "He still loves you and trusts you, Kit. He's an old man and our happiness means more to him, even, than the end of a career."

He was unable to keep the bitterness from his voice. "What's your idea of making us all happy—ruining three people's lives when it's no longer necessary?"

She shook her head. "It doesn't matter what my idea is, Kit. For the first time—ever since this dreadful business started—you're the one who's got to make the decision. Daddy will never tell the police about your part in the robbery."

She took his hands suddenly, holding them close to her. "I love you, Kit. Whatever you decide to do I'll stick with you. If you're going to run, I must run with you." She let go of his hands.

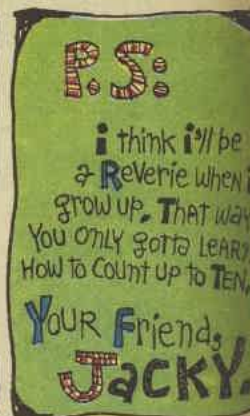
They made their way out. At the top of the steps he stopped and stared at her. "You really mean that? That you'll go with me?"

Wind blew a handful of hair across her eyes. He saw she was crying. "I mean it," she answered. Head high, she followed him down the steps. A cab slowed as Fraser flagged it. He opened the door, touching her cheek with his mouth, then climbed in after her. He pulled back the glass partition, bending forward so that the driver would hear his direction clearly, "New Scotland Yard."

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JACKY'S DIARY by JACKY Mendelsohn Age 32½



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUO



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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, and explorer Captain Pierce are leading an expedition on Mount Arat, in the Himalayas, to find the Abominable Snowman. They had been climbing for many days and had found huge footprints in the snow. They



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS
- In spite of the extremely big size, it is more tiny (8).
 - This may precede a dragon (4).
 - Vessels which answer back (7).
 - Frequently of half a score (5).
 - Organs or spikes (4).
 - Chaffed with net beard (8).
 - Units of heat hiding her (6).
 - Machines for furrowing and sowing with unhealthy inside (6).
 - It is able to pronounce with a hissing sound (8).
 - A son of Adam presented as competent (4).
 - Selective instinct of fifty kept by a blond (5).
 - State in the U.S.A. admitted to the Union in 1912 (7).
 - She starts the shelter (4).
 - No deed is unilateral (3-5).
- DOWN
- Enters a changed pledge (7).
 - Aquatic animal caught by a fiery hot terrier (5).
 - Swampy ground with angry finality (4).
 - Born in Lutjegast and discovered part of Australia (6).
 - Not artificial brownish color turned in front of a mountain range (7).
 - Wasted away in a porcupine den (5).
 - Hot rose (Anagr., 7).
 - Entreat the devil with that which may be learned (7).
 - Mere cab (Anagr., 7).
 - He waits at sea (7).
 - Exert to the utmost the race (6).
 - Separates the steamer which is inwardly fit but broken (5).
 - Large in a fibro adornment (5).
 - They are often placed before needles (4).



Solution of last week's crossword.

Solution will be published next week.

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SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH ...

JELLIES

Try these Recipes!

- STRAWBERRY MALLOW**
1 packet strawberry jelly crystals, 1½ cups marshmallows cut in quarters. Dissolve jelly crystals as directed and while the mixture is hot add the marshmallows so that the heat will partially dissolve them. Place in a mould, serve with cream or ice cream.
- GOLDEN CREAM**
1 packet lemon jelly crystals, 1 egg. Dissolve jelly crystals as directed; leave until thickening slightly. Beat egg and beat through the jelly. Place in a serving bowl. Top with ice cream or cream. Serve sprinkled with nuts or shredded chocolate.

Inserted by DAVIS GELATINE (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LIMITED in the interests of JELLY MANUFACTURERS J14

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